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OLD WEST

Spring,
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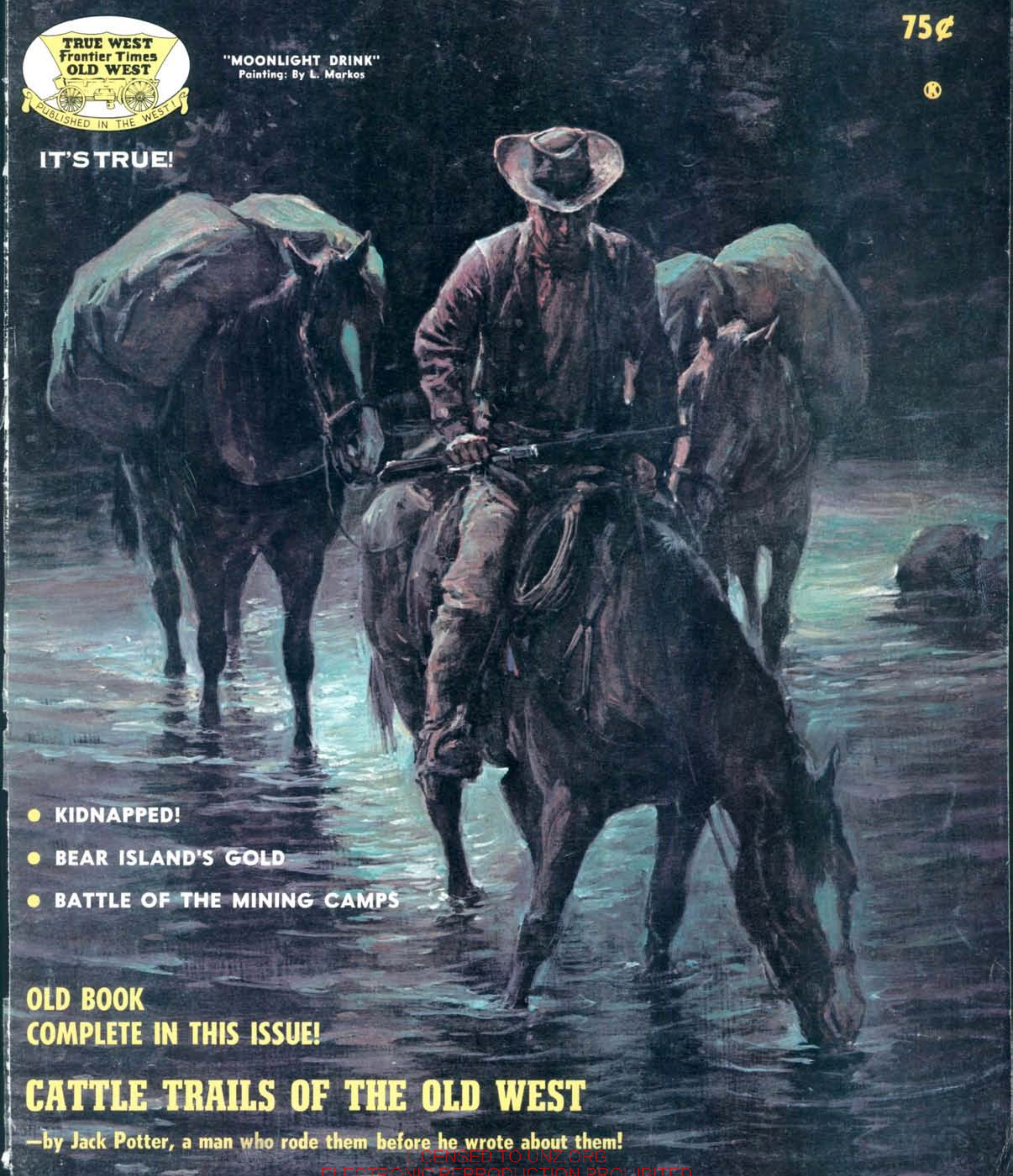

"MOONLIGHT DRINK"
Painting: By L. Markos

- KIDNAPPED!
- BEAR ISLAND'S GOLD
- BATTLE OF THE MINING CAMPS

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COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!

CATTLE TRAILS OF THE OLD WEST

—by Jack Potter, a man who rode them before he wrote about them!

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

GREAT START

The first book issued by the Texas A& M University Press is by a couple of real pros. The text of *Texas Heartland, A Hill Country Year* ($21.50) is by John Graves, author of the modern classic, *Goodbye to a River*. The illustrations are from magnificent colored photographs by Jim Bones, Jr., best known for his pictures in *Audubon Magazine*. Bones made the photos during the year he spent at Paisano on Barton Creek, twelve miles west of Austin. He was the Dobie-Paisano fellow for 1972-73. The fellowship is awarded annually to writers and artists associated with the Southwest by the Texas Institute of Letters and the University of Texas. Paisano was J. Frank Dobie's last country place and this reviewer visited it a number of times with Pancho—it is a remote place of beauty that he used as a writing-hideaway and to entertain his friends. Graves summarizes the history of the Hill Country and describes the terrain and the vegetation. He treats in somewhat more detail "the Wende place" that became Paisano when Dobie bought it. Bones in his introduction to the photographs describes the seasons, the vegetation, the wildlife and the weather, and some of the problems he had in photographing them. The 82 plates are beautiful—shot with the eye of a true artist. A great beginning for a new University Press—strongly recommended.

MILITARY VICTORIES

Roll Call on the Little Big Horn, 28 June 1876 (The Old Army Press, $27.50) was compiled by a couple of Texans, John M. Carroll, a noted Custer historian and his close friend Captain Byron Price whose last assignment was at West Point. This is a volume of great reference value since it brings together for the first time the military histories of the officers involved in the Sioux Campaign of 1876. In the preface Carroll describes the problems in assemblying the data. In the foreword Price provides a history of American Military Registers used by the compilers. Colonel Clarence C. Clendenen (retired), a former officer in the 7th Cavalry, wrote the introduction. He pays his respects to some of the legends and tales that have circulated since the Battle of the Little Big Horn. The military histories of the 69 graduates of West Point, 82 non-graduates, and 13 civilians involved in the campaign are set forth in detail. It is a handsome volume—nicely printed in an attractive format. Recommended.

GEOGRAPHY OF REALITY

Passage through the Garden (University of Illinois Press, $18.50) by John Logan Allen of the geography faculty at the University of Connecticut is the latest of the books about our first great American exploring expedition—that of Lewis and Clark. The sub-title "Lewis and Clark and the Image of the American Northwest" gives additional clues to the carefully researched text. The long held concept of the Northwest Passage had faded as the result of the explorations of the French and British but had been replaced by the belief that from the navigable reach of the Missouri that a short portage could be found to a navigable river flowing into the Pacific. President Jefferson believed, or hoped for, this possibility and included it in his instructions to Lewis and Clark: "to explore the Missouri river & such principal stream of it, as, by its course and communication with the waters of the Pacific ocean, whether the Columbia, Oregon, Colorado or any other river may offer the most direct & practicable water communication across this continent for the purpose of commerce." Dr. Allen not only follows Lewis and Clark on their journey but closely follows their reports and maps—their geography wasn't bad and some of the information on distances and locations that they received from the Indians was surprisingly accurate. The reports of the Lewis and Clark expedition replaced the geography of the mind with the geography of reality—there was no Northwest Passage and no garden but there were high mountains, big rivers, fertile valleys, timber, dry plains, game, fur, fish and living space. Dr. Allen includes and discusses the influence of more than forty maps and there is a bibliography and an index. Recommended.

AND A FEW FRIENDS!

The veteran news reporter and magazine feature writer George A. Wallis has published his second book, *Unforgettable Men of the West*. It may be ordered directly from him at 4810 Key Road, Titusville, Florida 32780—the price is $5.00 and on request it will be autographed. Ten of his friends and associates are memorialized: General John J. Pershing (Wallis was a sergeant in the 1st New Mexico Infantry during the Punitive Expedition); Retired Chief Justice of the New Mexico Supreme Court, J. C. Compton (served in the same military company and remained steadfast friends); Professor Gayle Waldrop of the University of Colorado (Wallis learned about journalism and the blessings of a free press from him); Author S. Omar Barker (both had their college studies interrupted by World War I and met at N. M. Normal—now Highlands University at Las Vegas in 1920 as they picked up their educational strivings); Cattleman Zack Miller (Wallis wrote the final story on the 101 Ranch and Wild West Circus); World Champion Cowboy Bob Crosby (Wallis covered some of Bob's triumphs—your reviewer just applauded), and Cal Farley of Boy's Ranch (Wallis was cub reporter in Amarillo when he met Cal). There are briefer pieces on Dr. Samuel Burkhard of Arizona (philosopher), Archibald Fisk of California (international banker), and John L. Swigert of Colorado (astronaut). The book in enhanced with portraits and a number of other photos. Worthwhile.

TEXAS ART AND LIFE

The early Texian world has been mirrored by many writers and artists, but none with more feeling than by Theodore Gentilz and August Fretelliere. Both were young Frenchmen who had been lured to Texas in 1844 by Henri Castro, a Parisian entrepreneur who was promoting the establishment of a colony in Texas. Gentilz came as Castro's engineer, surveyor and artist. Fretelliere was out to make his fortune. They arrived in San Antonio a few weeks apart, soon met and this was the start of a lifelong friendship and series of adventures recorded by Gentilz's brush and Fretelliere's pen. *Gentilz—Artist of the Old Southwest* (Univ. of Texas Press, $17.50) by Dorothy Steinbonner Kendall and Carmen Perry reproduces 60 of Gentilz's paintings; 30 are in color. Some fifty pages of text provide a fascinating account of South Texas life in the late 1800s as experienced by the artist and his close friend, August Fretelliere. Both had a strong understanding and admiration of the Mexican character and most of the paintings in this beautiful book are devoted to the Mexican scene—a special and colorful world that still prevails in our Southwest.

KANSAS ART

Images of the American West (Celestial West, 231 Adrian Road, Millbrae, California 94030, $3.95) reproduces over sixty paintings by Charles B. Rogers (The Kansan). Nearly all are of rural scenes, ranch, farm, barnyard and quite good indeed. Rogers is represented in a number of museums including the Metropolitan, Smithsonian and Instituto Norte Americano. Rogers also wrote the delightful three-line descriptions (Japanese poetry or Haiku) accompanying the plates. There is a brief but informative introduction by Frederic Whitaker of the National Academy. Worth the money.

OLD WEST

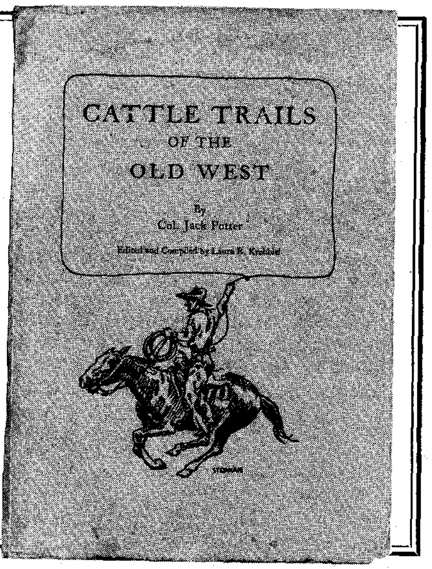
A Joe Small Publication

SPRING, 1976 VOL. 12, NO. 3 WHOLE NO. 47

BOOK BONUS FEATURE

Complete in this issue!

Begins on page 41



CATTLE TRAILS
OF THE
OLD WEST

By
Col. Jack Potter

Edited and Compiled by Laura R. Krehbiel

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Courtesy Brass Door Galleries of Houston

She encountered Indians with defiance at Vesuvius Bay.
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At the turn of the century this mansion at Lost Cabin, Wyoming welcomed visitors from all over the world.
See page 14

Publisher—Joe Austell Small

Editor—Pat Wagner
General Manager—Robert Small
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Design/Production—Sue Ashley
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OLD WEST is published quarterly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78764. 75¢ per copy; $2.25 for 4 issues, $4.00 for 8 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico; $3.25 for 4 issues, $5.00 for 8 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas, and at additional entry Dallas, Texas.

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TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Walter Collage

We are hoping to find some trace of a man named Walter Collage. My father-in-law, Charles Collage, was originally from Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania. He says his father's brother, Walter, wanted to be a preacher. His mother so strongly opposed it that Walter chose to leave home. He was reported to have gone West, into ranching in Idaho. That was about 1900.

My father-in-law is eighty-five, in failing health, and he talks so much of this lost uncle. We hope any descendants or relatives will please get in touch with us.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Collage, 914 State Road 183, Atwater, Ohio 44201

Slaughter-Presley

In the November '75 FRONTIER TIMES, I read an article about John Swain Slaughter, a Negro, who was raised by the family of John Horton Slaughter. John Horton Slaughter, the article by Donald M. Bentz stated, is buried at Tombstone, Arizona. I have heard that he was married to a distant relative of my mother's, a Presley.

I was an orphan, knowing little of my family, and have tried in every way to get more information on the Presleys. They came from Scotland, and I've traced them to Edgefield, South Carolina, District 96. John Presley was born about 1775 and his wife around 1776. I have a Georgia census of 1830 showing a John Presley and family but no names of children.

My great-grandfather was Edward Harris Presley, born December 29, 1854, in Scott County, Mississippi. He died September 18, 1888 in Henderson, Texas. He was shot, probably by a neighbor, and I have not been able to find any records or information on this.

My mother was the daughter of Scott Presley, son of Calvin Presley of South Carolina and Alabama. I am sure we are connected to John Horton Slaughter through his marriage, and I hope someone can help.—Mrs. Bessie B. Gray, 207 21st Street, Nederland, Texas 77627

Charlie Scott

I am seeking some information concerning the above man who is my grandfather. If living he would be approximately 92-95 years old. I am writing this with my father, Ernest Wesley Scott.

The following is skimpy, but it is all we have: Charlie Scott was born in Greentop, Missouri. His father's name was David and was in coal mining around Kirksville, Missouri. Charlie married Sarah Corbin at Lamar, Colorado in 1898 and my father was born to them in 1899 in Kirksville. My father's parents were divorced in 1903 at Lamar, Colorado and he went to live with his grandparents, George and Hester Corbin of Kirksville. He never saw or heard from his father until 1917. This was a short meeting when he returned to Lamar, Colorado, but he did learn that his father had remarried and had four children, two boys and two girls. One girl was married and her name was Edith or Edna Duval. The other girl was crippled by polio.

We would like very much to hear from anyone who might know anything at all about Charlie Scott or any of his descendants.—Mrs. Barbara Paquotte, 491 D Street, Lebanon, Oregon 97355

William Theodore Clark

My great-grandfather, William Theodore Clark, was born in McConnellsville, Illinois in 1864. He moved near Harveysville, Kansas in 1876, then to Hutchinson, Kansas in 1905. He passed away February 11, 1934.

He had ben a judge, a sheriff of Reno County, and was justice of the peace when he died. I'd appreciate any information on names of others of the family and dates of births and deaths.—Mrs. C. D. Davis, P. O. Box 2486, Rapid City, South Dakota 57701

Woolsey-Tewksbury-Graham-Schindler

I would like to get in touch with the relatives of King S. Woolsey of Prescott, Arizona around 1860 and of the Tewksburys and Grahams involved in the war over sheep and cattle around Payson, Arizona. I would also like to get in touch with Fred Schindler whose last known residence was the V. A. Domicilliary, White City, Oregon. Prior to that he lived in Phoenix, Arizona and sold newspapers for many years. I would like to hear from individuals who have knowledge of any of these people.—Robert W. Myers, #127121, P. O. Box 520, Walla Walla, Washington 99362

McClaskey-Blevins-Butler-Godsil-Parsons

I would like any information about my great-grandfather, Lewis Ray McClaskey, and his family, past and present. He was born January 8, 1886 in Kansas City, Missouri and died August 10, 1941 in Duncan, Arizona. He married Nora Pearl Blevins on October 12, 1906 in Okmulgee, Indian Territory. Nora was born October 3, 1888 in Hartshorn and died March 21, 1925 in Magdalena, New Mexico. Lewis Ray McClaskey was a sheriff or a U. S. marshal of Caddo, Oklahoma in the early 1900s. He and Nora Pearl had eight children.

John W. Blevins, Nora Pearl's father, was born in Clinton, Indiana in 1869. Her mother was Permilia Ann Butler, born in Weaubleau, Missouri in 1869.

One McClaskey, farther in the past, married a Sarah Godsil; and James McClaskey married a Martha Parsons. The McClaskeys came out West in a covered wagon, when I do not know.

I have found no records on any of these people, so any information would help considerably.—Victoria L. Hall, P. O. Box 181, Alto, New Mexico 88312

Lipps-Mattix-Eudaly

Thaddeus Harris Lipps was born in or near Carrollton, Carroll County, Arkansas, December 29, 1850. He married Frances Margaret Boyd there and migrated to Wise County, Texas sometime in the 1870s. He was the son of James and (?) Lipps and had only one brother, Orphus, as far as I know.

Ed D. Mattix was born in Pocahontas, Arkansas in 1846. He married Harriet Elizabeth Knox and they moved to Wise County, Texas in the 1870s. They had four sons: John, Alfred (my grandfather), Sam D. L., and Joe.

Oliver Martin Eudaly (Eudaley) came from Blackfoot, Texas to Wise County, date unknown. He was the son of Frank Eudaly and may have been born in Indiana on February 10, 1864. He married Cordelia A. Franks.

I would appreciate any information from anyone regardless of how remote.—Mrs. Billie Walker, P. O. Box 428, Brownwood Texas 76801

Lee-Burk

Ann Eliza Lee married Miles Burk, a spice packer, and had a daughter, Margaret Burk, born in 1878 in New York City. They were my grandparents and Margaret was my mother. I am especially interested in Ann Eliza's and Miles' parents, as I do not know their first names. I would appreciate information on them and records of employees working for the steamship lines around 1878.—Georgina Pederson, Box 225, Grimshaw, Alberta, Canada TOH 1WO

Brandon-Taylor

I would like very much to contact a second cousin, Olean Brandon. I am told that she married a Mr. Taylor, first name not known. She did live in or near Oklahoma City, Oklahoma and had two daughters.

Her father was Jim Brandon, born 1878, Cannon County, Tennessee. Her mother, I am told, was Lesley Whitaker Franklin. Jim Brandon was the son of Richard T. and Josephine Todd Robinson Brandon. They came to Fannin County, Texas in 1894. Uncle Jim and Aunt Lesley lived in Trenton, Texas and in Fannin County. The Brandons are of English descent, and I've been able to contact some family members, but not Olean. Any help will be greatly appreciated.—Fannie McClanahan, El Patio Motel, Spur, Texas 79370

LETTER RIP!
Brite

From One of Our Authors

I enjoyed the article by James Hinkle in the Winter '75 OLD WEST very much. I've been up and down the Pecos, the Hondo and the Penasco, called "Pennyasco" by old-timers. The first time I was on the Penasco was in 1908. This was over twenty years later than when Hinkle came to New Mexico.

Two old friends of mine started their cow punching in the Pecos Valley and the east side of the Sacramentos. Gene Baird was a big, strong teen-age boy when he hired out to a rancher to go on a roundup in the early 1890s. I knew Gene after he moved to Alamogordo.

The other was Ernest Mathews. "Just one 't'," he told me. His father was Billy who jumped over an adobe block fence when Billy the Kid's bunch killed Sheriff Brady and Deputy Hindman. Ernest worked for the Diamond A out of Roswell in the early 1900s. Later he worked for the I Bar X near Nogal on the west side of the Sacramentos.

Gene and Ernest both gave me their pictures and both told interesting stories about men and ranches in the Tularosa Basin. Some of the incidents happened before I went to that country in 1907.

I hope other old-timers will send you their stories about early cow ranchers of New Mexico, any part of it, as I have been all over the state.—Jack Carter, 8408 S. Painter Avenue, Whittier, California 90602

Joe de Yong

We are sorry to have to pass along the sad news that Joe de Yong, Western author and artist, died in April 1975 at age eighty-one. Those of you who keep a file on OLD WEST may want to reread an article about Joe which appeared in the Winter 1972 issue.

From a Miller Family Member

How do I find the words to thank you for opening the door to further research into my Miller family? Your article on the Bland-McElroy feud with the Millers was very informative. I was thrilled beyond measure to find my great-great-grandmother Elizabeth Miller's wedding picture on page 9. My uncle told me about the article and presented me with a copy of the Fall 1975 issue. I just cannot tell you how much it means to me. I would very much appreciate Olevia Myers' address so that I could have more dates and names to add to our family tree. I feel we have Miller relatives in the Tulsa area with whom she could put us in touch. I would love to know who has the family pictures that you published so that we could make copies for our children. My grandfather was Elbert Miller, nephew of Uncle Al (Elbert Miller) in the article. Were there Millers in the Doolin gang? You have already been a tremendous help, but any further help would certainly be appreciated.—Shirley Miller Wilson, Rt. 2, Cobden, Illinois 62920

A copy of this letter has been forwarded to Olevia Myers.

Pancho's Preacher Son

I like your magazine but did not like the story, "Dynamite, Plots and Bullets." When you run a "who done it?" and fail to tell "who done it" the reader is let down and wishes he had not read the story.

Do any of your readers know what became of Pancho Villa's son, Carlos, who used to preach the Bible on East Main in Brawley, California? I have not seen him since around 1929, but heard he went to San Francisco to pastor a mission. He had a brother up there who was a Catholic priest. Few people know that Old Pancho's former rebel soldier son became a traveling Evangelical preacher. He said he had been one of a firing squad during the revolution, did not like it, but was afraid to disobey orders which might have resulted in his being shot.—Rafael "Lupito" Guadalupe, 2000 Callejón Independencia, Colonia Orizaba, Mexicali B. C., Mexico

Lupito, you've got us in a fix. There are lots of "who done it?" stories that don't have satisfactory answers. Look how long people have been wondering about who done it to Pat Garrett and who done it to Jesse James and who done it to *Johnny Ringo (for sure, that* is). We agree with you that it's a lot better if somebody will go ahead and confess and we can present a neat tidy package, but there were too many nooses and too few appeal courts to make coming clean a very popular thing to do.

Recalls Boyhood in Bowlegs

In the Fall issue of OLD WEST was a story by Watson Caldwell, "Seminole, Bowlegs and Little River," which I enjoyed very much. It was well written and described the place and conditions quite well.

My folks moved to Bowlegs in 1926 and I have never since seen an oil boom or anything else to compare with it. Everything and everyone was busy. Almost everyone could go to work if they tried—which they did, since there was no welfare or any other give-away programs for freeloaders.

I was thirteen at the time and walked to school about two miles southeast of town. Later a school was built in town, and I went there.

At that time I was eager to do any part-time job in order to earn money for the movies and other things kids spend money on, as well as to help out at home. My dad worked on a pipeline for, I believe, $4.00 per day, which was good money, but there were all kinds of weather and other inconveniences.

I first started selling papers at 5¢ each except Sunday, which was 10¢, and I got half the money. I would walk for miles to all the oil leases and oil rigs. I also hunted whiskey bottles to sell to the bootleggers and got 5¢ for pints, 10¢ for ½ pints. Mr. Caldwell spoke of the four dance halls, and I used to sweep each of them every day at 50¢ each. He and some of the others may remember me because I set up a shoeshine stand in front of Mack's Drugstore, next door to the White Way Dance Hall. I was given permission to use the dance hall every day for boxing matches. We kids used to put on some good fights and we would collect whatever the onlookers wanted to give after each contest.

While I was there, I met lots of characters around the drugstore, since it wasn't a drugstore anyway, although there was a soda fountain. It was a liquor store and a hangout for the dance hall girls and their boy friends. There were signs behind the counter reading, "No drunks allowed." Another sign read, "Whiskey $1.50 per ½ pint." But don't misunderstand me, these people were my friends and they were good to me. I remember that the guy who ran the place (but didn't own it) was called Skinny. He was a real nice man who never let me pay for anything such as cold drinks, ice cream, etc.

One day while sweeping one of the dance halls I found a paper sack with marijuana in the girls' dressing room. I didn't know what it was so I gave it to Skinny. Boy, he sure knew what it was! He and the others rolled cigarettes and soon started giggling at everything. I thought they were crazy.

Mr. Caldwell spoke of Ben, the town constable. I knew him, but he wasn't the only law in town. There were four or five in 1926. I don't remember if his name was Ben Barret or Garret. I shined his shoes, and his daughter also brought in his wife's white shoes for cleaning, but I made them worse. I didn't wash the black polish from my hands.

One night Ben went up to Blackie's room and arrested him for something, I don't know what. Ben was taking Blackie down the street with his arm twisted behind him. I understand the room was searched, but not Blackie, so Blackie pulled his gun from his coat pocket and shot Ben through the neck. He lived but I don't remember seeing him after that. Blackie ran and I never saw him any

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more. I liked Blackie—he always tipped me when I shined his shoes.

I watched them build the jail with the 2x4 bars. They had chains coming from the floor to lock around the prisoners' legs. I also saw one man pistol-whipped after he was chained, and when I saw him later he had one split ear.

One of the lawmen, John Pale, paid me 50¢ each day to ride his horse to water about one-fourth mile from town. Another one of the lawmen was Grady Malloy. One night he and another lawman, whose name I don't remember, got in an argument and shot it out. I don't recall who got the best of it, and only remember that the other was a much bigger man than Malloy and wore his gun on the left side.

In closing I would like to mention the names of some of the kids I ran with, and I would like to hear from any or all of them: Bonnie Goss, Olvin Silvers, the Parks kid whose father owned the Ray Theatre, and Maurice Stice. Maurice would insist on putting the gloves on with me almost every day. It's hard to believe, but we would fight from ten to fourteen rounds (3 minutes). He was game and tough and was my best friend. The last time I saw him he said his parents were moving to Old Mexico. I never heard from him anymore, but hope to.

I have been back to Oklahoma a few times, but through Bowlegs only once, in 1949. It was much quieter.—H. E. Smith, 7204 N. 55th Dr. Glendale, Arizona 85301

Mystery Boat

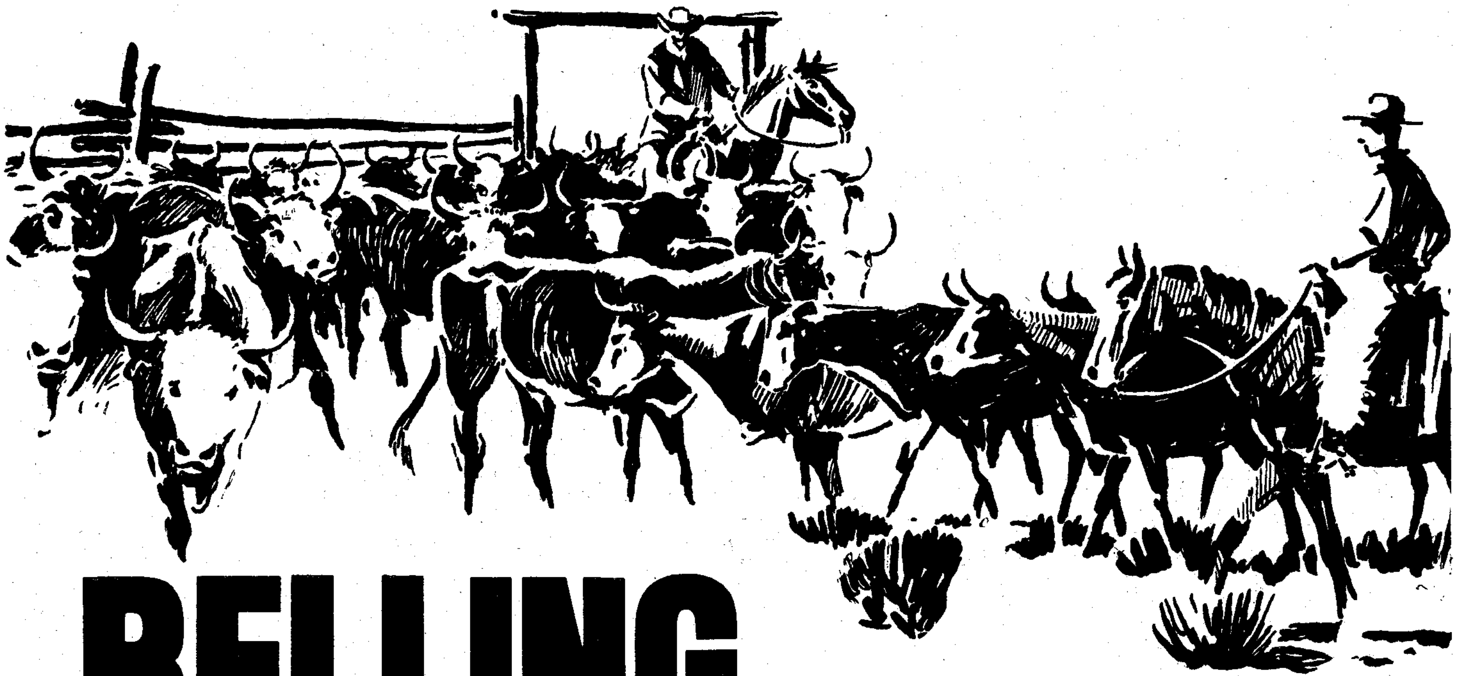
In the Fall 1975 OLD WEST there is a letter from Mason Coverston about the boat in Winnemucca Dry Lake. I have known and seen that boat since about 1946. My father-in-law, who gave me the following information about it, is now dead.

As a young man he worked in Empire, just south of Gerlach, then called New Empire. He was a mechanic most of his early life. At that time Empire was on the road between Carson City and the Virginia City turnoff.

The purpose of the boat was to haul supplies across the lake to the mines on the west side of the Nightingale mining district instead of through Vernon and Seven Troughs from the east. The boat was built like a mud scow or decked over barge, with supplies piled on the deck. The boat was designed for shallow water as the lake was not deep at that point, and it was powered by a Model T Ford motor and rear end. The axles were lengthened and the wheels made into paddle wheels. It was a version of the early-day side wheel riverboat. The motor and rear end were near the center of the boat and the rudder could and did steer the boat. The spider gears in the rear end were locked, fixed so that both wheels turned at the same time.

My father-in-law lived and worked in Battle Mountain, Gerlach, Empire, and Carson City, and in later years was a deputy sheriff in Lyon and Washoe Counties. He gave me many leads on ghost towns, mining areas and battlefields that turned out to be a collector's dream. There are many arrowheads to be found opposite the hull of the old boat. Turn your back to the boat, walk off the highway and start hunting. Hunting gets even better closer to the hills, near the spring that can be seen as a green clump of cottonwoods, and especially along the old high water marks.

There's an interesting footnote to the story of the scow. The supplies it carried were shipped down from the Western Pacific Railroad at Gerlach. Later the residents of Gerlach bought the town rather than continue to pay the railroad rent. The population is only 75. The payment was $18,000 dollars for 219 acres of land and the water systems. —Robert A. Scheffler, 150 Manzanita Way, Salinas, California 93901



BELLING THE LEAD STEER

THE MEXICAN VAQUEROS used to call Jack Potter "Meester Yaqui," and Yaqui is what I call him. That "Colonel" business betrays him. He is a good enough Indian to deserve the name, and he's a tribesman from who laid the chunk. If somebody could take a sound-recording machine and with about ten miles of film take down all of Jack Potter's tones and drawls and idiomatic phraseology native to the range; if this person could make a life-size painting of him—preferably in the Dutch style—revealing the lust for life that smoulders under his skin and not omitting the chief fang that shows itself while he is chewing tobacco; if, next, this person set down in orderly and plain fashion all that his wonderful memory has stored away on cattle, rattlesnakes, ropes, range men, mirages, drouths, and a thousand other phenomena characteristic of the Southwest, together with the highly intelligent interpretations that the man has given to his penetrating observations—then we should have a picture not only of Jack Potter but of the land to which, root and branch, he belongs; we should have the trail driver breed that he prefigures and the frontier Texan character that he embodies.

"I'm strong on the breed," as the chuckwagon philosopher in Andy Adams' *The Log of a Cowboy* says, explaining why he did not marry a girl belonging to a family of "razorback, barnyard savages." Anybody who knows anything about horses and cows has to be strong on the breed, and when I see a pair of human morons imagining that their offsprings may turn out to be a second George Washington or Florence Nightingale, I merely recognize further evidence of the moronic quality. I know that Jack Potter's mother must have been a strong character; his father even in life became a tradition. Yaqui is a true chip off the old block.

This father, Andrew Jackson Potter, was known as the Fighting Parson. He had been a roving gambler. Any day he wants to listen, a person in Southwest Texas can hear stories about Parson Potter. He rode his circuits at a time when a gun was much more essential to a man's wardrobe than a pair of pajamas. (I'd be willing to bet that Jack Potter has not learned to wear pajamas yet.) The use of this gun was not necessarily confined to Indians.

One time when Parson Potter had an engagement to preach at Hondo, he was warned by friends that two rowdies had been in the habit of breaking up services attempted there. When Potter entered the room to take his place before the improvised pulpit, he had his Bible in one hand and Old Betsy in the other. He laid Old Betsy across the pulpit. Then he stood up and announced that if anybody present objected to his preaching, he would attend to the objections after the services but that they had better not be voiced during the services. The rowdies were present. They kept silent not only all through the services but afterwards.

Parson Potter knew all kinds of men, and his genial nature made him a favorite with characters in some ways his opposite. For instance, as a story goes, Parson Potter, after having preached to a congregation at San Angelo in which men were conspicuous for their absence, entered a saloon. It was swarming with men. He had a great carrying voice, and now he boomed out, "Why, I was thinking all the women in this town were widows. I see they're not. I believe I'll preach here right now and give the men a chance to listen." Immediately a billiard table was cleared for him to occupy as a rostrum. After his talk the sombrero was passed. The collection amounted to $60. "I believe I'll come again," Potter concluded.

He was a Methodist, and when Southwestern University, at Georgetown, Texas, was being established by this church, Potter was delegated to raise $500—not much money for a poker game but a great deal for "Christian education." Potter, with much effort, collected $200. Then he walked into a gambling hall—perhaps this was in San Angelo also. There he saw one of his friends and explained his purpose. "The cards are turning right for me today," the friend said. "How much have you collected?" "Two hundred dollars." "Let me have it." Potter knew there was no risk in letting this man have the money, no

Jack Potter, author of the book we're reprinting in full on page 41 of this issue, was a good friend of J. Frank Dobie. You'll enjoy the book more if you read this story first — that's a promise!

Illustration by
Al Martin Napoletano

BY J. FRANK DOBIE

From **Prefaces** by J. Frank Dobie.
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matter which way the card turned. The gambler bet the entire roll on one card; he won. As he handed the $400 to Parson Potter, he remarked, "The Lord is on our side all right." "Amen!" Potter echoed.

WHEN the first volume of that wonderful storehouse of information about range life, *The Trail Drivers of Texas*, appeared in 1920, I read it and wrote these words across Jack Potter's contribution: "Best in the book." During the sixteen years that have passed since then, I have not changed my opinion, and on many an occasion when I have wanted to entertain an audience and give it some conception of what a rollicky, abounding-in-life, young Texas trail driver was like, I have read aloud Jack Potter's bouyant pages on "Coming Up the Trail in 1882." I had a great curiosity to know the man personally. When I read a feature article or two on him in the Dallas *News*, by Ramon F. Adams, whose *Cowboy Lingo* had since been issued as a book, my curiosity was whetted. Then in October of 1931 I met him at Vernon, Texas, during a celebration memorializing Doan's Store and Doan's Crossing on Red River, where passed millions of Texas longhorns over the old Western Trail to Dodge City and on north clear to the Canadian line.

He and Ab Blocker and Bob Lauderdale and I talked away the most of one night. Just to look at him made me realize that I had met a man—and such men are not common—summing up in himself the whole trail driver and range tradition. About this time Jack Potter began contributing reminiscent articles to the *Union County Leader*, published weekly at his home, Clayton, New Mexico. I got him to send the paper to me, and I have clipped every one of his articles. Some of them in slightly changed form were reprinted in *Ranch Romances*, *New Mexico Highway Magazine*, and elsewhere. In 1935 he issued through the press of the Clayton weekly newspaper a pamphlet entitled *Cattle Trails of the Old West*. Its only fault is that there is not more of it. Only two hundred copies were issued, and within less than ten years they will be worth $10 a copy.

It makes me joyful to know that these stray writings are to be gathered together, somewhat organized, and put into book form. I hope that old Yaqui's ebullient propensity for taking the bridle off, throwing the skillet away, and letting the panther scream will not be curbed in his book. I have decided that the most basic difference between human beings is not between borrowers and lenders, male and female, poor and rich, white and black, New Dealers and Jeffersonian Democrats, liars and truth tellers, or any other such categorical pairings; but between literalist and people with imagination. Jack Potter's imagination is a joy; his fancy, when he turns it loose, is as refreshing as a rain on a drouth-browned mesa. Anybody with any sense can tell when he's stretching the blanket; the others don't count. Here is the stuff of history, it being understood that history is something more than naked literalness.

I am assured that the original shagginess and cowpen flavor of the old Lead Steer's composition have not been edited out of it and his language made too polite. Of course every language must be translated if it is to be read by people who do not speak it. The individual qualities of the language of the range, however, lie as far beyond words peculiar to the range occupation as Shakespeare's style lies beyond the dictionary definitions of the words he uses. I quote a passage here from a letter written by that bully old range man, Teddy Blue, of the Three Deuce Ranch, Gilt Edge, Montana: "Several writers have come here and I would tell them a lot and they would write it up and quote me and make me out to be a dam fool liar to all these old cowpunchers around here. The trouble is they don't talk my language and don't understand what I tell them."

In order to make absolutely sure that some of Jack Potter's original form of expression is retained in this book of his, I am going to quote extracts from a few of his letters to me. Every one of the letters is littered with enough "roadbrands"—his name for postscripts—to mark the Chisholm Trail. His principle of spelling is that of Davy Crockett's, and his typewriter is even stronger on this principle than he is. People don't intersperse their talk with "period," "comma," "capital," "new paragraph," etc. Why should people pay attention to such matters when they talk on paper? I'll admit, however, that in transferring these snatches of letters to the printed page I am putting in a few periods, etc.

WHEN Yaqui was elected to the New Mexico state legislature in the fall of 1932, the joyful news came to me with this comment on the campaign:

"I believe I have told more lies and talked more Spanish and eaten more chili than I ever did in my life before in such a short time. I may get hard to hold, but I had rather have the honor of having been a common drag driver on one of the northern cattle trails than be a dam legislator. Poetry has been written about the longhorn and the men that drove him, but who ever heard of poetry about a common legislator?

". . . I have been loosing considerable sleep thinking about some way of getting you weaned off from that brush country. The first letter I had from you, you were off down on Pena Creek looking up brands cut on rock. In the next letter you were homesick for the brasada and heading back into it. I am at a loss to know how to address this. I started to address it to Nopal P. O. in care of Kerr's store, and then I commenced thinking I had not seen the name of this place in print for fifty years. I conclude that the nopals and mesquites have crowded it out of existence. Back in '79 I was with a cattle outfit wintering up the Frio River 15 miles from Nopal. We used a pack outfit to bring our supplies from that place, and the country was so brushy we had to put rawhide leggins on the packs. . . .

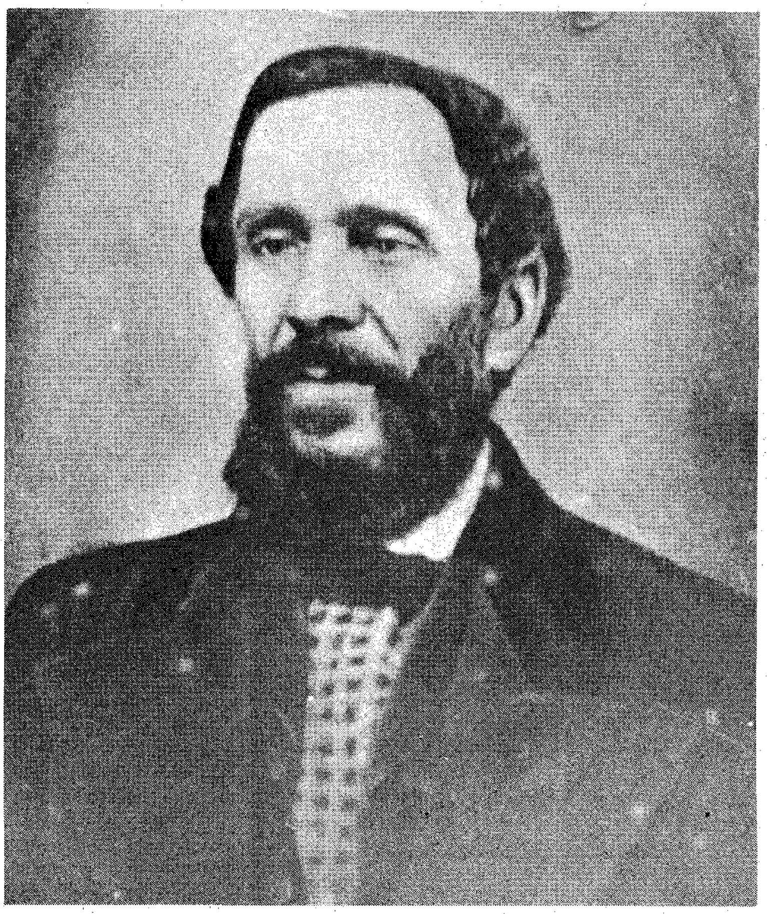
"Sometimes a person does not have to ask questions to find out things. While running the Fort Sumner ranch I hired many cowpunchers. Some of them would start in today and quit tomorrow, and many a one after filling up on Pecos water would get the bellyache and be ready to move on. In hiring new men

(Continued on page 22)

BY ROBERT M. HERBERG

Photos Courtesy Author

Anybody who doesn't believe in happy endings just hasn't heard of the people of Chu-an...



Howard Estes

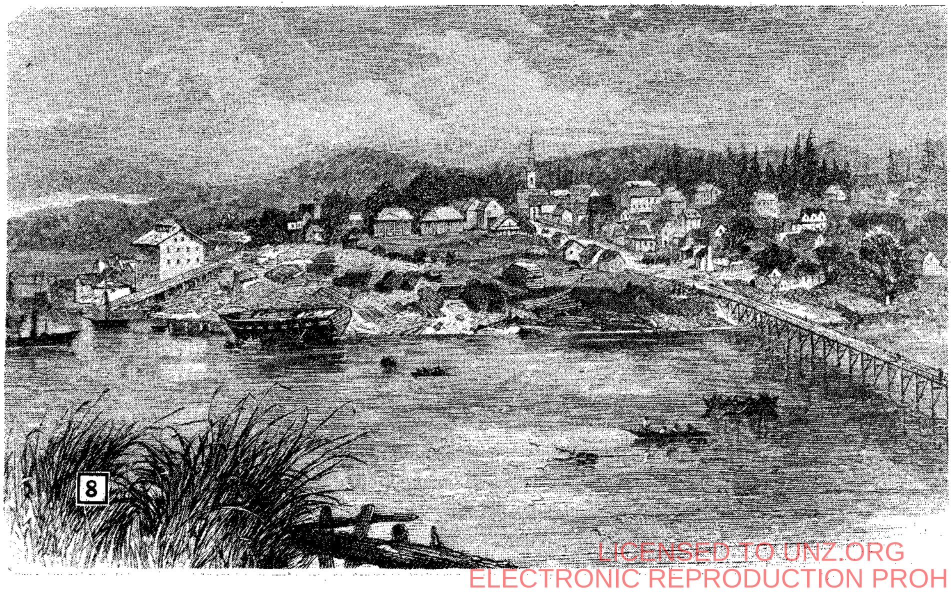
A COLOR-BLIND ISLAND

WHETHER a neighbor's skin is tinged with black, yellow or brown is of no consequence to the residents of Salt Spring Island. More than that, they actually take pride in their island's hundred-year record of color-blindness, and in the small but important part their island has played in the emerging tapestry of Negro history.

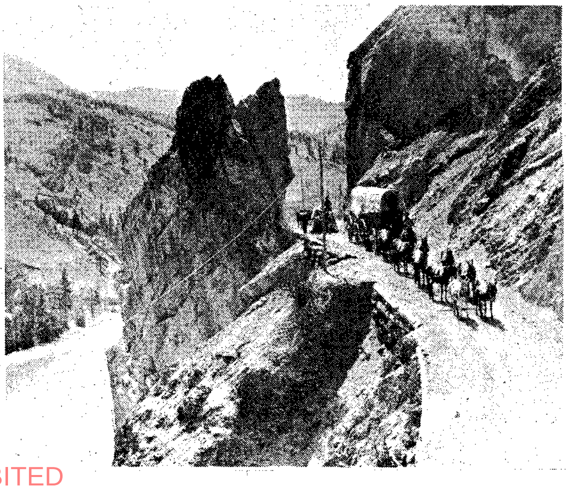
There were also Australians from "Down Under," Kanakas from the South Seas, Portuguese from Europe, and Chinese from Asia; and even a few white fugitives from U. S. justice found haven on this secluded piece of land.

Salt Spring is the largest of several islands lying in the Strait of Georgia between Vancouver Island and the mainland of British Columbia. The Indians called it "Chu-an" and believed that their legendary Thunderbird rested there on his way from the ocean to his home among the mountain peaks of the Coast Range. Eventually the island was renamed for the salt springs that well up north of St. Mary's Lake. An occasional British gunboat patrolled the inland passages, but the island remained virtually untouched until events as far north as the Cariboo and as far south as

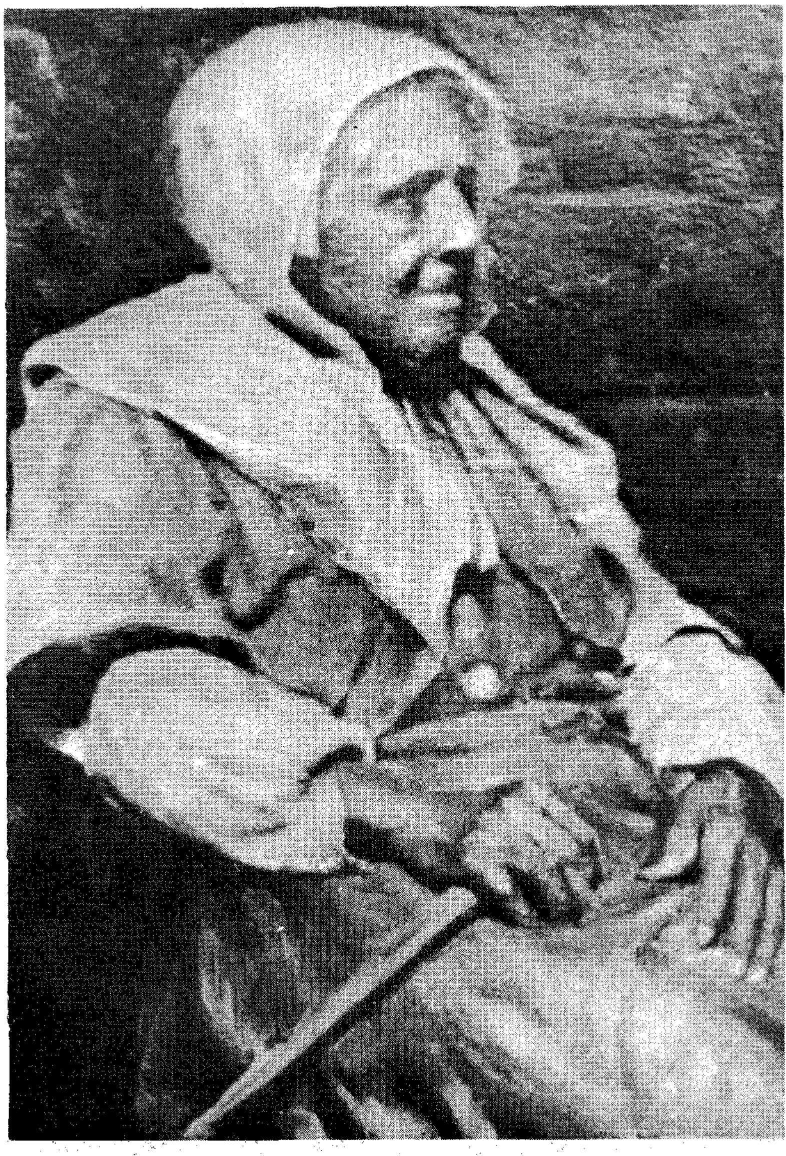
Photos at the bottom of both pages Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B. C.

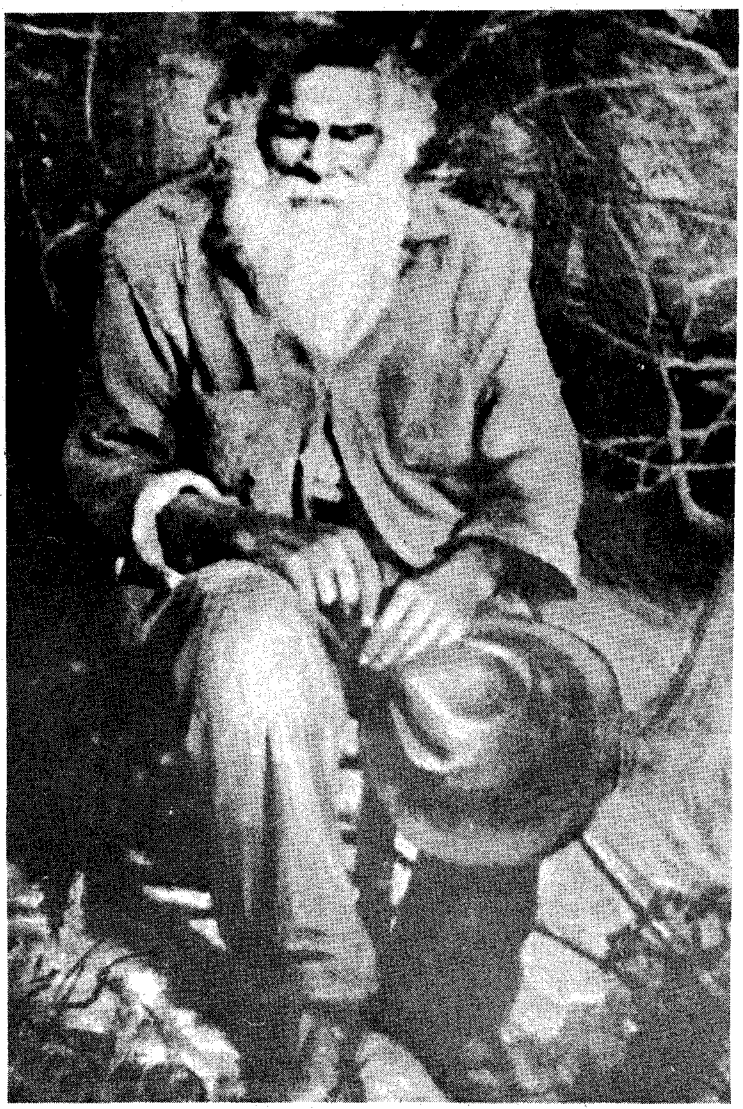


Victoria, B. C. (left) in 1862. Some members of the group continued north on the Cariboo Road. Shown below at the great bluff by the Thompson River.



Photos at the top of both pages Courtesy Mrs. Robert Holloman





Left: Sylvia Stark. Above: Willis Stark.

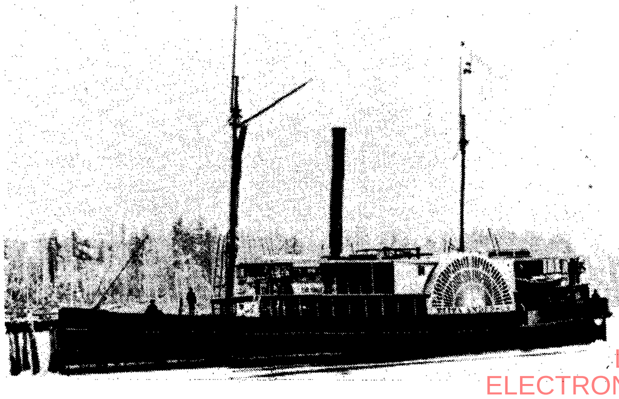
San Francisco began to make themselves felt.

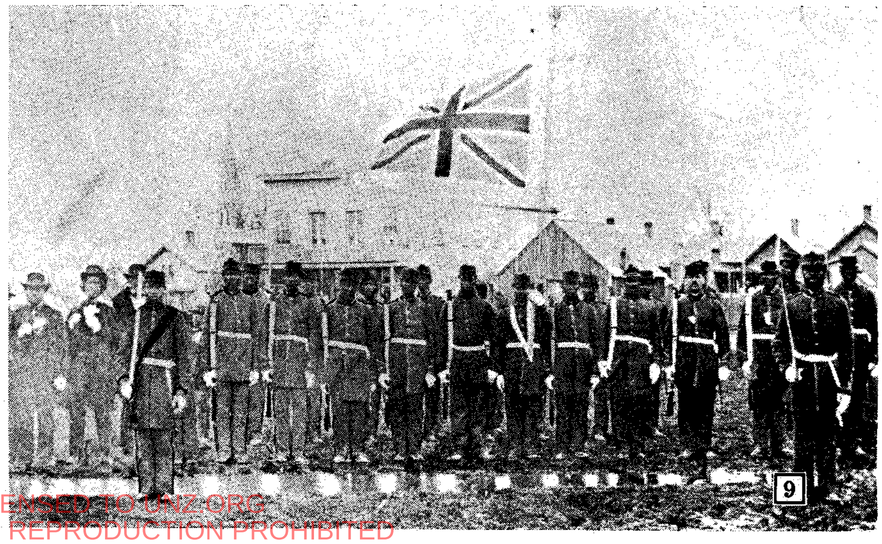
In 1858 the discovery of gold on the upper reaches of the Fraser River brought many young Australians to Victoria, the Hudson's Bay post on the lower tip of Vancouver Island. Several of these adventurers failed to take into consideration the cost of transportation from there to Yale or Boston Bar, and eventually landed on Salt Spring. The Kanakas and the Portuguese are believed to have jumped ship. The Chinese, always astute traders, and the occasional whites from the United States, slipped freely back and forth across the loosely defined American-Canadian border. Segments of all these groups helped make the first permanent settlements on Salt Spring Island; but possibly the most interesting to us today are the "Settlers of Colour" who came to this isolated spot with no other purpose than to seek freedom and peace.

California, after having been admitted to the Union as a "free" state, became a refuge for those who had gained freedom through our own efforts. Some had crossed the plains in covered wagons. However, the fugitive slave law was still in effect, which meant that few white men dared give help or friendship to a

(Continued on page 31)

The *Eliza Anderson* (below) was the first passenger boat between Puget Sound and Victoria. The Negro Regiment (right) organized by Sir James Douglas, governor of Vancouver Island.



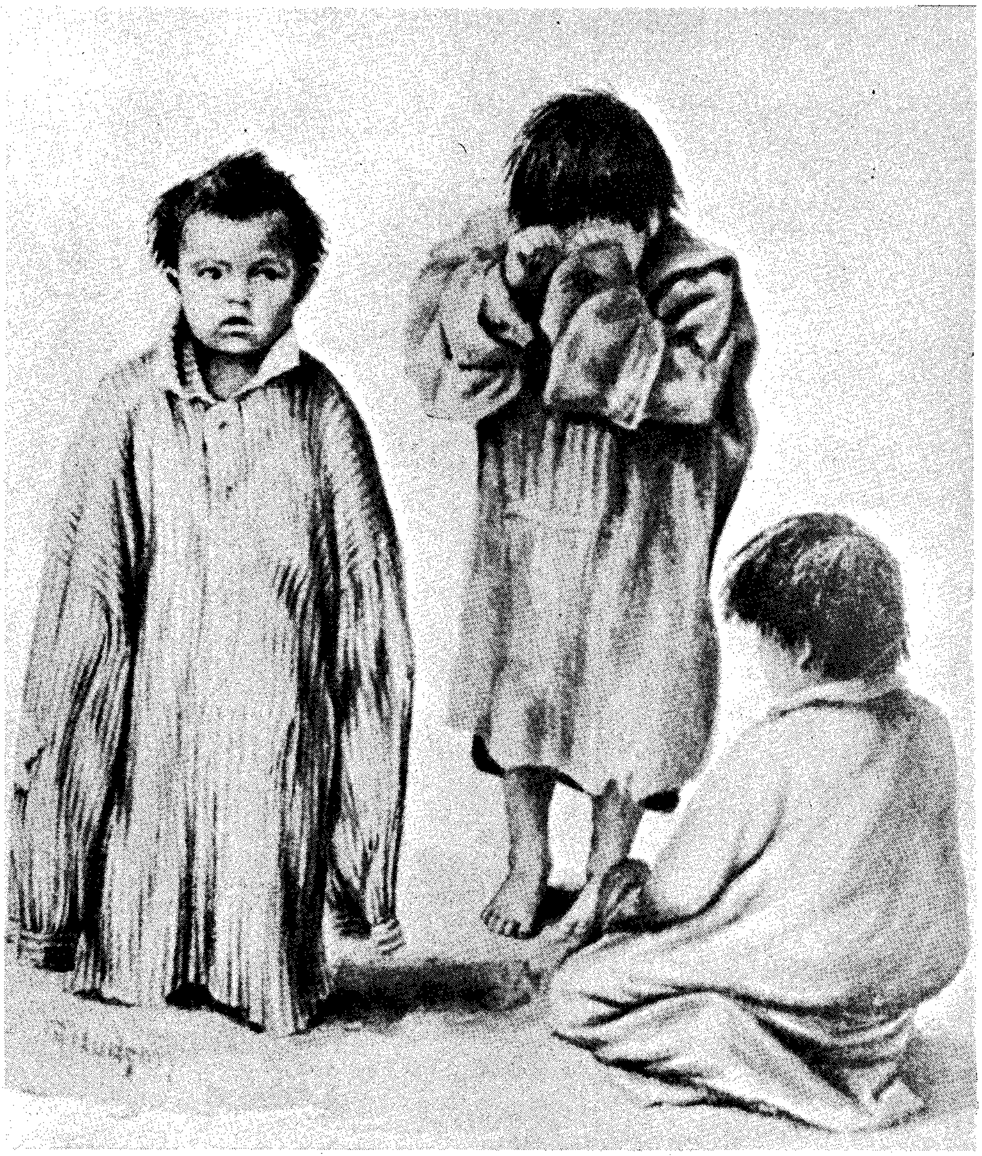


KIDNAPPED!

Indian Slavery in the West

BY WILLIAM B. SECREST

Photos Courtesy Author



Right: In adult shirts these young Indians are from an old drawing in *Overland Monthly* entitled "Cap's Boys."

"THERE WERE more than a dozen of them all tied together by a long rope and forced to walk in single file. One of the raiders rode ahead on a horse with the end of the rope attached to his saddle. Some of the captives were in a miserable condition, being footsore and barely able to walk, but still their relentless captors forced them to continue their march into bondage. . . ."

This was the description of a California slave caravan as Civil War clouds were gathering over the eastern United States.

On the West Coast, many black people found their freedom and some even acquired wealth, as the heavy mantel of slavery fell on another race—the California Indian. In the 1850s and '60s, some three or four thousand Indian children alone were stolen and sold into servitude of one form or another. No figure is available on adults who were forced to labor for the white man. Certainly this aspect of frontier life represents one of the sadder chapters of California gold rush history.

It's true that some Indian tribes of the Southwest were themselves slave traders, but this was not true of the California natives. A peaceful and gentle people, they hardly knew the meaning of war, and their weapons were for hunting only; but Spaniards and Christianity changed their way of life forever.

The Spanish hope of colonizing the New World rested on a nucleus of cooperative Indians. To "civilize" these natives, the Spanish introduced the mission system, in which the Indian was not only taught religion, but also a trade or how to cultivate crops. Believing the end justified the means, Indians were rounded up at swordpoint and forced to live at the missions. The sexes were separated, families often broken up, and rarely were the natives allowed to visit their old homes. Infractions of the rules meant the whip or confinement.

Even after the mission system was abandoned, during the Mexican pastoral period, there was little relief for the Indians. Many of the large Mexican ranchos treated the Indians fairly, but other landowners rounded up whole Indian villages and herded them down from the mountains like cattle to work their farms and ranches.

With the discovery of gold in California, however, a period of tragedy enveloped the Indian from which he was never to recover. The very essence of the Indian question was the terrible cruelty which shattered the spirit of the California natives—the traffic in Indian children. As grim as was the forced labor of the Indian males and the concubinage of the native women, the kidnapping of their children made all other crimes against the Indians seem negligible. Between 1852 and 1867, it is estimated that somewhere in the neighborhood of three or four thousand Indian children were stolen and sold into slavery of one form or another in California.

Actually, the practice was a practical outgrowth of the time. The California constitution of 1849 denied the Indian citizenship, the right to own property, and the right to testify in court. Indians could not only be declared vagrant and sold to the highest bidder, but with the consent of parents could be indentured for a long period of time.

Workers were always needed on the farms and ranches, and it was easy to rationalize the whole situation. Having been driven out of their foothill homes, the Indians were usually near starvation anyway. "How much better," wrote a pioneer of the time, "it would be for the young redskins if they had someone to feed and clothe them."

But since the Indian rarely agreed with this type of thinking, a natural consequence was the slave trader. This odious practice began early and is clearly described in the letter of a miner to the Marysville *Herald* in 1851, reporting an attack on an Indian village. "There were about twenty killed and twelve taken prisoners. We took only the children and two squaws. Some of the party were lucky enough to get three boys and girls from 7 to 12 years of age. . . ."

THE peonage of the Mexican period quickly deteriorated into technical and actual slavery during the gold rush era. It was a simple case of supply and demand. In 1852 the Superintendent of California Indian Affairs stated in a letter that there were numerous Indians in Contra Costa County who had been stolen from the Clear Lake area by two Mexicans. These two men, Raymond Briones and Ramon Mesa, had " for some time made a business of catching Indians and of disposing of them in various ways."

By 1854, such trafficking was becoming well organized. "Abducting Indian children," the San Francisco *Alta California* commented, "has become quite a common practice. Nearly all the children belonging to some of the Indian tribes in the northern part of the state have been stolen. They are taken to the southern part of the state and there sold."

Under the heading, "Stealing Indian Children," the Sacramento *State Journal* for September 29, 1854 went into more detail: "There has been a number of cases before the Recorder's Court of this city, within the past few weeks, growing out of the alleged stealing of Indian children. We learn from Col. Henley, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, that he ascertains from the Indians that there is a band of about twenty Mexicans who traverse the coast range from the vicinity of Bodega to Shasta, and who follow no other occupation than that of stealing Indian children, for the purpose of selling them, and that in a number of instances they have not scrupled to take the life of the parents, when it becomes necessary in securing the children. These Mexicans travel through different parts of the mountains on horseback, and when they find the squaws and children away from the men gathering the seeds and roots on which they in part subsist, they ride down upon them and catch the children with the riata, as they would a calf. These children are then brought to this city, San Francisco, and to the farmers throughout the country, where a tale is told of their being orphans, or some other plausible story, and they are sold at prices varying from one to two hundred dollars. Without doubt, persons who purchase these children think that they are doing an act of charity, and perhaps in some instances they do; but it is sustaining a system of kidnapping from which a band of villains are growing rich.

"Col. Henley has made application to Gen. Wool for troops to put a stop to these outrages on the Indians. It appears bad enough that the Indians should be deprived of their lands and taught the

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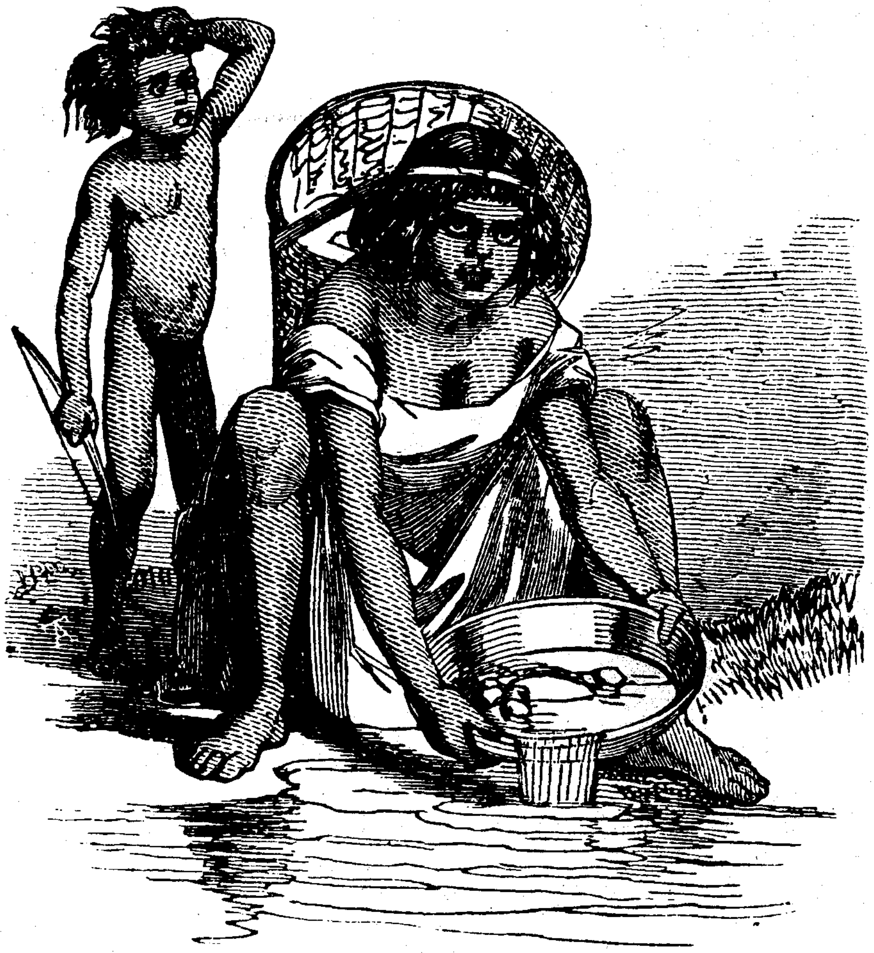


Indian mother and child illustration from *Hutchings California Magazine*, April 1859.

An Indian village in Mendocino County in the early 1860s.

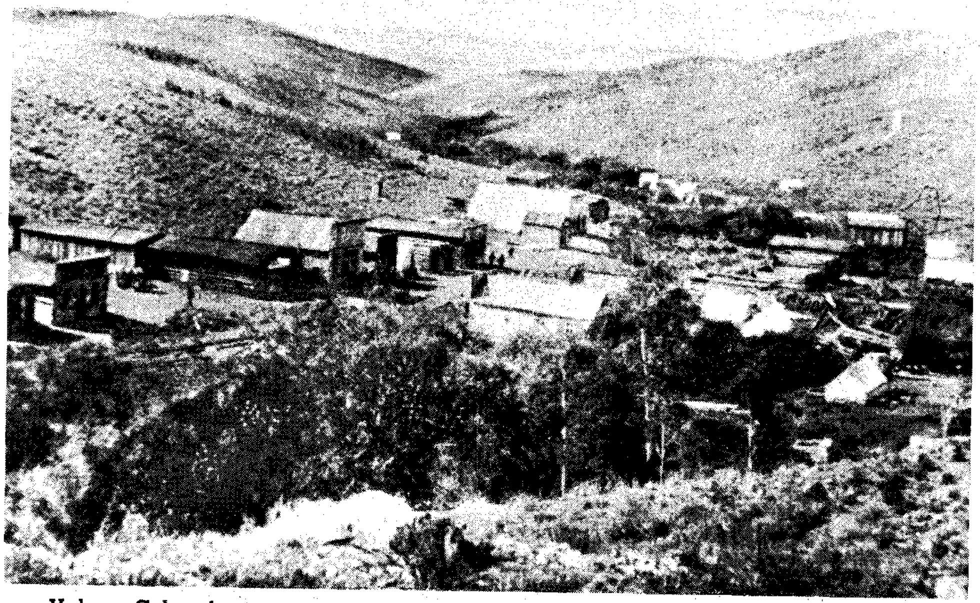
Courtesy Bancroft Library

THE BATTLE OF THE MINING CAMPS

The bully boys who stirred up the trouble didn't give a darn about either side. Most bully boys don't...

BY ABBOTT FAY

Photos Courtesy Author



Vulcan, Colorado.

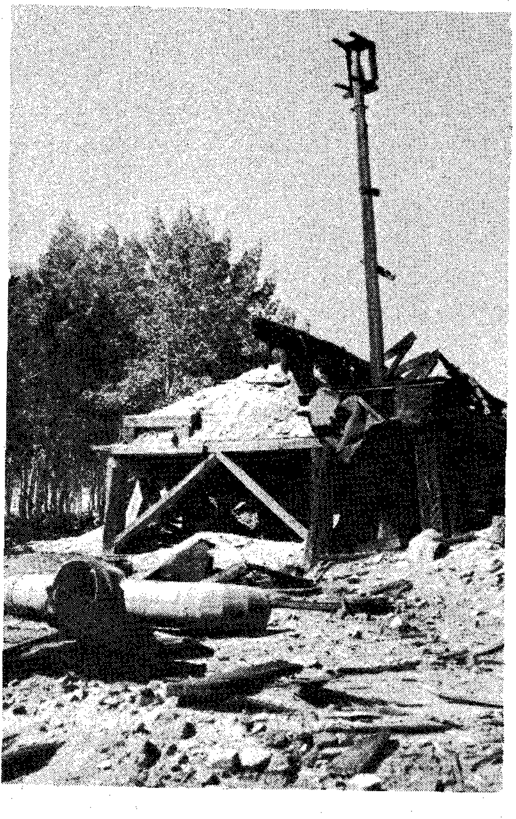
Courtesy Library State Historical Society of Colorado

VERY LITTLE remains today to remind one that the town of Vulcan, twenty-two miles south of Gunnison, Colorado, was a top-notch gold camp back in 1899, when it was invaded and captured by the residents of another boom town.

Vulcan was named after the fire god of the Scandinavians; its gold deposits were interlaced with sulphur in an area of wild volcanic upheaval. When the mines were dug, the acrid fumes of the sulphur poured forth from the portals, and a man could tell where he was just by the smell.

Though gold was found in 1892, it wasn't for several years that the mines began to pay off in a big way. In the meantime, however, Vulcan was a happy camp, with a half-dozen saloons serving its 250 or so citizens. Wages were higher than the average of union mining camps in the district; many of the workers were members of the powerful Western Federation of Miners, an organization which sometimes created chaos in the

Photos at the bottom of both pages Courtesy Collin Fay



mineral belt through its violent activist wing, the Wobblies.

Still the town wasn't really "organized," and this bothered the miners of Baldwin, some thirty-five miles to the north. It especially bothered Steve Sullivan, who had formed his own "union" to take over the Baldwin mines, terrorizing Federation loyalists and claiming the right to do the bargaining. His two sidekicks were Sam Carter, described in the Gunnison press as an "all 'round tough," and Billy Waugh, who had a long record of bullyboy incidents. These two generally made sure things went the way Sullivan wanted them to.

With the camp of Baldwin in their pocket, the trio and some followers decided to branch out and include Vulcan in their new labor organization, so they took a trip up to that town in February 1899.

The Sullivan delegation had a talk with mine superintendent J. E. Davidson and several of the local miners, who evidently told them to go to hell and get moving out of town at a somewhat faster pace than normal. Smarting under the insult, Sullivan's men returned to Baldwin burning with a scheme to teach the Vulcan miners a lesson.

With seventeen sympathizers from his camp, Sullivan invaded Vulcan in the early afternoon of February 26, arriving via the lonely snow-packed road which was the only lifeline to that town. Most of the Vulcan miners were working in the Mammoth Chimney Mine that Monday, but some who had been laid off for a few weeks due to needed repair work were hanging around in the saloons. In a matter of minutes the "invaders" had taken over the main street of the town and had the drop on the patrons of the local joints.

After the telephone line to Gunnison was cut, a house-by-house invasion at gunpoint was begun to pick up any weapons Vulcanites might have stashed away. Men were stationed at the road leading out of town with orders to shoot to kill anyone trying to escape. The deep snow in other directions made an effective wall against travel, but several lookouts were posted to watch those slopes, too.

Carter and Waugh then went down into the Mammoth and ordered the seventeen men up to the surface, where each was marched at riflepoint to the workers' bunkhouse, searched, and ordered to sit on the floor. About this time, Jay Prentice, the company bookkeeper, came running over, and was also taken prisoner. Prentice got up as if to make a break for it, and was brutally whipped with a revolver. His bleeding, unconscious body was tossed back on the floor and no one was permitted to help him.

THE INVADERS then went to the company office and marched back with Superintendent Davidson, whom they forced to stand with his back against the wall and his hands grasping a rafter above his head. Billy Waugh made no bones about his intentions. He told the miners that if any armed body showed up they would all be "blown to pieces," and if any of them tried to escape, they would be "shot down like dogs."

Non-mining people in Vulcan were told that if they tried to get out of town, the hostages would be killed.

Back in the bunkhouse, there was a demonstration of proof that Billy Waugh wasn't kidding. Tony Ligoursche, mine foreman and one of the captives, was a witness to what happened a few minutes later when the blacksmith, J. C. Snow, a temporary worker from Denver, got up and moved a few inches toward the door, looking as though he might try to make a run for it.

Waugh shot Snow, the bullet passing through the wrist and into the right lung. Collapsing on the floor, Snow writhed in terror. Waugh then ordered the others to hold their positions on the floor, while he walked over to Snow and looked as though he were about to shoot again and finish him off. Instead, he ordered one of his henchmen to get Snow out of there.

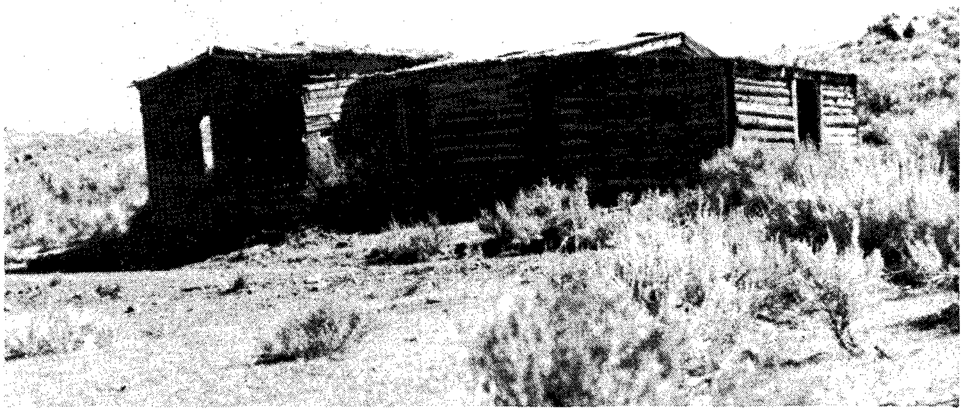
Some unidentified member of the Baldwin invaders apparently had had enough, and as soon as he could he stole a wagon and team and put Snow on it and lit out for Gunnison. It was an act of mercy which would save the blacksmith's life. The road guard didn't stop him.

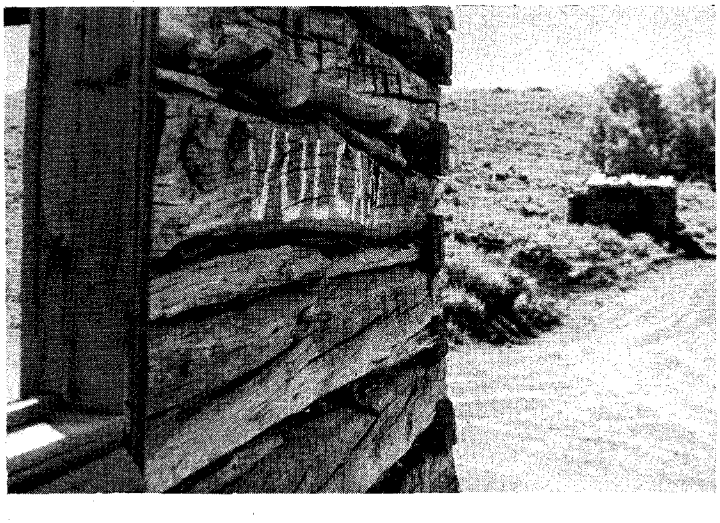
In Gunnison, the wound was reported as accidental, and since Snow was unable to talk, the bigger town remained in ignorance of the seige of Vulcan. Only the later testimony of Ligoursche and, even later, of Snow himself, would reveal the drama going on at that time in the sulphur gold camp.

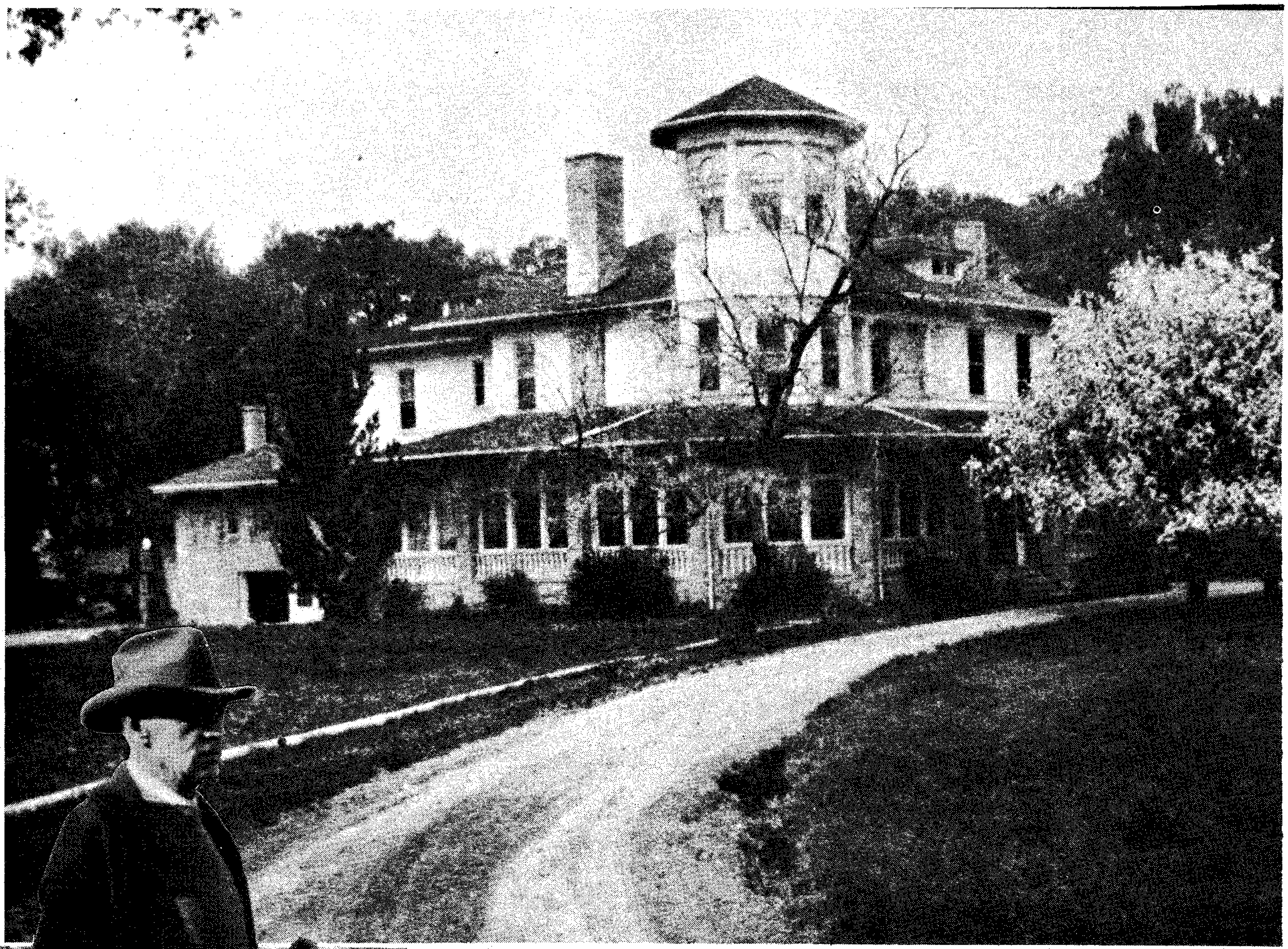
Word reached the bullies holed up in the Vulcan bunkhouse that Mrs. Davidson, the superintendent's wife, had written a letter describing the attack, and had taken it to the postal drop, hoping that later it would come to light and that people would know what had happened in case everyone in town was murdered.

(Continued on page 30)

What's left of Vulcan (left to right): bunkhouse, shaft house, cabin, road from mine shaft, and main street.







Courtesy the Day Family

Above: J. B. Okie shortly before his death in 1930. Top: "The Big Tepee," Lost Cabin, Wyoming.

J. B. OKIE OF LOST CABIN

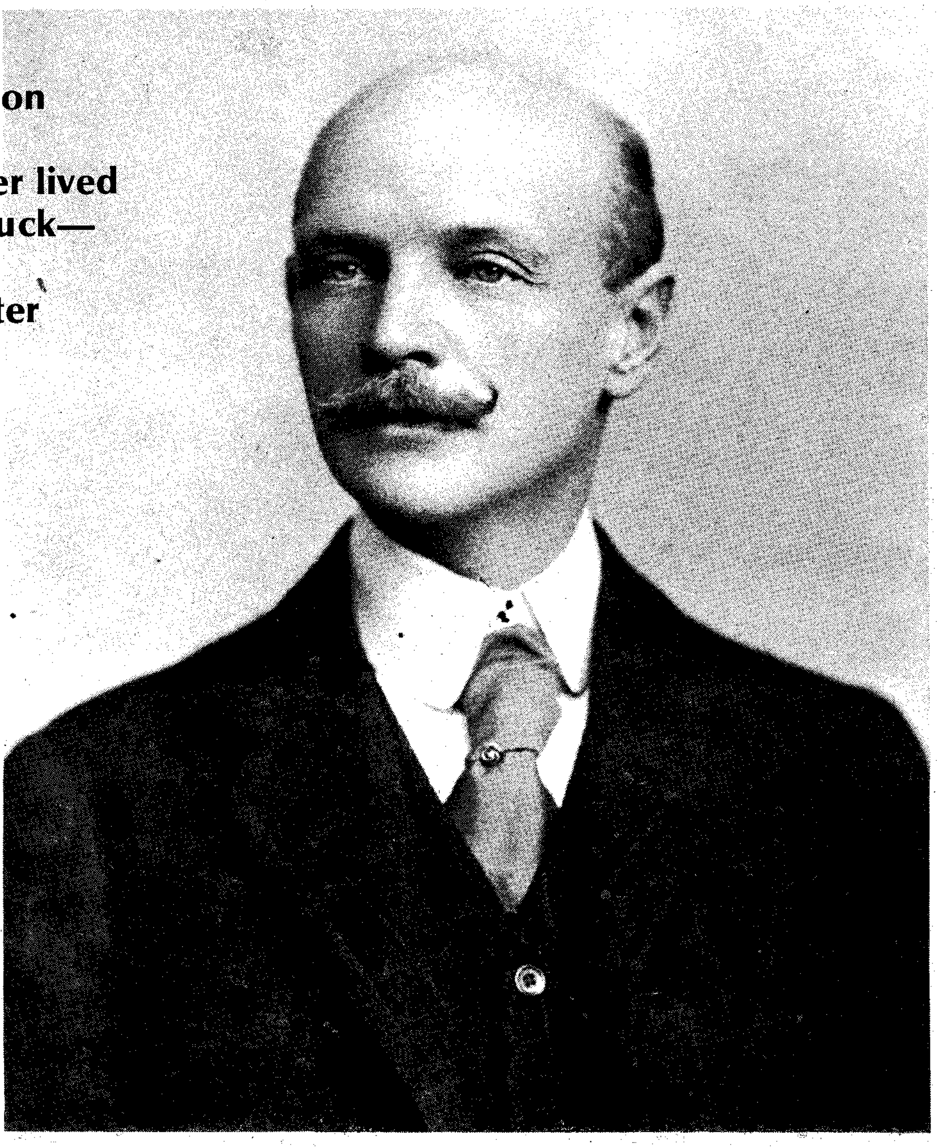
BY K. B. HAMMONS

Photos Courtesy Author

John B. Okie met an untimely death on November 6, 1930. While duck hunting with his manager, R. W. Pruit, along his irrigation reservoir, he slipped in and was drowned. Okie was buried in the shadow of his mansion beside his sons. The community's respect and dependence upon this man was expressed by Percy Shallenberger in his eulogy:

"We once had an eccentric individual among us who gave to Mr. Okie the title of 'The Holy Father.' He likened him to a helpful and kindly priest, to whom his flock invariably turned for advice and consolation. He said to the rest of us, rather scornfully, 'If this man was taken from your community the rest of you would perish. You would starve to death. When you are hungry you go to his store to buy your food and you never have the cash to pay for it. You get your clothing in the same way. If you wish to borrow money he is the banker who loans it to you. If you are in need of legal advice you draw on his knowledge of the law. If you have land troubles you go into his office and ask him to prepare the affidavits that will satisfy and conciliate the General Land Office at Washington. Even when you have domestic troubles, and the divorce courts loom up

From sheepwagon to mansion there was scarcely a hitch. One might think the rancher lived in a wool cocoon of good luck— but there were times as bitter as a Wyoming winter



John Bragnard Okie circa 1908.

Courtesy the Day Family

before you, you go and ask him to show you a way out of your perplexities. If you want to learn the day of the week or how to spell a word you go to the telephone and call up J. B. Okie.'

"This man's description of our dependence was not much exaggerated. . . . In earlier days all we knew of the convenience, the luxuries of the outside world, he brought us. He made possible all that we knew of amusements and pleasures, whether it was dancing, skating, playing golf or watching moving pictures. This mansion with all its expensive furnishings and its souvenirs of foreign travel was never an exclusive hall. It was open to all. Here we sang and here we danced, here we listened to his tales of distant lands, and here we picnicked on the lawn."

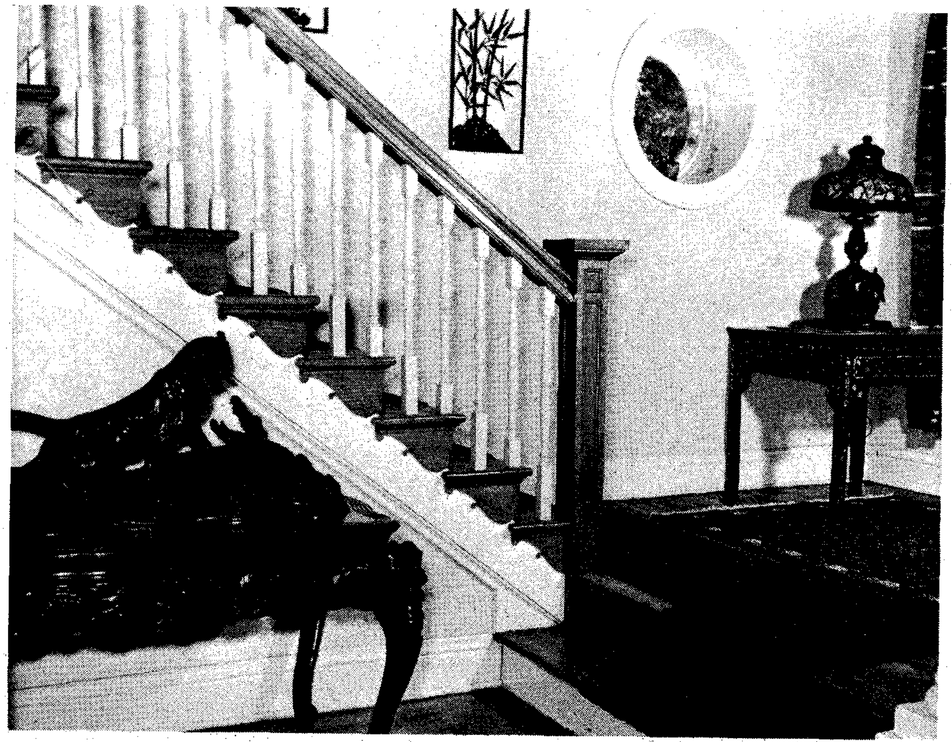
THERE were many characters who passed through the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming—Indians, mountain men, prospectors, and rustlers. Few of these men left any sign of their passing, and little is remembered about them or why they came.

Then there was J. B. Okie, who came to Wyoming Territory as a youth of eighteen. Before he was thirty he had established a huge sheep ranch, opened various mercantile businesses, and built a town where he was mayor, postmaster, sheriff and banker. He was one of the biggest flockmasters in the area and built up his herds without incident or bloodshed during the years of Wyoming's sheep and cattle conflicts (1897-1909). He transformed a semi-arid land into a highly developed community and he accomplished this through his own hard work and imagination. Okie's impact on the Lost Cabin community of Central Wyoming is still apparent and he is remembered with respect forty years after his death.

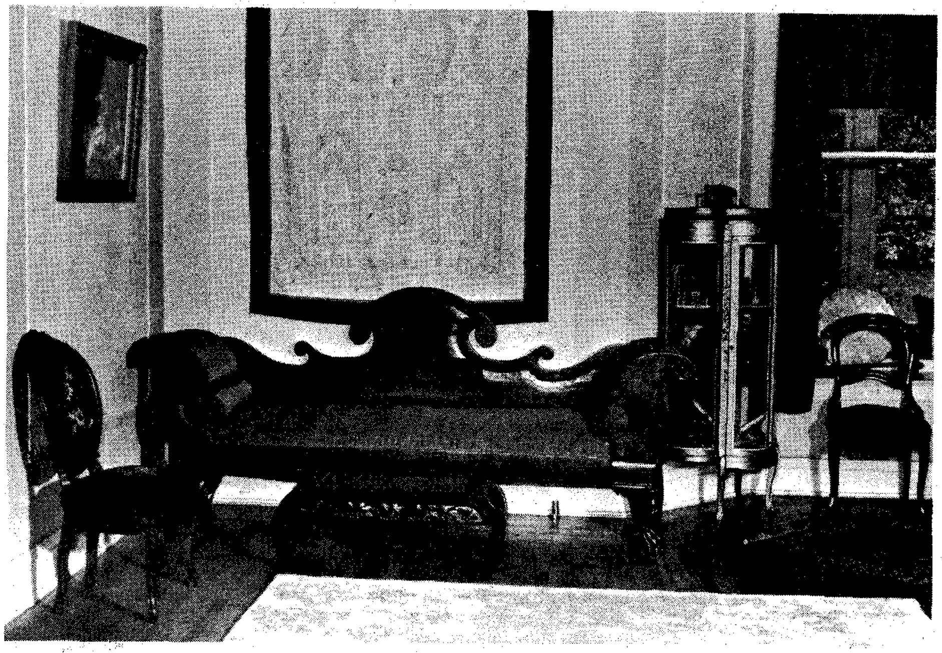
John Brognard Okie was born in Madison, Indiana, December 10, 1864, son of William T. and Susan Pitcher Okie. The Okie family had many distinguished members including John Okey (an earlier spelling) who was a Colonel of Dragoons under Oliver Cromwell. Colonel Okey's son emigrated to America and settled in New York in 1660. Okie's great-grandfather was Abram Okie who was President of the Western Reserve Bank of Philadelphia and one of the founders of the Gerard Trust Company. His great-grandmother was a Brognard whose father served in the French Grenadier Corps in America during the Revolutionary War.

William Okie was a prominent physician who counted Abraham Lincoln among his patients. When he died at an early age, the Okies moved to Washington, D. C. where the children were educated. When John B. Okie was sixteen,

String freight team, Lost Cabin.



Carved teak furniture (above), Persian tapestries and Oriental rugs (below) which the Okies brought from trips abroad decorate the mansion.



Below: Van Guelder Okie, J. B.'s son, on the enclosed porch of The Big Tepee circa 1940.

Photos this page Courtesy Mrs. John Stewart

he won an appointment to the U. S. Revenue Marine School.

The slender, dark-eyed boy had a sharp inquisitive mind, and the freedom and opportunity of the West attracted him much more than the restrictive military life. Okie resigned from the academy in 1882 and set out on his own for Wyoming Territory.

His first job was for the Embar (M-) Cattle Company on Powell Creek near Rawlins. By his own admission he was a "damn poor cowboy" but he stayed for more than a year studying the grazing business and gaining useful experience. In 1883 he started herding sheep on shares and started a flock of his own. In the long, lonely hours this solitary business provided, he pored over books. His love of books and pursuit of knowledge was to continue throughout his life.

In his reading and travels Okie learned of the Lost Cabin Gold Mine located in the Big Horn Mountains. The three men who discovered the rich lode in the 1860s were attacked by Indians while working the mine. Two were killed instantly. One had a harrowing escape but was never able to retrace his escape route and relocate the mine.

Rediscovered in the 1870s, the mine was lost again when the lone survivor of another Indian attack was driven mad by his hardships. Okie believed the mine to be located in the vicinity of the Bad Water River, so here he took out a homestead and called it "Lost Cabin." The year was 1884 and Okie was twenty years old.

The Lost Cabin Gold Mine is lost to this day. Okie mined his "gold" from the backs of sheep. With money borrowed from his mother, he bought two bands of sheep (about 18,000) which were trailed in from Oregon. He built a sprawling log home and the first of his mercantile stores. In due time his Big Horn Sheep Company Stores were located as Lysite, Moneta, Shoshoni, and Arminto. These stores supplied most of the needs of the pioneers, and many of the early settlers got their start working in one or another of the Okie enterprises. Okie further enhanced his fortune by the practice of borrowing money in the East at a low rate and lending it out for as much as 8%.

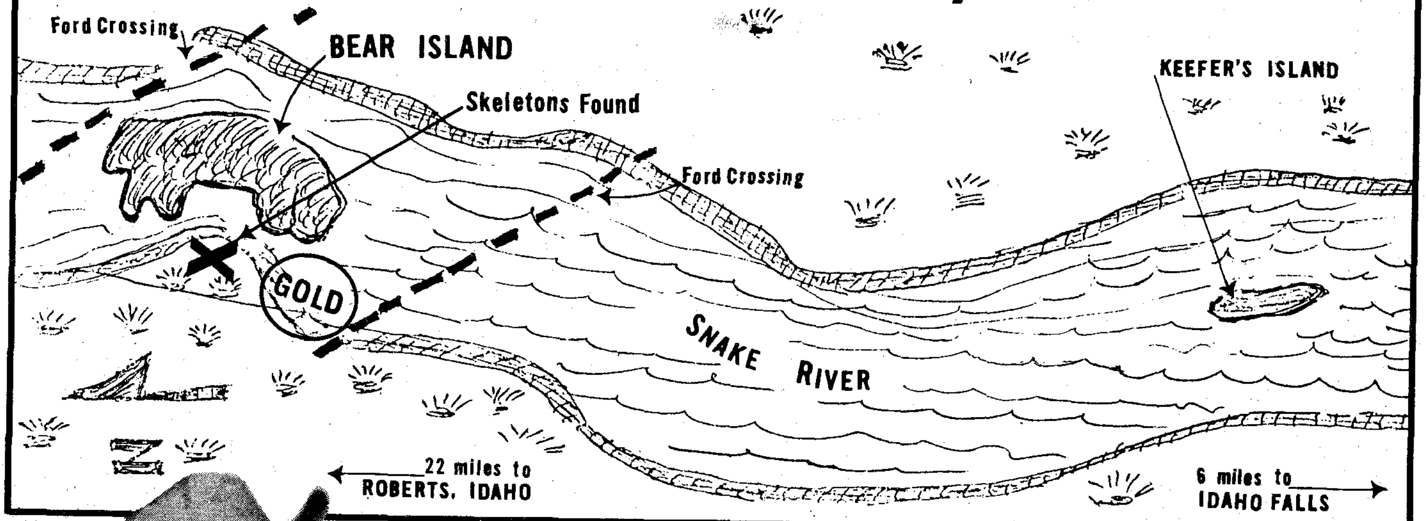
IN 1887 Okie married a Rawlins girl, Jeanette Anderson, and brought her to the ranch at Lost Cabin. The tall, curly-haired Okie and his bride were a great asset to the pioneer community. Okie's quick wit and humor were well matched by his wife's beauty and intelligence. Mrs. William Hayden (St. Clair Okie Hayden), one of the eight children of that marriage, wrote that, "my mother was a brilliant woman and deserves credit for helping my father. She was a wonderful helpmate and mother." She also related that when her parents first came to Lost Cabin, "there were Indians who came to beg beef when meat was slaughtered and hung to dry in a latticed drying house. . . . My father was the sheriff and the ice house was used as a jail."

The town of Lost Cabin flourished under Okie's management. He laid out town lots and built homes and apartments for his employes. Lumber from Okie's saw mill in the Big Horn Mountains, and stone from his quarry in town provided the material for his building program. He put some of his acres under cultivation and erected an alfalfa mill as well as a hotel, saloon, dance hall and school. Because the town was 130 miles from the nearest railroad, all supplies were shipped in, and twenty-horse teams were a familiar sight in its early days. The Nowood and Lost Cabin Stage Line carried passengers from Casper and on into Big Horn Basin country. The stage line over Birdseye Pass to Thermopolis was used until 1908 when the Northwestern Railroad came to Lander.

Lost Cabin became a gathering spot in the fall for ranchers from hundreds of miles around. Horse races, baseball games and dances provided entertainment. The Dew Drop Inn was a favorite

(Continued on page 27)

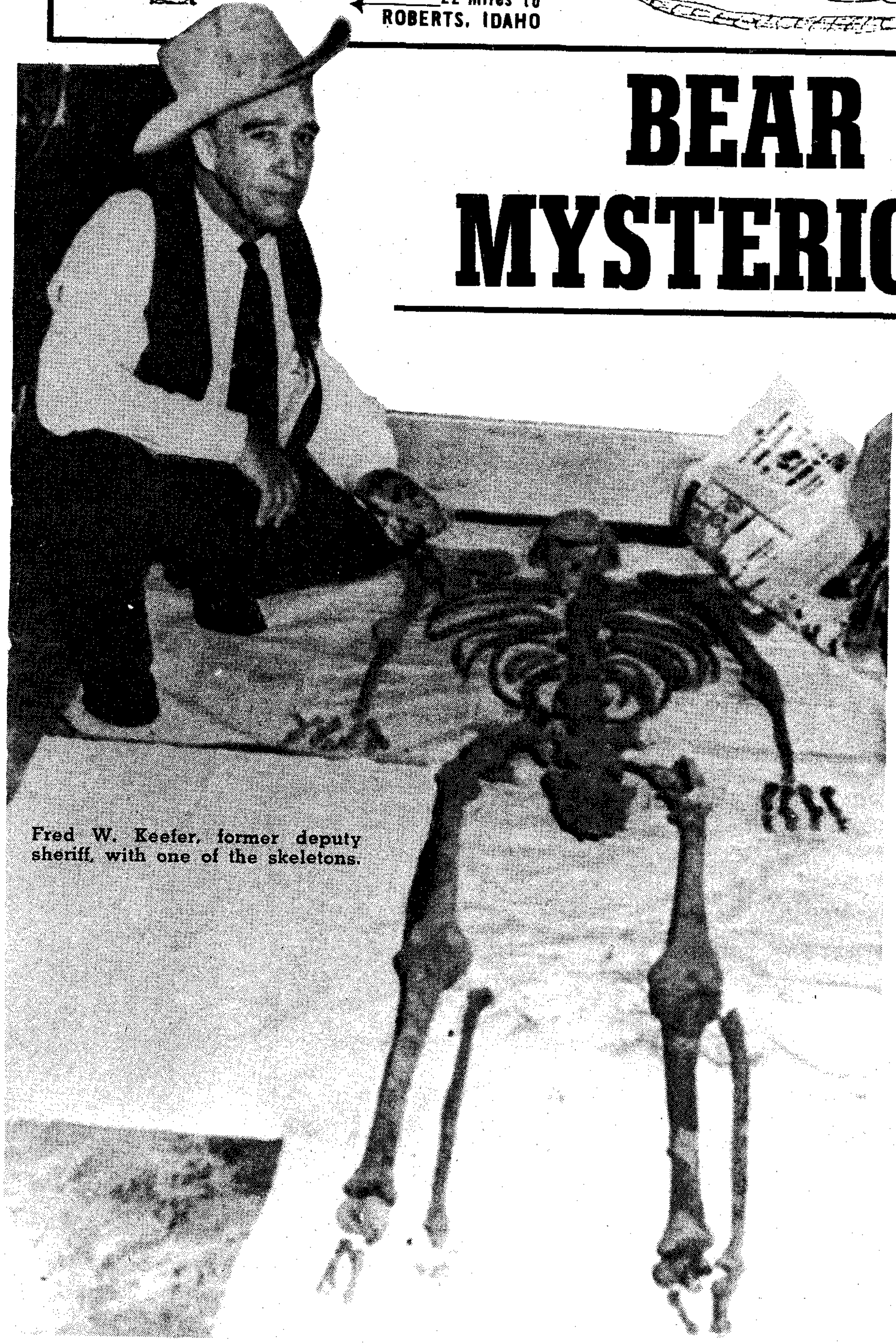
"Two men passed thru one night, heavily laden..."



BEAR ISLAND'S MYSTERIOUS GOLD

BY DEAN F. WILKIE

Photo and Map Courtesy Author



Fred W. Keefer, former deputy sheriff, with one of the skeletons.

ALONG about the turn of the century, a daring robbery took place in southeastern Montana, just a stone's throw away from the Idaho border and about fifty miles west of West Yellowstone, entrance to the famous Yellowstone National Park.

Two characters, reported to be named Kelley and Small, made a successful robbery of the Grasshopper Creek stagecoach, and took with them $40,000 in gold. It is not known for sure whether or not the precious metal was all coin or in small bars, but it left with the two men and has never been found to this day.

Reports have filtered down through the years that these two men were pursued into Idaho. The easiest route to follow was a deep cut through the ancient lava beds, made by a small stream called Beaver Creek. The Union Pacific Railroad uses this canyon as its road bed. The creek passes under the road at several places as it surges south, before broadening out to the flat lands near Dubois, Idaho.

Dubois is a small town used by the railroad to store the locomotives which are used to hook onto their regular trains to help pull the long line of freight cars up to Dillon, Montana.

Beaver Creek starts as a small stream near Monida, Montana, and runs through a few small Idaho whistle stops such as Humphrey, Spencer, and Dubois.

I had heard of this robbery a few times, but actually didn't pay any attention to it. I served as sheriff of Bonneville County, Idaho from 1942 until 1956

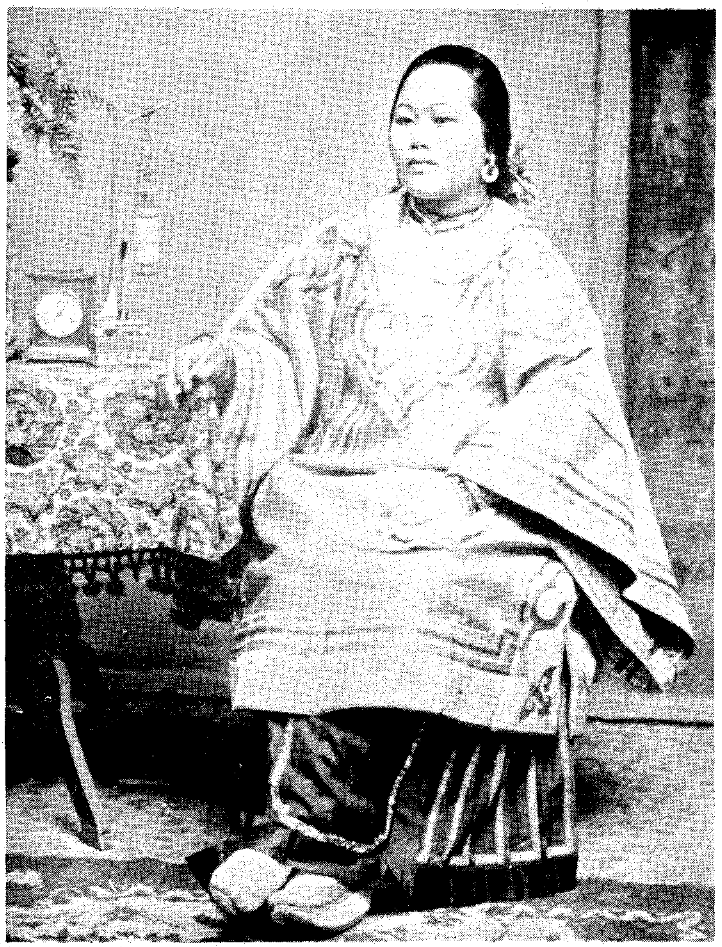
(Continued on page 30)

The Chinese Woman Of The Nineties

(Written in 1897)

BY SUI SEEN FAR

She lent a bit of Oriental coloring to the Western lights and shades



A Chinese bride in America.

THE CHINESE WOMAN in America differs from all others who come to live their lives here, in that she seeks not our companionship, makes no attempt to know us, adopts not our ways, *and heeds not our customs.* She lives among us, but is as isolated as if she and the few Chinese relatives who may happen to live near were the only human beings in the world.

So if you wish to become acquainted with her, if you wish to glean some knowledge of a type of which very little is known, you must seek her out. She will be pleased with your advances and welcome you with demure politeness, but you might wait for all eternity and she would not come to you.

Having broken the ice, you find that her former reserve was due to her training, and that she is not nearly so shy as report makes her. You also find, despite the popular idea that the Chinese are a phlegmatic people, that she is brimful of feelings and impressions and has sensibilities as acute as a child's. That she is content to live narrowly, restricted to the society of one man and perhaps a couple of females, does not prove lack of imagination; but merely that she is ignorant of any other life.

She was born in China, probably in Canton or near that city. When a little girl, she played Shuttlecock, Guessing Pennies and Blind Man's Buff with childish playfellows, boys and girls; and grandfather and uncles kept her awake, when her mother put her to bed, by telling her stories of hobgoblins and ghosts.

Amongst her memories of home are little pagodas before which she and her brothers and sisters were taught to burn incense, and an image of a goddess called "Mother," to whom she used to kneel till her little knees ached.

Until about twelve years old, she enjoyed almost as much healthful liberty as an American child; but in China it is not deemed proper for girls beyond that age to have boy playmates.

Then she learned to sew and embroider, to do light cooking and sing simple ballads. She was taught that whilst with them, her first duty was obedience to her father and mother; and after marriage, to her husband and his parents. She never had a sweetheart, but with girl friends would pass the hours in describing the beauties and virtues of future husbands.

In spite of these restraints, her years slipped away happily until time came for her to become an American bride—for the Chinese woman who comes to America generally comes as a bride, having been sent for by some Chinaman who has been some years in the States or in Canada and has prospered in business.

She has never seen her future husband, she has never perhaps ventured outside her native village; yet upon being apprised that for good and valuable consideration—for the expectant bridegroom, like Isaac of old when courting Rebecca, sends presents of silver and presents of gold to the parents or guardians of his chosen—she must leave home and friends and native land, she cheerfully sets about preparing for her journey. She may shed a few tears upon her mother's breast and surreptitiously hug her little sisters; but on the whole, she is pleased.

Chinese mothers in California.

HER COMPANIONS and friends usually regard her with envy. None but a well-to-do Chinaman could afford to send for a bride across the sea. The chief reason, however, is that the girl who goes to America does not become subject to her husband's mother, as when a girl marries in China. In that land she is obliged to live with her husband's parents and obey them as a daughter; and unless she is of yielding disposition, or the mother-in-law of extraordinary good nature, the result is often unhappiness. If there is a disagreement, it is the duty of the husband and son to take his mother's part, and the wife is made to acknowledge herself in the wrong.

The Chinese woman who comes to America is favored also in that she can dress in richer costumes. In China her ordinary attire would consist of cotton, or a combination of silk and cotton, plainly made. The richly embroidered dresses which the Chinese women who come to America are allowed to bring with them are in China worn only by women of rank and position.

The bride comes from a respectable middle-class Chinese family. Aristocratic or wealthy people would not give a daughter to a man living in exile; and Wah Line, being a big enough man to keep a wife in America, feels himself too big to take a girl from the laboring classes. He wishes his friends to think that he marries well; if he were to choose a girl of mean condition he might be ridiculed. The Chinaman knows little of natural selection; though in his youth he had a sweetheart, when he wants a wife he sends for a stranger.

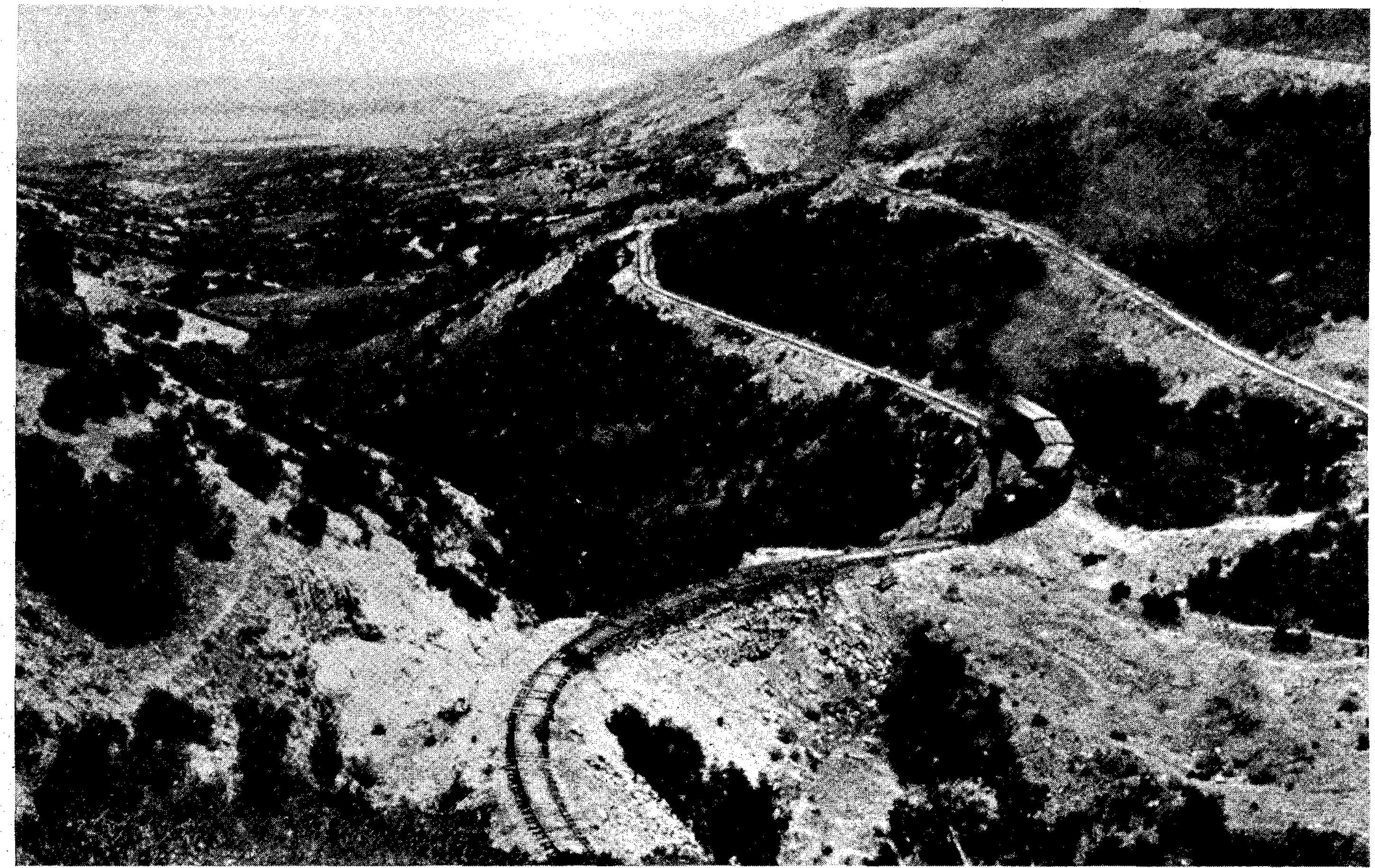
In China it is deemed altogether wrong for girls "in society" to have men acquaintances; but very poor girls choose their associates as they please without causing remark. Now and then a poverty-stricken or outcast maid wins the heart of a Chinaman brave enough to marry her in spite of what his world may say; but such cases are rare. Very few Chinamen are introduced to their wives until after marriage.

The Chinese woman in America lives generally in the upstairs apartments of her husband's dwelling. He looks well after her comfort and provides all her little mind can wish. Her apartments are furnished in American style; but many Chinese ornaments decorate the tables and walls, and on the sides of the room are hung long bamboo panels covered with paper or silk on which are painted Chinese good-luck characters. In a curtained alcove of an inner room can be discerned an incense vase, an ancestral tablet, a kneeling stool, a pair of candlesticks—my lady-from-China's private chapel. She will show you all her pretty ornaments, her jewelry and fine clothing, but never invite you near her private chapel. There she burns incense to her favorite goddess and prays that a son may be born to her, that her husband may be kind, and that she may live to die in China—the country which heaven loves.

She seldom goes out, and does not receive visitors until she has been a wife for at least two years. Even then, if she has no child, she is supposed to hide herself. After a child has been born to her, her wall of reserve is lowered a little, and it is proper for cousins and friends of her husband to drop in occasionally and have a chat with "the family."

NOW AND THEN the women visit one another; and when they are met together, there is such a clattering of tongues one would almost think they were American women. They laugh at the most commonplace remark and scream at the smallest trifle; they examine one another's dresses and hair, talk about their husbands, their babies, their food; squabble over little matters and make up again; they dine on bowls of rice, minced chicken, bamboo shoots and a dessert of candied fruits.

(Continued on page 40)

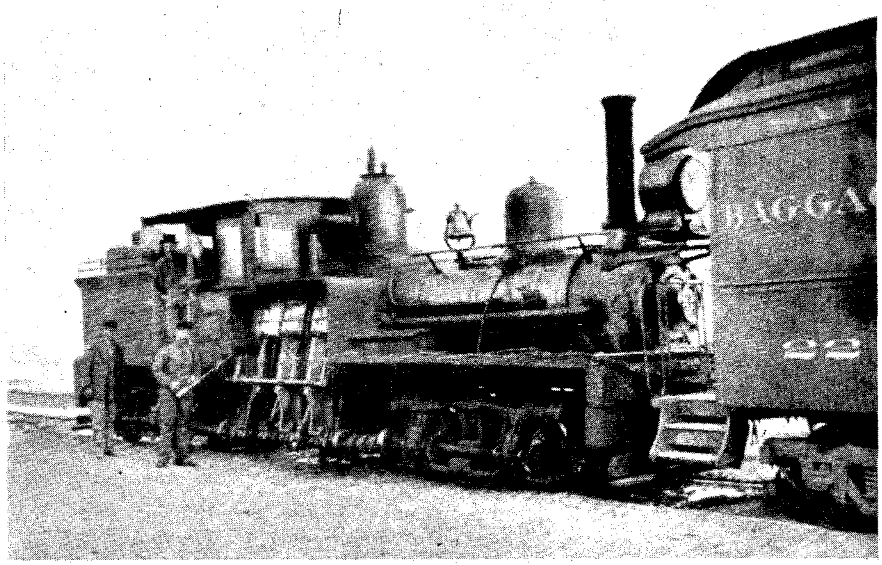


Four tiers of tracks on the mountainside, and the freight train enroute.

A DOWNRIGHT CR

—not due to the management — just the roadbed!

A cog engine for hill climbing—maximum speed, ten miles an hour.



From LESLIE'S WEEKLY
May 7, 1903
Courtesy Bill Seymour

BY TOM THORNE

IN that part of the Rocky Mountains known as the Oquirrh Range, lying within the borders of Utah, is laid probably the most crooked railroad in the world. The train running over it travels a distance of fourteen miles to go between the road's termini, which on a direct line are only eight miles apart. The track extends in snake-like curves from Fairfield to Mercur, the latter town being fifty miles southwest of Salt Lake City.

Mercur is among the mountains, Fairfield is on the plain, and Mercur is 2,000 feet farther above the level of the sea than Fairfield. This makes it necessary for the peculiar trains which run on this line to climb some astonishing grades. The curves of the track are so numerous and abrupt, that were they all in the same direction, an engine following the road would describe a complete circle twenty-five times.

This unique railway was constructed

The passenger train of the crooked railroad winding its way through the mountains.

OKED RAILROAD

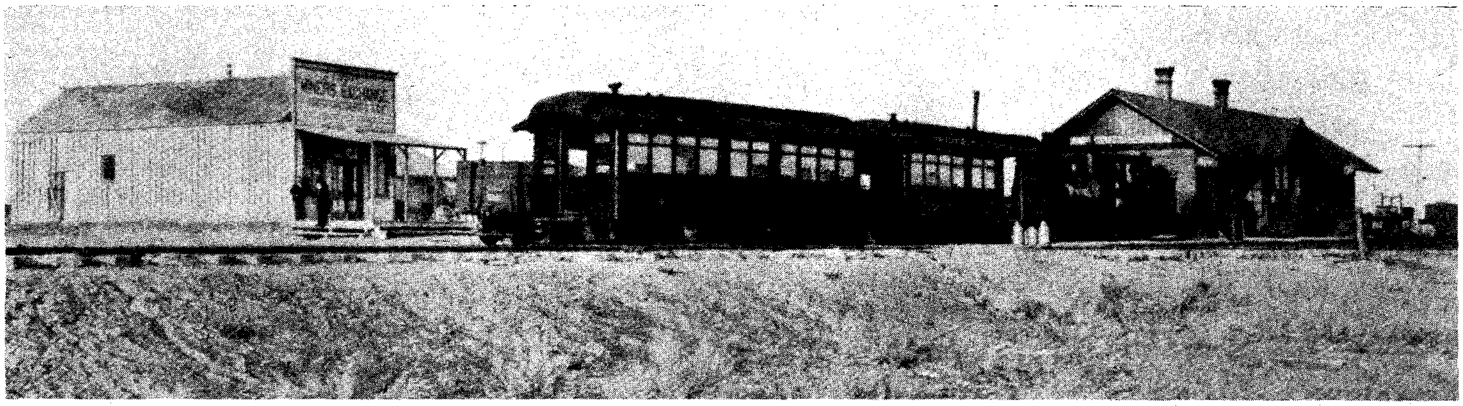
in 1895, not for the transportation of passengers, but for the purpose of hauling gold ore from the gold mine at Mercur to a mill at Manning, a point about half-way between the two ends of the line. Now there is a regular passenger train daily on this crooked system, making the round trip from one end of it to the other and a second trip part way.

Everything on the railroad must accommodate itself to the crookedness. The engine is peculiarly constructed so that it can round narrow curves as well as climb hills. Its drive-wheels, instead of being propelled by the usual parallel rods of the ordinary locomotive, are turned by a cog mechanism, and are placed on a pivot like the front wheels of a freight truck so that the engine may turn a narrow curve. The insides of the flanges of the engine's wheels are always greased, otherwise the friction of the engine as it goes around curves would be a serious obstruction.

The cars are as unusual as the engine. There are only two of them on the passenger train. The first is half baggage and half smoker. The coach is small, with low, hard, rattan seats. In the baggage department of the front car, milk and meat are carried, as well as trunks.

FAIRFIELD is only a station with a saloon and store and two or three dwellings, frame shanties standing alone in the sand and sage brush, for this is in the arid district where water does not come to enrich the soil. But Mercur, up

The train at the Fairfield station.



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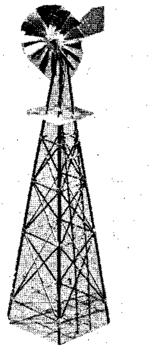

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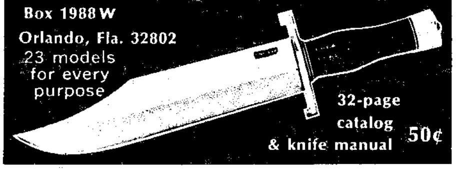

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among the mountains, is a mining town, built around the great mine and mill there, and having as many as twelve hundred inhabitants. These furnish the passengers for the crooked railroad.

Besides the train of two coaches, there is a freight train on this Salt Lake and Mercur Railroad, as it is called. This freight train was responsible once for a most peculiar, yet a characteristic wreck. At Manning, the half-way station, four freight cars were being switched and had been shunted by the engine from a siding to the main track. On the four cars were two brakemen, who attempted to stop the cars after they had reached the part of the track where it was desired to place them. The brakemen first attempted to set the air brakes, but something was out of order, so that the brakes did not respond. The cars were moving down grade and gradually increasing in velocity. The brakemen were becoming a little anxious, and they swung on the hand brakes. But in some way the hand brakes were impeded by the air brakes so that the wheels were not blocked at all.

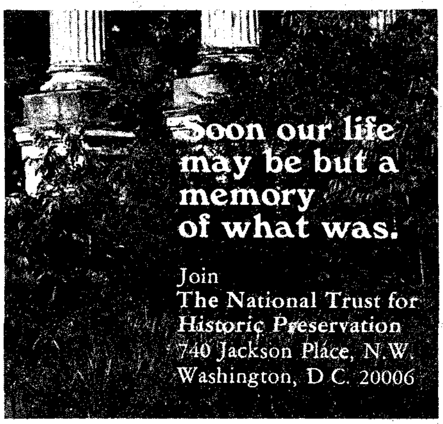
The four runaway cars were rapidly increasing their speed. The brakemen became frantic, running from one end of the cars to the other in their efforts to stop them. Then, seeing that they could do nothing, the men leaped from the train. Away went the four cars, faster and faster, swinging around the curves through the mountains, darting down the steep grades, continuing in their course toward the village of Fairfield on the plain. Not far ahead of them was the passenger train of two cars and an engine, the occupants all unconscious of the runaway freight cars which were coming on at the rate of nearly a mile a minute.

As the track of the Mercur railroad emerges from the mountains it crosses a number of low foothills before reaching the plain and the station at Fairfield. The passenger train had passed across the hill and had just arrived at the depot when someone saw the four freight cars, still nearly a mile away but coming on rapidly, and someone had remarkable presence of mind.

Near the station is a side-track, with only one end meeting the main line, the other end being open. A man who saw the approaching cars rushed to the switch and turned it. A few seconds later the freight cars came rushing toward the station; they turned onto the side-track, ran to the end of it, and with a crash were piled, a heap of broken timbers, on the ground. Had the switch not been turned when it was, the passenger train would have been crushed.

Some of the methods of handling passengers on this crooked road are peculiar. The train seldom attains a speed greater than eight miles an hour and runs no faster down-grade than up-hill. The trip from Fairfield to Mercur can be made more quickly in a buggy or on horseback than by rail. And the railroad train on its afternoon journey is reinforced by a stagecoach. The train runs from Fairfield to Manning, half of the length of the line, and then stops. If there are passengers for Mercur they are transferred to the stage. The brakeman of the train drives the team of the stagecoach. But this crooked railroad is a very busy one, with its engine always puffing somewhere along the mountainous route.

There is one other railroad in the West distinguished for the number of its curves, and that is the "Short Line" extending from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek. But it is not nearly as crooked as the Salt Lake and Mercur.



Soon our life may be but a memory of what was.

Join
The National Trust for Historic Preservation
740 Jackson Place, N.W.
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Belling the Lead Steer

(Continued from page 7)

we always let them select a saddle rope and a stake rope. When it came to measuring off a saddle rope, a Californian would measure off about sixty feet, a prairie puncher about forty feet, and a brush popper would stop at twenty-five feet. I would ask him, 'Were you ever down around Nueces town?' 'You mean the Motts? Hell, yes, I was raised there.'

"I have been in a bushel of trouble lately. The other day an ancient looking old maid blew in from the north. She was an author and claimed she came several hundred miles to see me. She said that as the author of much wild literature I ought to be able to explain what the difference was between the east side and the west side of the Pecos. She told me that my name was too mild for the literature I was putting out. This was the first time I had ever been accused of being an author and I don't know but what she was right about my name. She told me to study up some change for it. The first thing came to my mind was Jack Yaqui Potter. She said that wouldn't do. I told her I had two fine friend authors who were pretty handy with their J's; so I suggested J. Bronco Potter or J. Burro Potter. We compromised by using my middle name, and so from now on it will be J. Myers Potter. Show this to J. Evetts Haley. I want you all to know I am the same old Jack. I believe I ought to have selected J. Burro Potter.

". . . You ask if a deer scents while asleep. My experience is limited. I have a good scent in one way. It used to be that when ever butcher killed four-year-old steers for beef, I could smell that flavor all over town while being cooked. Now when people are bound to eat young beef you can pass by a cafe shop and hardly know it."

"DEAR PANCHO: Pardon my delay in answering your letter When I offer my excuse you will find I have been a very busy man. I believe I have been shadowed every day and night since my return from Vernon. The seekers after those seven burro loads of placer gold buried out east of here on the old Santa Fe Trail got the idea that I had pulled one on them when I went down there to Vernon and met you. They thought I got a lineup on their treasure. [Frank Dobie's publication of *Coronado's Children*, containing stories on legends and lore, buried treasures and lost mines, caused gold seekers to follow him wherever he went. They seemed to think that Dobie had the power or knowledge of how to locate these riches. He often went under an assumed name to avoid this type of people.]

"Then when a nice pasteboard box came from you containing the *Vaquero of the Brush Country* book, the word passed around that it was full of maps. They would not listen to me but wanted to take the matter up with you. I gave them your Mexico address as follows Senor Don Jotah Francisco Adobe y Byler, oficino de Senor Don Griego Sandoval Y Ulibarri, Numero Dos Mil cuatro cientos y tres, Calle de Chiricahua, en frente de la Plaza de Guadalupe Hidalgo, Ciudad de Mexico, Republica de Mexico. They wanted me to write the address down. I told them they would have to take it cold from the shoulder.

"They have kind of eased up during the holidays. I told them you were spending your Xmas with Death Valley Scotty, and I expect Scotty will have a big mail.

"My clientage asked many questions about what kind of a superior man you were and your habits. I told them that you were a dreamer and had rather dream about longhorn cattle than gold, and that the scientist claimed you had an X-ray eye and could see clear thru a mountain. I said this was nothing more than what we call hawk eyed. I told them that when you made a date and came to a certain place, the people engaging you would sometimes have to wait a day or two for you to go into a trance and that they would have a high powered car setting in front of a hotel with a chauffeur in the seat and when one of these spells came on that you would rush down out of your room into the lobby and say 'Vente' to whoever was waiting. I told them that in the City of Mexico you once went to that buried treasure of Montezuma's amounting to seventeen million dollars in seventeen minutes. I told them that you wanted one hundred dollars per minute for actual time in service. They asked me to engage you at that price providing you would take your pay out of the seven burro loads of placer gold already referred to as being on the old Santa Fe Trail. I told them you were that kind of fellow all right, that you didn't want something for nothing. You had better drop in one of these days and do the job. It would be a great relief to me. This is only part of what I told them.

"We are having a big three day dance here commencing on Jan. 14. They got me to turn out my whiskers and contribute a wild story once a week to the home paper, the *Union County Leader*. These articles are censored by my women folks. I am sending you some of the clippings. This hombre The Bishop I talk about is no one but Jack Potter himself, a nickname I brought from the Pecos to this country. A man would be considered a weakling and not ambitious if he did not show himself up once and a while. Shopping on horseback was practiced here for several years.

"After reading what you wrote in that article about telling the truth in a lying way I have studied over the matter and resolved never to tell another lie only at a regular reunion of the trail drivers and then only in a defensive way when it becomes necessary to keep up the reputation of the trail drivers.

"I hope you had a fine holiday and am sending greetings. I will be more prompt next time in writing. Whenever I get about so ornery in my correspondence, I put a rope in soak and beat myself over the head with it. It generally throws fresh life into a fellow. Con salude y felicidad, Your Bueno Amigo,

Jack Potter."

IN ONE of his letters, Jack Potter wrote with pardonable pride, "I believe I understand all the delicate parts of the disposition of cattle." The longhorn made more history than any other breed of the taurine world, and I have a thousand times thought what a pity it is that some person of intelligence, experience, and the power of observation of Jack Potter or Charles Goodnight should not have been able to assemble data in an orderly way and write a natural history book on the Texas longhorn. Time and again I have asked questions to draw old Yaqui out on the subject. The following is a letter that he wrote from Santa Fe, February 1, 1935:

"This is Sunday and as my compadres go home at the weeks end, I am what you might call a lonesome cowboy. I have been musing over the delicate parts of the dispositions of cattle and horses. I am going to tell you the truth about the native Mexican cattle before the Texas herds invaded Mexico.

"In breeding they were not near as good as the Texas longhorns. They were smaller in size and in horns. Up to the time of the closing of the Santa Fe Trail most of the steers were used as bueys (work oxen). Goats and mutton were used more for flesh meat than steers. These native cattle never drifted far in blizzards. They were likely to stop at the first creek that had banks high enough to shelter them from the cold winds. After the storm was over a crowd of Mexicans would go south. Then when they struck a drift bunch, they would round them up closely, take down their rawhide whips, and start them off in a gallop. The cattle would make a bee line for their home range. It might be twenty or thirty miles away. The Mexican vaqueros after chasing them a while, whipping them as best they could, would leave them to travel the rest of the way alone and go on to find another bunch.

"In the years of 1884 and 1885 there must have been thirty or forty thousand head of Texas heifers turned loose in the

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Fort Sumner country. Dillard R. Fant alone delivered ten thousand head. From that time on the blizzards would drift many thousands of these cattle to the Rio Hondo or the Capitan Mountains, a hundred miles away. The longhorn drift would take the native Mexican cattle with them. The Mexican population were superstitious and claimed their cattle did not drift prior to the death of Billy the Kid and his bunch. They called one of these drifts El Partido de los Animos (The Herd of the Spirits) and claimed that the spirits of Billy the Kid and his followers O'Folliard and Bowdre were causing the trouble.

"Once after we had been working several weeks coming up the Pecos, we finished rounding up at the Bosque Redondo just above Fort Sumner. We had in the herd a two year old Mexican heifer branded with a small Mexican stamp letter. We called any animal of this Mexican breed a Bueno. [Bueno: An unclaimed animal with unrecorded brand supposed to have passed inspection by trail cutters and inspectors (see *Cowboy Lingo* by Ramon F. Adams).]

"Working in the outfit was a good old hard-working cowboy who had just started himself a brand, the N. T., with the N over the T. I said to him, 'John, nobody knows anything about the heifer's ownership. The brand on her is too little to count anyway. You just run her off to one side and run your N T on her.' Sure enough he did this. When he let her up she was on the peck good and proper. She ran into his horse. Then she headed off south through the sandhills, moving like she was going somewhere.

"About ten days later this old cowboy was sent as outside man to join the roundups in the Capitan Mountains, a hundred miles to the south. In those days everyone tried to advertise his brand, and John had that N T brand of his carved into his leather hat band, on his leather cuffs, on his spur leathers, on the leather band around his bed roll, and everywhere else he could find room to put it.

"Well, at the very first roundup, which was at Los Tanos, a Mexican settlement, the first thing that showed up was that heifer John had branded at Bosque Redondo. An old Mexican rode out and pointing to the N T on the heifer, asked the roundup boss, '*Quien es este hierro?*' ('Whose brand is that?') You could have roped that old cowboy's eyes, they were bugged out so far when he saw the heifer. To get out of the predicament he galloped off to camp and commenced defacing the N T from his bed roll strop, hat band, etc.

"The only thing I hate about Santa Fe is the inscription on that monument in the plaza. You no doubt have read it. (It is hard on the Confederacy.) When I raise my head, the Sangre de Cristo snow-capped range looms up with her hidden secrets of four hundred years of tragedies, feasts and famines. It is interesting to ride out on the outskirts of Santa Fe and see those large crosses on the tops of most of the hills where the natives used to take those Spanish priests and shoot them.

"Well, be as good as you ought to be. According to the George Saunders *Grammar*, you can tell a whole lot if you give him time and space.

Your old Compadre."

I come back to the gush of humanity that wells up in Jack Potter, the warmth of hearty animal spirits, the positive genius for conviviality that is his. To be free with him is far more inspiring than drink, but we have indulged a world of foolery over the subject of liquor. His lust for good fellowship and his generosity of spirits is better than a mountain breeze. Once Evetts Haley got hold of a quart of corn whiskey distilled by an old German down in Washington County, Texas, and took it to Jack Potter. This is one of several allusions to it: "I will expect you and J. Evetts some time after getting a consignment of that Washington County remedio to work up a little inspiration and write me a joint letter."

Nobody else has ever so made me go the whole length in foolery—get drunk on it. But I am trying to bell the old Lead Steer himself and not lead myself out. I wanted to quote a letter I wrote, but Jack Potter says he wore it out showing it around. I wanted to show how the old Lead Steer makes the bell go clapper. I think his reminiscences will do that anyhow.—*1936*

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LITTLE BIGHORN MONUMENT

—where not all rest in peace

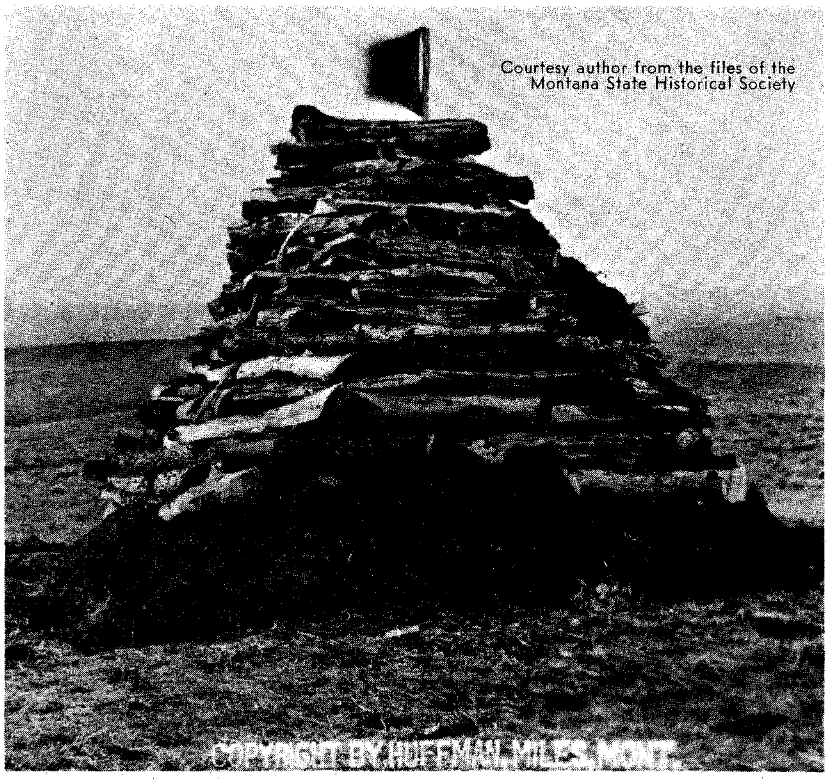
BY JEAN MICHAEL MOORE

Photos Courtesy Author

THE FIRST MONUMENT to the Little Big horn dead was made of logs and filled with the bones of horses that had been killed in battle. At the top was placed the date and a small American flag.

It was not until 1881 that the present eighteen-ton marble monument was brought from Cambridge, Massachusetts by barge up the Erie Canal, across the Great Lakes, taken by rail to the Missouri River and by river steamer up the Missouri and Yellowstone to the mouth of the Little Bighorn. Here it finished the last lap of its journey by sled to the battlefield where it was winched into place high on the hill overlooking the Bighorn valley. The remains of Custer's soldiers, or at least all that could be found on the battlefield, were to be placed in a mass grave around the tall marble monument.

Immediately after the Battle of the Little Bighorn—the first burial—soldiers were buried where they fell and many could not be identified. Among the bodies that could not be accounted for was that of Lieutenant James Sturgis,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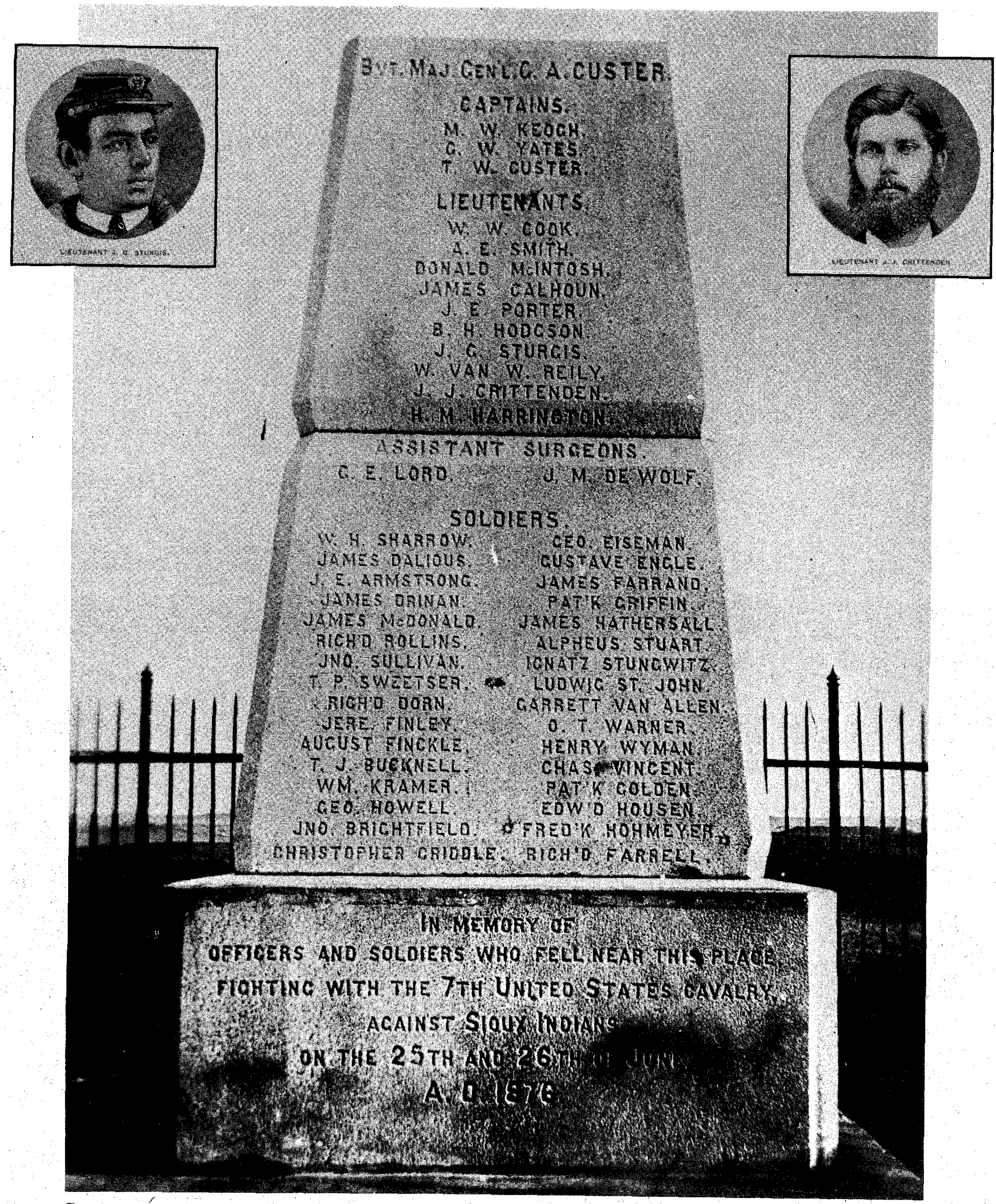
Above: The first monument to the slain, 1877. Below: Custer Battlefield National Monument.

L. H. Jorud photo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ON THE 25TH AND 26TH OF JUNE
A. D. 1876

LIEUTENANT J. G. STURGIS.

LIEUTENANT J. J. CRITTENDEN.

Granite memorial erected later.

L. H. Jorud photo

son of General Sam Sturgis. The story goes that when Mrs. Sturgis, mother of the missing soldier, heard of this plan for reburial, she wished to see, before his body was reinterred, the exact spot where her son had fallen in battle.

When the soldiers on burial detail were informed of the heartbroken mother's intention to visit the battlefield, they gathered together enough rocks to shape a grave, and when she arrived they escorted her to it. Immediately following her departure the mock grave was dissembled.

Other poignant tales abound. One is that sometime after the mass burial of the soldiers around the big monument, a Confederate Army veteran's body was sent to the Little Bighorn battlefield. As the superintendent of the site at the time was a strict Unionist, he declared that he would go to hell before he would ever allow the Confederate veteran's body inside the fence, insisting that he had been a traitor to the flag. It was the middle of August, and the summer heat made it necessary to make a quick decision. It was too far to take the body back to town. The result was that the Confederate was buried outside the fence where, as the adamant superintendent explained, "It couldn't disturb the dead Union soldiers." There was no marker placed at the head of his grave and as time passed the grave became harder and harder to find until it finally became impossible to locate.

Lieutenant J. J. Crittenden's family wished his body left at the first place of burial so it was not included in the mass burial; but many years later, after considerable controversy, it was moved against the family's will to make room for a road to the Reno-Benteen site.

THE CEMETERY and monument were first looked after by the commanding officer of Fort Custer, but in 1893 a cemetery superintendent was appointed. General Custer, who led his soldiers to their deaths, was not buried with his men in the big grave. Instead his body was removed to West Point.

The horse Comanche, ridden by Captain Myles Keogh, was not interred on the battle site. Famous at the time for being the only known living thing to escape the Custer rout, he was retired from Army service and after his death his body was mounted and placed on exhibit in the Kansas State University Museum.

Sleeping with Custer's dead are the bodies of many soldiers from other military graveyards, long deserted, including eighty-one who fought under Fetterman at the Wagon Box Battle, from the Hayfield fight in Montana, Fort Custer, Fort C. F. Smith, Forts Totten, Rice, and Abraham Lincoln in North Dakota.

Although Elizabeth Custer was invited to attend the dedication services for the Little Bighorn Monument with an escort furnished, she declined the invitation. She never expressed a wish to visit the scene of her husband's death, which she claimed was forecast by terrifying and recurrent visions in which she saw a naked Indian holding a scalp of yellow hair high over his head.

Shortly after the mass burial a story circulated of a strange flower which had mysteriously sprung up around the monument. According to visitors to the battlefield the flower had a red heart like the blood shed by George Armstrong Custer and his men, a stamen like the sabers they used as weapons, and long waving leaves like the long hair of the General. But when it was pointed out that guns instead of sabers were used by the 7th Cavalry, and that General Custer, prior to the battle, had been shorn of his long yellow locks, rumors of the strange new flower quickly faded.

Not all the stories connected with this historic spot are so sentimental. One even has a bit of humor.

In 1920 orders were sent from Washington to the battlefield to modernize the superintendent's quarters, the major improvement being the installation of a plumbing system.

Superintendent Wessinger, however, did not take to the idea and did not hesitate to put his opinion into rather strong words. Said he, "If a man can't walk a short distance from his headquarters when it is necessary he isn't much of a man, so I hereby refuse the offer." But Washington didn't share the superintendent's viewpoint and pipes were sent to the battlefield with instructions to have them immediately installed.

About a year later federal officials were there on a tour of inspection. They filed a report saying the pipes sent to the Little Bighorn Battlefield had been installed in the superintendent's quarters as ordered. Not until Superintendent Wessinger left and a new superintendent was about to take his place was it discovered that the faucets and fittings had never been removed from their crates!

J. B. Okie of Lost Cabin

(Continued from page 16)

rendezvous and one pioneer related that the men would get their fill of 40-rod whiskey and shoot their six-guns through the roof. The roof got to be in pretty bad shape but it was a harmless way of letting off steam.

Mr. and Mrs. Okie were equally at home on the frontier and back East. Their home on Connecticut Avenue in Washington, D. C. was visited by prominent people, and the blue-eyed, golden-haired Mrs. Okie was considered by many to be the most beautiful woman in the capital.

By 1892 Okie's capabilities were recognized by the people of Fremont County and he was elected to represent them in the State Legislature. The main business of the Senate was to choose a U. S. Senator to replace F. E. Warren whose term was up. Okie received the full Republican vote but because of his youth was not eligible. The legislature never could come to an agreement on whom to send to the Senate and the young State of Wyoming had only one senator in 1893-4.

Okie's Big Horn Sheep Company was running seven or eight bands (about 5,000 sheep in each band) and Basque herders were brought from Europe to tend them. John S. Day was hired as foreman in 1887 and remained in this capacity until 1896. Day also opened the Casper Mercantile Store with Okie's brother, Fred. Day's son Hugh, who lives in Riverton, Wyoming, recalls that his father traveled from camp to camp to see that things were going properly and the sheep ran from Badwater clear down to Douglas. He characterized Okie as "one of the smartest men I ever knew. As an example, there weren't any surveyors available when Mr. Okie decided to lay out town lots, so he acquired some engineering books . . . and he learned enough to pass the State engineering exam. He taught my dad and Ed Crabbe how to survey and they did all the surveying in that part of the country. When he built his mansion he did all the laying out, including the plumbing, which was quite an innovation in those days. Besides building the town of Lost Cabin, and employing hundreds of people, he did a lot for the area in other ways. Now some people think just because a man is wealthy they are crooked or beat somebody out of it. But, in my estimation, he

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never beat anybody out of anything. He just outfigured them and he worked for everything he had. I know of at least a half a dozen cases where he spent money, to the extent of seven or eight thousand dollars, to send people to doctors or see them through financial crises and in some cases he knew he would never get a dime back. He simply did it because they needed it."

The Okie mansion, known as the Big Teepee, was finished in 1901. Here the Okies entertained visitors from all over the world. The house was lavish with furnishings picked up in their travels to far-off lands; tapestries and rugs from Persia and India, teak furniture from the Orient, silver and linen from England, and oil paintings from noted artists. Imported carved fireplaces and mouldings decorated the drawing room, library and dining room. The entrance vestibule was lined with hand-tooled leather and lit by a stained-glass Spanish lantern. A carbide power plant provided electricity, and delicate chandeliers enhanced the beauty of the rooms. The sagebrush surrounding the mansion gave way to rolling green lawns and a greenhouse provided flowers the year around. Peacocks strutted throughout the grounds and a herd of elk grazed in a nearby park. Here also was an aviary with the largest private collection of living birds in America. A unique cast concrete fence enclosed the grounds, with lamps lighting the wrought-iron entrance gate.

The Casper paper of the period reported: "Many people, no doubt, are unaware that there is a mansion surrounded by broad acres, where all the comforts and luxuries known are enjoyed, within the borders of Wyoming. Such places as that of J. B. Okie at Lost Cabin, are often described as scenes where the plots of enchanting novels are laid, usually in the old world, but seldom have art and nature combined and mingled to produce so beautiful a home. . . .

"The Okie residence is a handsome brick structure with trimmings and massive pillars of white stone and consists of twenty-two rooms which are magnificently furnished. The employees who keep the house and grounds in order consist of six servants and a German gardener. They also employ a French teacher for their children the year around.

"In the Okie dance hall across the street, the same splendor and magnificence confront the visitor. The hall cost Mr. Okie about $8,000 and was planned and constructed by a Chicago architect. The hall affords a splendid floor and has a promenade overlooking the dancing floor which is occupied by those who are weary of dancing or do not indulge in the pleasant pastime."

THE BIG TEEPEE was open to everyone and many gala balls and dinner parties were enjoyed by local ranchers and employees, as well as distinguished visitors from the East and overseas. Okie's daughter, Claire Hayden, recalls, "In 1905 Royalty came to Wyoming to investigate the copper and oil and other minerals. The Governor of Wyoming asked my father to entertain them in our home at Lost Cabin which he and mother were delighted to do."

The mansion library was extensive and Mrs. Herold Day remembers neighbors and friends were welcome to borrow books at any time. From his early days in the sheep camps till the end of his life, Okie had a knack for translating book knowledge into practical use. Blackstone's Law Books were the source of his knowledge of law; a study of French and Spanish language books entitled him to become proficient in those languages; he was entitled to practice as a civil engineer, and was an amateur geologist and ornithologist. The library covered the fields of history, language, literature and travel.

Okie spent close to a million dollars building roads through the Big Horn Mountains to his sheep camps. He was one of the first men in Central Wyoming to own an automobile and delighted in giving rides to the town's young people.

For the amusement of the community he brought workmen out from Omaha to install a hardwood floor for skating.

Okie's star continued to rise but his marriage of twenty years ended in di-

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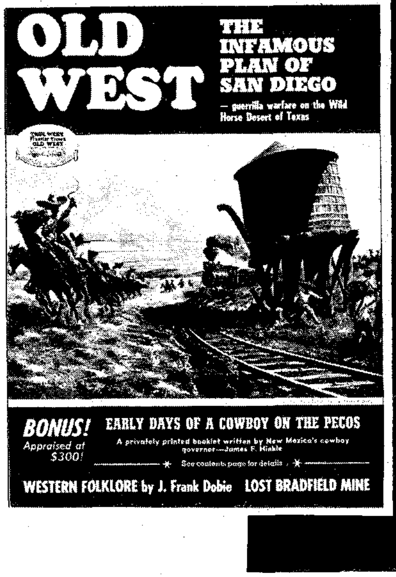
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vorce. In 1908 Okie married Clarice V. Thompson of Vinton, Iowa. They were on an extended European tour the winter of 1909 when disaster struck the sheep and cattle business in Wyoming. The blizzards were so bad that herds froze to death or were stranded and starved. John Winchester and Jim Cheever, who managed the ranch for Okie, wired that ten of fourteen bands of sheep were lost. Although this was a calamity for the sheep industry, Okie's other enterprises were doing well and he soon had his herds built back up again.

In 1916 he built an elaborate bunkhouse (it somewhat resembles a train depot) for the use of his many herders. Mrs. Herold Day remembers the housewarming dance given for that occasion, when all the neighboring ranchers came in to celebrate. She also recalled the Okies entertaining at dinner parties which were followed by card games ("500" and Bridge). A guest bungalow known as the Dollhouse was built for visiting friends and relatives. Lost Cabin boasted concrete walks, a golf course and motion pictures. The Okies also built a beautifully landscaped mansion in Pasadena, California on Orange Grove Avenue between the Wrigley residence and the Busch Gardens.

In 1919 drought hit Wyoming and it became more expensive to carry sheep through the winter than they were worth in the spring. Okie and his son, Van, shipped their flocks to Mexico for pasturing. In a conversation with Mr. Okie about the sheep business in Mexico, Hugh Day remembers his saying: "It would have been a good deal, but I had to hire a herder, and then had to hire a man to watch the herder, and then another man to keep the two of them from stealing and it got to be too expensive!" So Okie sold his sheep and opened up a chain of American grocery stores in Mexico City. In the meantime he stocked his Lost Cabin ranch with 300-400 head of cattle.

Although the mercantile stores in this country and Mexico continued to prosper the sale of the sheep marked the end of an era for one of Wyoming's pioneers.

It is believed by many who remember those days that the heart went out of Okie with the combination of selling his sheep and a second divorce. The divorce came as quite a shock to the community, for it was believed that the couple was very much in love.

Okie's life had many personal tragedies. Three of his five sons preceded him in death. Paul died as a boy from diphtheria; Jack the oldest, died in his middle years; and Howard, who managed the mercantile stores, died in the influenza epidemic of 1918. Another son, Jimmy, contracted sleeping sickness as a child, which left him paralyzed until his death. These events coupled with the divorces must have caused many heartaches but Okie's concern for the Lost Cabin community continued until his death.

Van Guelder Okie took over the reins of the Okie empire after his father's death. He bought out other family members' interests and restocked the ranch with sheep. While in Mexico City overseeing the chain of grocery stores, he met Margaret Daniel, the principal of

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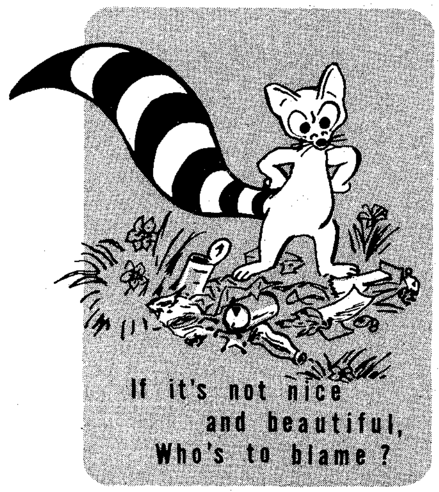


the elementary section of an American school. They were married in 1932 and came immediately to Lost Cabin.

Mrs. Okie said, "I loved the ranch very much but having lived all my life in the mildest of climates found the winters very long and severe. I think I agreed with the opinion of an old Chinese cook who once worked for the Okies, who declared that "Wyoming weather was nine months winter and three months damn late in the fall!"

Okie sold the stores in Mexico shortly thereafter, so that he could concentrate more fully on the sheep ranch. He continued to operate the Lost Cabin holdings until 1945 when the 57,500-acre empire, including the town of Lost Cabin, was sold to R. W. Spratt.

Early records of the Big Horn Sheep Company and the Nowood and Lost Cabin Stage have been donated to the University of Wyoming. After Van's death in 1956, Mrs. Okie donated the library collection to the Austin Public Library. Many of the beautiful rugs, pictures and furniture from the mansion have been kept in storage and Mrs. Okie has begun to give these to the Museum House Restorations where they will be enjoyed by countless people. Mrs. Okie still loves Wyoming (in the summer!) and occasionally returns where she is welcomed by the present owners of the Big Teepee, the Tom Spratts.

Lost Cabin today is a quiet village with long memories of a more eventful past. The "Doll House" and other residences are still in excellent condition and recently the bunkhouse was sold to a renowned artist for use as a studio. The Okie mansion, though still imposing, can no longer be called the "Showplace of Wyoming"—gone are the imported furnishings, the private elk herd, the greenhouse and the exotic birds.

In that long-ago when the grassland was there for the asking and the grazier was king, there was a man who knew how to live in style and grace and he carved a kingdom out of the wilderness. To that man, John Brognard Okie, the Big Teepee stands as a monument to an exceptionally talented range king and an exciting period in Wyoming history.

Bear Island's Mysterious Gold

(Continued from page 17)

with my office located in Idaho Falls, the county seat. One afternoon the telephone jangled, and my deputy, Fred W. Keefer, answered it. A farmer called to report that he had plowed up some human bones. We went up to the scene, and sure enough, bones were scattered all over the topsoil. We gathered them up in a sack and took them back to the office and assembled them on a piece of canvas. Keefer squatted beside them, and I snapped the photograph. This was in 1954, and the scene was about six mlies north of the city, at the edge of the Snake River.

I sent a few samples off for possible identification, and ten days later I received a letter relating that the bones were those of a white man, age about twenty-six, male, and he smoked a pipe.

The day after the discovery of the first skeleton, another call came that the same farmer had plowed up another skeleton. We made a trip and brought the new discovery back to the offfice, repeating the same process of identification as the first time. The second skeleton was about like the first.

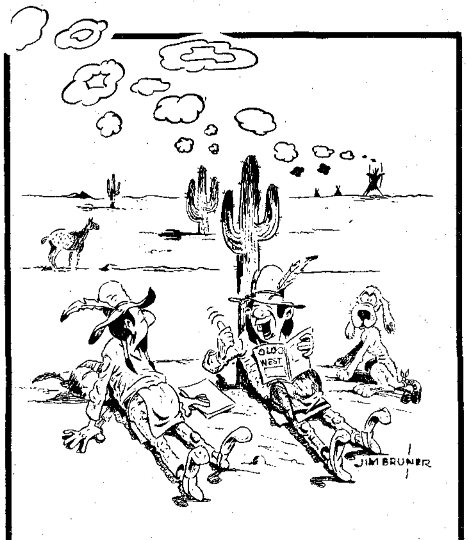
Excitement ran around for awhile, then died down, but I wasn't satisfied. I went back up there, and found a piece of leather belt, with a brass buckle attached, and about six inches from the buckle I found what appeared to be a knife cut. Suddenly I realized that this spot was used years before as a crossing for freighters and migrants. The river widens here, and an island of lava and willows raises above the water to form a contoured figure of a huge bear. The early freighters called it the "Bear Island Crossing." It was used only during the early spring and late fall. Although the water flows fast over the lava bed, it is not too deep at times.

IT WAS NOT until 1970 when I was looking over some of my old papers that I fished out the photograph of the skeleton, and my mind turned back over the years to the events which I began to put together of what probably happened:

I knew the robbery took place in Montana, and two men escaped with $40,000 in gold. I was convinced they had never been captured, and that the gold had never been found. Piecing the events together I believe the gold must be near the Bear Island Crossing. Here is my version of what may have occurred. Kelley and Small were said to have been riding horses and using two mules as their pack animals when they were last seen. I traced their route to Spencer, Idaho, where former Sheriff Sidney Close told me he had heard about two men who "passed through one night, heavily laden." At that time he was owner of a small store.

These events suggest that they made it down to Bear Island, probably coming in about sundown. It is my opinion that they tried to cross over the river, but their mounts, being tired, probably slipped and fell into the swift waters, which washed them down into a deep eddy. The two men swam to shore and were able to somehow make a fire and dry out during the night. The next day they made a makeshift camp, and attempted to recover the gold, but failed. They then went to sleep, and during the night someone as greedy as they were, bushwhacked them, and buried their bodies in two shallow graves, where they lay undisturbed until 1954.

I have found several artifacts near that old crossing during the last two years—one, a piece of an old trunk, with a metal strap still riveted to the wood. Deep in the silt I uncovered an old cowboy boot, the nails all rusty, and several pieces of metal, along with four well-worn mule shoes, the narrow type. If that gold hasn't been found yet, it could possibly be under the silt and sand of an ancient eddy in the river where the Bear Island Crossing still stands. I intend to find it if it is still there, before 1976 rolls around.



"Nothin' to worry 'bout . . . my wife only talk-um to her mother."

The Battle of the Mining Camps

(Continued from page 13)

The thugs forced the postmaster to dig out the letter, and warned once more that the citizens had better stop interfering if they didn't want a bunkhouse full of bodies. However, the trouble makers did seem a little confused as to what to do next.

It was reported that they took Superintendent Davidson over to his office and forced him to sign some sort of paper, the nature of which was never revealed, even in the ensuing court trial. They told the boarding house cook to make some supper, and marched the hostages over to eat at around seven o'clock that night, and then marched them back to the bunkhouse. The Baldwin men doubled the guard on the one road out of town, knowing the open-country escape possibilities were useless because of about three feet of loose snow which would bog down a man or horse. They picked up all the skis or snowshoes they could find in the town, dashing any hope along that line. Apparently, no one tried to get out of Vulcan that night.

THE NEXT DAY the captive miners were marched to breakfast, and then back to the bunkhouse. Then they were fed again about four in the afternoon, and after that they were lined up and marched out of town. With a wagon in the lead and two wagons behind, and with the rest of the Baldwin crew riding horses, the prisoners were marched down the icy road. It was getting dark, and the temperature was already near zero.

The captives were forced to march thirteen miles to Iola, a small station where the westbound train out of Gunnison made a stop on its run through the Black Canyon to Grand Junction. One victim later swore that the guards took his boots from him and made him hike the last three miles in his stocking feet.

At Iola, they were held until the train stopped, and they were forced to board it over the protests of the conductor, who thought someone ought to buy tickets. The Vulcan miners were told to get out of the country and never return, and notified that their friends and families in the camp had also been warned to leave. Most of the Vulcan miners forced aboard that narrow-gauge train got off at the next station, ten miles down the line at the town of Sapinero, and it was from there that the outside world first learned what had happened in the gold camp.

The Sullivan gang didn't return to Vulcan, but went home to Baldwin after their wild two days. The next morning, Gunnison County Sheriff Wiley rode up to Vulcan, checking out the events as best he could. Many people were hesitant to talk, still fearing a return of the bullies. He then went to the Baldwin camp and arrested Carter and Waugh "and several others" and put them in the Gunnison County jail, charged with assault and robbery.

Newspapers wrote indignant accounts, and the Western Federation of Miners denied it had had anything to do with the violence, and that it considered Sullivan as a rival. One paper noted, "Nobody believes the Miners' Union has anything to do with it." Another paper editorialized, "We cannot afford to allow Gunnison County to become the dumping ground of anarchy!" When Carter refused to name other accomplices, the Gunnison *News-Champion* commented that is was "hardly necessary as they are all under arrest anyway."

The trial didn't come off until late April, and the testimony was enough to prove the case. The Western Federation claimed no stake in Sullivan's union, but did state it was trying to organize both camps. The lesser participants had admitted guilt and had been given summary sentences which were remitted on "promises of good behavior." The jury was out twenty-three hours considering the case against Carter and Waugh, but for some reason, Sullivan was never tried.

Gunnison was stunned when the jury finally came out of the jury room with a decision of "Not Guilty" against the two. Jurors claimed it was merely a union quarrel and that such matters were not considered criminal acts. There had been three "purists" on the panel, but they finally wore out and went along with the rest. Later, they hinted that everyone was afraid to bring in a guilty verdict.

Local editors jumped on the decision, and claimed that citizens were so afraid of Sullivan's gang that even Sheriff Wiley couldn't do anything to reassure them. The self-styled union leader said nothing, but was waiting for the defendants when court broke up.

By mid-May, the Vulcan Mines reopened with no change in union status, and the matter was rarely discussed. Gunnison social notes included a visit from Sam Carter of Baldwin. However, on June 6 Billy Waugh was back in jail again, this time for attacking a Baldwin miner and breaking three ribs of his victim before he robbed him. Baldwin got into such an upheaval that spring that the mines there closed June 9 to let labor cool its disputes, and did not open until the end of summer.

Today, only a few cabins stand at the site of either Vulcan or Baldwin. Sulphur smells drift out of the Mammoth Chimney shaft at Vulcan, although the shaft house has finally tumbled down. A person can still find the old bunkhouse, but too many snows collapsed the roof a couple of years ago. The same lonely road leads off to Iola, but that railroad stop has long been submerged in Blue Mesa Reservoir west of Gunnison, and the railroad hasn't run for more than a quarter of a century.

Cattle roam around freely in and out of the cabins at Vulcan, and an occasional deer nibbles at the grass growing in what was the main street. The equally abandoned camp of Baldwin has been the victim of too many snowy winters. No one remembers the day that Baldwin rode over and captured Vulcan, and the cows couldn't care less.

A Color-Blind Island

(Continued from page 9)

stranger whatever his status. Petty persecutions piled up. The exclusion of Negro children from the California public schools was the last straw.

Mifflin Gibbs seems to have been their leader. Meetings were held in his store. Should they go to Mexico, which had recently become independent? What about Canada? Gold had been discovered on the Fraser, and transportation to Victoria was advertised at $35 per person.

Canada won out, and the first group took passage on the *Commodore*, a sidewheeler with three auxiliary sails. They remained a month at Steilacoom, then the largest town on lower Puget Sound, while waiting for their cattle to be brought overland from California. A small sailing ship then transported the cattle, goods and passengers to Victoria. This, however, was not the metropolis they had expected. It was nothing more than a mushroom village of tents and makeshift cabins clustered around the Hudson's Bay Company trading post. The streets were muddy wheel tracks and sidewalks were nonexistent.

SO—the emigrants found their condition changed, but not bettered. A few of them returned to California, disheartened, and some continued northward to the Cariboo. The sympathetic governor, Sir James Douglas, who needed men to lay out the boundary between the United States and Canada, provided as many jobs as he could. One of the Negroes was given a position on the Victoria police force, which was a thankless, as well as a dangerous, job. Early records show that Mifflin Gibbs got busy at once establishing a general store under the name of Lester and Gibbs. The name "Lester" pops up later on Salt Spring Island.

Land prices were high. Some of the newcomers bought land in the fertile Saanich Peninsula at a cost of about one pound sterling per acre. Only recently, the cabin built by Howard Estes, patriarch of the group, was demolished. A bit of a hand-hewn log, with a strip of the original wall paper, was saved and is now treasured by his great-granddaughter.

When word came that Salt Spring Island was being surveyed and opened to settlement, everyone was immediately interested. The first small group left for

(Continued on page 34)

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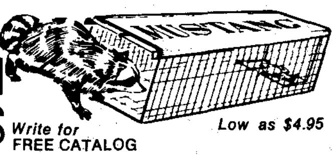

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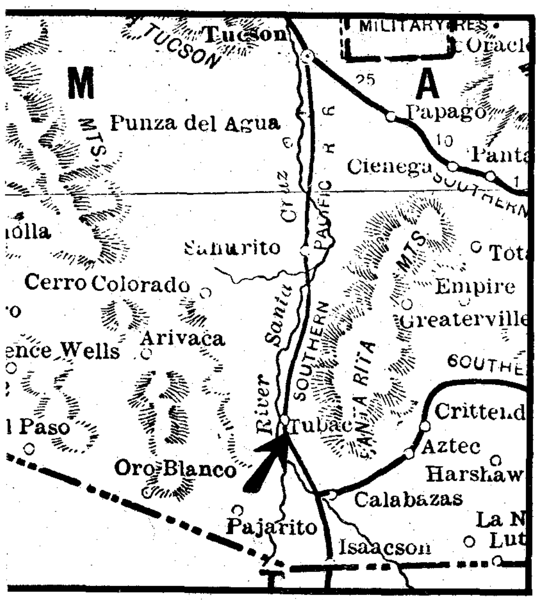
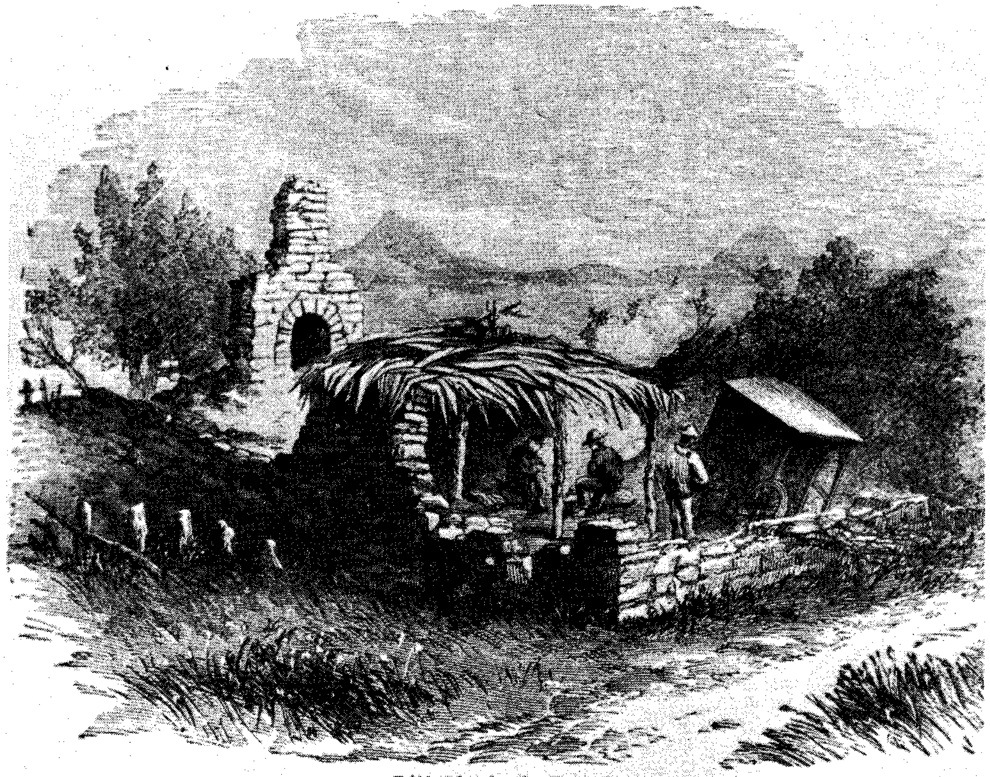


Portion of Pima County, Arizona where Tubac (arrow) was located. Map from *Cram's Family Atlas of the World*, **1888.**

BY JACK McPHEE



Bill Rhodes's Ranch.

William Rhodes made up his mind that his tombstone wasn't going to read "Killed by Apaches"

Photos above and below Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

WITH THE outbreak of the Civil War and the withdrawal of Union troops from Arizona, the ever-dangerous Apaches decided the time to drive the whites from the country had arrived. Faced with increasingly frequent raids most of the ranchers between Tucson and the Mexican border moved into Tubac, at that time a going town with strong buildings of adobe.

Here they decided to remain until the situation cleared. Among the stout fellows in the town at that time were Colonel C. D. Poston of the Heintzelman mine; Rafael Pumpelly, the mining engineer in charge of the Santa Rita mining operation; and William Rhodes, market hunter, rancher, prospector and Indian-fighter supreme.

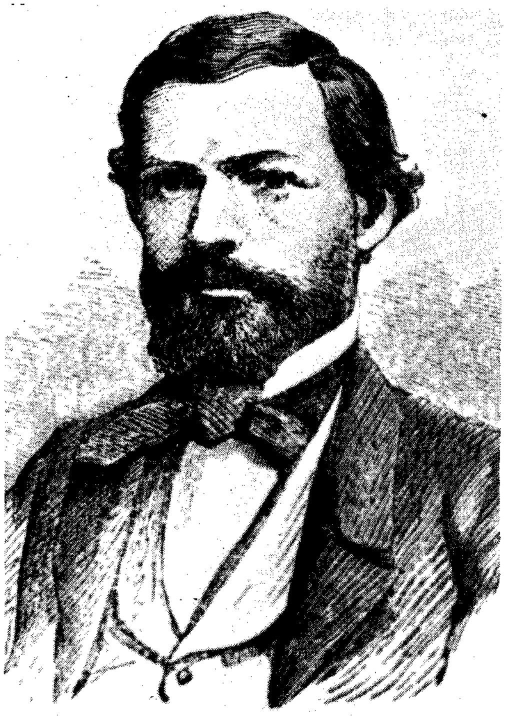
Like many frontiersmen, Rhodes had been born in Kentucky, raised in Missouri and was a veteran of the 1849 stampede to California. He had been in Arizona since 1855, arriving there with Colonel Douglas and Chris Dodson. He had hunted game for the Sopori Ranch—hunting that was always mixed with Indian fighting—and had learned a lot about the Apaches. They respected him as a bad man to tackle, but were always looking for an opportunity to kill him.

In 1861, Rhodes was raising cattle on a ranch of his own not far from Canoa. One Sunday in July, Rhodes decided to leave Tubac to gather some horses which had been left on his temporarily abandoned ranch. Taking with him a Mexican vaquero named Feliz, he set off on the eighteen-mile ride armed with two .44 caliber Colts Dragoon revolvers and much ammunition. It is not known whether or not Feliz was armed.

Their road passed first through Reventon, a fortified ranch ten miles from Tubac, then through Canoa, a stockaded roadhouse four miles closer to Rhodes' ranch. Two Americans in charge at Canoa were cooking dinner so Rhodes visited a bit, told the men he would be back in time to eat with them and rode on.

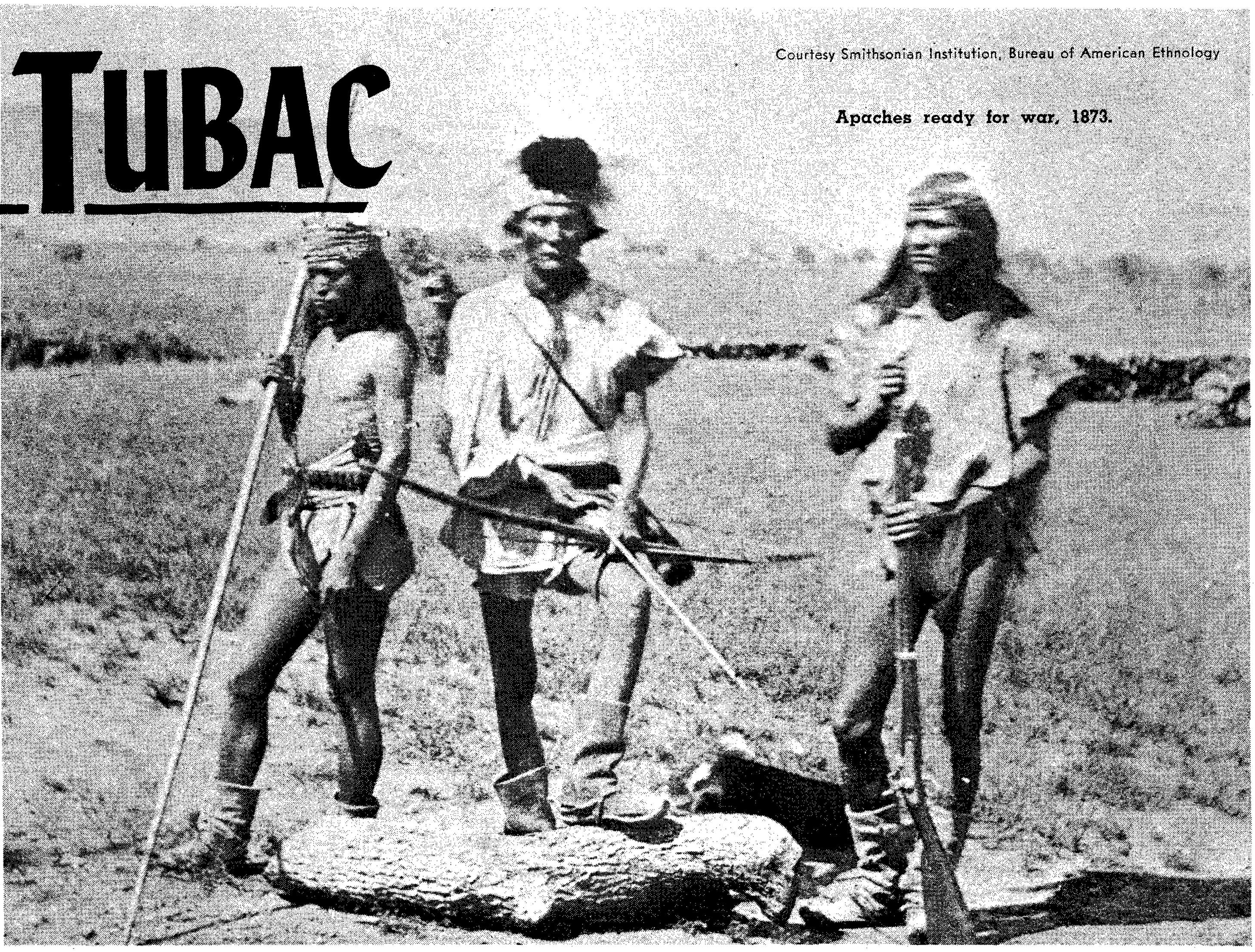
Rhodes and his helper found the horses, rounded them up and drove them back to Canoa. After turning their herd into the corral, the two men rode toward the ranch house. Their attention was attracted to a shirt, covered with blood, hanging on the gate.

Just as they were about to dismount they noticed a large party of Apaches in the bushes a few hundred yards from the road. Wheeling their horses, Rhodes and Feliz jabbed spurs to them in an attempt to escape toward Reventon. The Apaches set out in pursuit and reached the road about 100 yards behind Rhodes and Feliz.



Charles D. Poston.

TUBAC



Courtesy Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology

Apaches ready for war, 1873.

An arrow struck Rhodes in the left arm near the elbow and stayed in the wound. About a mile from Canoa, his horse showed signs of giving out, so he struck out from the road toward the mountains. The Indians followed him. Feliz made his escape to Reventon and then to Tubac, where he told of the ambush and expressed his opinion that Rhodes had been caught and killed.

THE APACHES might have made short work of an ordinary man, but Bill Rhodes knew his country and headed for a thicket that he remembered. By now he was about 200 yards ahead of the Indians. Reaching the thicket, he threw himself off his horse and scrambled through the only entrance into the brush, a cattle trail leading to a small water hole in the center of the thicket.

Momentarily safe in the almost-dry charco, he pulled the arrow out of his arm and buried his elbow in mud to staunch the flow of blood. He placed both revolvers in front of him with his packages of loads and caps alongside. The first Indian to attempt an entrance fell before Rhodes' well-aimed Colts—and the second and the third.

Each time the revolver cracked, and an Indian was hit. After the sixth shot had been fired, the attackers came charging in. He met them with the second gun and drove them back, minus another Indian. While they were talking it over, he reloaded the first gun.

The Indians stayed outside and raked the bushes with a heavy fire of bullets and arrows before charging again. Rhodes' revolver cracked and another Indian went down. This continued until his twelfth shot had been fired. Then, yelling wildly, the Apaches charged once more. Again Rhodes shot the first man to appear in the trail and again the others retreated.

Then the Indians, trying a new trick, called to him in Spanish, "Mr. William, you are a brave man. Come join us and we will make you a chief." Rhodes, well versed in Spanish profanity, invited them to kiss his rear end—provided they could first catch him.

Angrily the Apaches turned loose another volley. The bushes were cut all around Rhodes' hiding place but he remained unharmed. He heard them call, "Sopori! Sopori!"—the name of a nearby ranch. Soon all the Indians left with a rush.

Rhodes loaded the empty chambers of his revolvers and waited, fearing some trick. After a long time he crawled out of the brush and found that the Indians had really gone. Painfully he made his way to Reventon, where his arm was dressed.

THE NEXT morning Rhodes started on horseback for Tubac and met Poston, Pumpelly and three others who were on their way to bury his body and those of the men killed at Canoa. After telling them of his adventure and describing the place where it had occurred, he went on to Tubac.

At Canoa, the Poston-Pumpelly party found the sides of the house broken in, and the yard filled with shattered furniture, cooking utensils, dishes and the contents of several mattresses. A dead man lying in one of the small houses at the side of the yard proved to be a young fellow named Tarbox, just lately arrived from Maine to manage the inn. Like many of the early settlers, the first Apaches he saw were also the last ones.

Near the fence were found the bodies of his partner and a Papago Indian. These two obviously had put up a desperate battle for their lives. Their bodies were pierced with many more spear and arrow wounds than it had taken to kill them.

The Poston party buried the three men, marking their graves with boards on which was written the epitaph of that day in Arizona: "Killed by Apaches." As they finished the burial, a party of Americans with two wagons drove up on their way to Fort Buchanan, where they hoped to discover caches of commissary stores hidden when the army abandoned the country. These men were able to inform the burial party that Richmond Jones, manager of the Sopori

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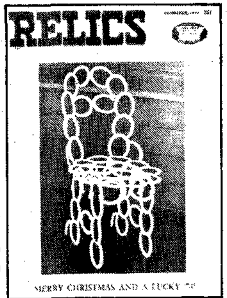

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property, had left Tucson the previous day.

The party from Tucson had seen no signs of Indians until they had arrived at Canoa, so it was thought that the Indians had met Jones nearby. A short search soon revealed his body, pierced by many spear wounds and pinned to the ground by a pitchfork driven through his back. Jones had always been kind and generous to the Apaches but it had not meant anything to them when the opportunity to kill him came.

The sad party started for Tubac with Jones' body in the wagon. On the return trip, finding the spot where Rhodes had left the road when running from the Indians, Poston and Pumpelly followed the trail until they reached the scene of his desperate fight. They found the place just as he had described it, the charco covered with branches cut by Apache bullets. The ground at the entrance was soaked with blood.

Rhodes decided there was no future in a country where most of the time one had to fight for his life. When he was able—between Apache raids—he moved his herd of cattle to the Colorado River and established a ranch sixty miles above Yuma on the east bank. There he lived in comparative peace until 1870, when he was drowned while crossing the turbulent Colorado in a small boat. His great fight against tremendous odds is still remembered with pride by the old-timers of Arizona.

A Color-Blind Island

(*Continued from page 31*)

the island in July 1860. Their cattle, the first to set hoof on the island, were lowered into the sea and made to swim to land. The small bay where this group landed has come to be known as "Vesuvius" in honor of a British patrol boat. A faint trail from the beach led to St. Mary's Lake, where the first shovel turned up deep rich soil.

The settlers thought they had found a small paradise. On the beach were plentiful clams and oysters, and off-shore salmon could be pulled out almost at will. Deer and wild fowl were abundant. Strawberries were ripening, with promise of blueberries and cranberries later. Surely there would be plenty of food here for everyone.

What they did not know was that the Indians, for generations, had considered Salt Spring Island their own special property. Moreover, the Indians considered very dark skin as a sign of an inferior race. The settlers were to feel the full power of Indian resentment. Nor had the surveyers told them about the cougars and timber wolves. During those first years it was as much as one's life was worth to venture beyond the doorstep without a cocked rifle. More than one pioneer wife kneaded her bread with a gun resting on the table beside her.

Sylvia Stark, whose reminiscences have been preserved in the British Columbia Archives at Victoria, tells of how near they came to disaster the day of her family's arrival. Her husband had taken the first load of supplies up the trail to St. Mary's Lake, leaving her and their two small children on the beach.

Suddenly, from nowhere came two Indian canoes. The leader, standing in the first canoe, brandished a knife. Terror gripped Sylvia. But drawing on the courage gained on the wagon trail from Missouri, she rose to her full height, pulled her children closer, and gave back stare for stare.

The Indian hesitated. Sylvia did not move a muscle, nor did she change her expression, but her tense fingers dug deep into her little boy's shoulder. With a disgusted shrug in acknowledgment of the courage of the "black squaw," the Indians vanished as silently as they had come.

However, even after the log cabins were built, pilfering and sniping were continous. Moccasined feet trampled the small clearings, ruining the precious crops. Indian faces peered through cabin windows. The culmination of this persecution was the outright murder of two of the settlers.

William Robinson's claim was near the north end of the island. This man was regarded by everyone with the greatest respect and affection. He is remembered as singing in a fine tenor voice, "Children of the Heavenly King." The white settlers had urged him to move closer to St. Mary's Lake, but he had only laughed, saying he was so poor no Indian could possibly envy him. One day he was found dead, seated at the table in his small windowless cabin, shot through the back at close range. His cabin had been plundered and his few personal belongings taken, including his well-thumbed Bible.

The murder of Giles Curtis was even more shocking. Apparently his head wound had not been immediately fatal, for his assailants had cut his throat and left him to bleed to death. Everyone felt that only savages could have been guilty of such outrages.

THE MAIN ROAD across the north end of the island is known as Stark Road, in honor of Louis Stark, who single-handedly slashed the road out of the wilderness. He was a man of great physical strength as well as an excellent marksman, never failing to place his bullet directly between a cougar's eyes. Back in Missouri he had gained some knowledge of horticulture, and became the "Johnny Appleseed" of Salt Spring Island. The juicy Stark apple is still well known in British Columbia.

Sylvia Stark lived to be 105 years of age, and was the "Grand Old Lady" of Salt Spring. Her daughter who lived until 1966 lacked only a few months reaching the century mark. When she was nearly ninety, this courageous woman learned to use a typewriter, actually mastering the touch system, and spent many happy hours putting Sylvia's reminiscences on paper. The document goes back to the days in Missouri when she overheard her devout Methodist mother imploring God to grant freedom to herself and her family.

High points in the lives of these island people were the visits of Wesleyan missionaries from the mainland. One of these men made himself particularly useful and helpful. Refusing to take the bed that was offered, he invariably slept on a straw mattress on the floor. He helped with the everlasting chore of cutting wood and making fence rails. The technique of rail making was to bore holes in the felled tree trunk at measured lengths, and kindle fires in the holes. When burned through, the sections were split into rails, apparently simpler than sawing the heavy logs. A few of these rail fences still remain on the island.

This particular missionary was especially fond of fried clams. Huge piles of clam shells covered much of the beach at Vesuvius, and the missionary is credited with suggesting that the Indians must have been roasting clams on Salt Spring when Moses was writing the Pentateuch on Mount Sinai!

No consideration of the Salt Spring pioneers would be complete without mention of John Craven Jones. The three Jones brothers, William, Elias and John, came north with one of the earliest groups from California, but William and Elias decided to continue north to the Cariboo gold fields. This was a great cultural loss to the Salt Spring settlement, for these were all educated men, graduates of Oberlin College, in Ohio. A publication of that college, *Oberliniana*, tells an interesting tale of this family. Back in the early 1800s, in Raleigh, North Carolina, the father after years of effort managed to buy freedom for himself and his family. Faced with hostility from his white neighbors, who three times burned down the schoolhouses that he and other freedmen had built, Jones loaded his large family into a two-horse wagon and set out for Oberlin College where he had heard that Negroes could obtain an education.

Legend has it that the eldest son became discouraged with the required Greek and Latin, and wanted to quit school. The father showed him a chopping block and a sharp axe, and told the boy of the struggle he had undergone to bring the family to this place of opportunity.

"Now, Son," he is reported to have said, "you take your choice. Either you go back to college or you lay your head on this chopping block and I will chop it off."

The young man managed to stick it out, as did his three younger brothers who eventually went north.

John Jones left a lasting impression on Salt Spring Island. He had no children of his own, but was appalled at the thought of the youngsters about him growing up without even the rudiments of an education. With the help of Frederick C. Lester (storekeeper turned teacher), a tiny log schoolhouse was built at St. Mary's Lake. Here, for three days a week, the two men held regular classes. On the other three week-days John Jones trudged from one isolated home to another, wherever a child, white or black, needed his help. He was constantly in physical danger from Indians and wild animals.

Jones was a deeply religious and peace-loving man, and when the Indian reprisals were at their worst, he dissuaded the white settlers from taking drastic action on behalf of the coloured people. His view was that violence begets violence, a problem that the world is facing today.

For ten years Jones worked unofficially and without salary. Of course the settlers saw to it that he never lacked food, but at best his must have been a precarious living. When the first government-operated school on the island was opened, authorities were greatly surprised to find that every child on the island could read and write. The little schoolhouse at St. Mary's Lake is gone, but John Jones is still honored as the founder of the school system.

There were new homes, new roads, a new schoolhouse as the island increased in importance as a farming and fruit-growing area. Regular passenger and mail service was established. Retired people from England and Canada built their homes along the wooded shores.

The Negroes, still an integral part of the community, have continued to contribute to the economic and social life of the island. The present television and radio shop is operated by a direct descendant of the Stark family.

In observing present-day youngsters at their well equipped school, one finds traces of varying racial ancestry. But these children are as unaware of their differences as their forefathers were. They work, learn and play together, completely in accord with the traditions of their island.

Kidnapped!

(Continued from page 11)

vices of civilization; stealing and selling their children is an additional outrage upon them, reserved only for their melancholy history in California."

That same year, a Mexican was arrested in Sacramento and charged with kidnapping and disposing of Indian children. The following day it was recorded that Marcus Vaca had pleaded innocent to the intent to sell the children and the case was dismissed. The presence of kidnappers in town was frequently noted in the press, but generally ignored. It didn't really matter whether or not the kidnappers were arrested or disregarded—the settlers got their Indian children either way. If the criminals were arrested they weren't about to tell where the children came from. Consequently, the only course of action was to give the children to whoever would take them—and the locals weren't above slipping the sheriff fifty dollars for granting them custody. It worked out quite well for everyone concerned. Except the Indians.

G. H. WOODMAN, a resident of Mendocino County, was a recognized dealer in Indian children during the 1860s. It was never quite clear just how he acquired them, but on at least one occasion he claimed his disposing of the youngsters was done with their parents' consent. He was frequently seen in Ukiah with children and in 1862 there was a warrant out for his arrest. In March of 1863, he was finally arrested while in

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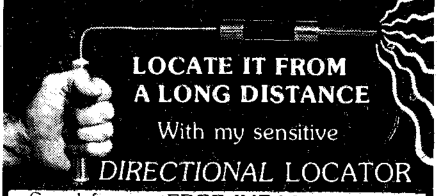

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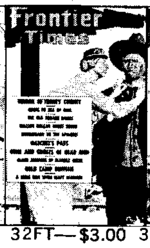
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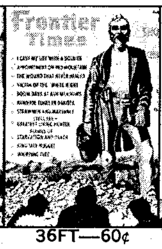
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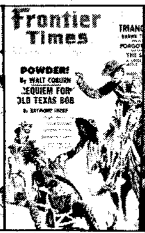
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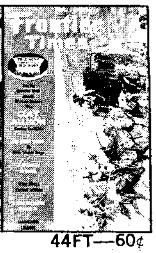
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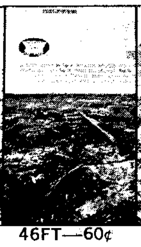
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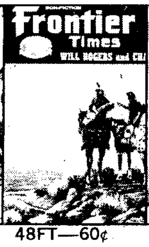
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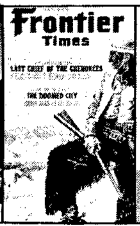
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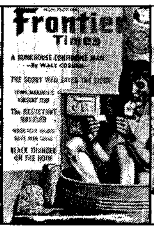
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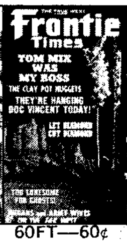
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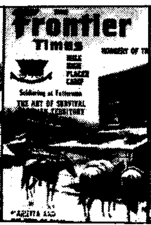
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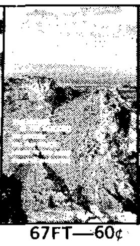
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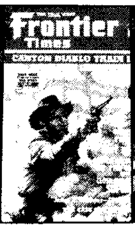
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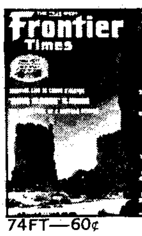
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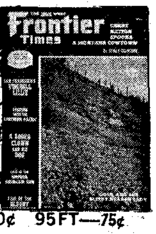
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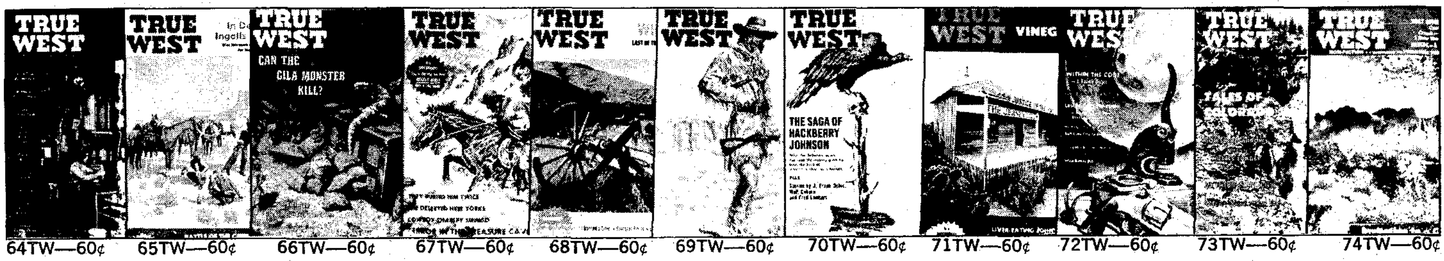

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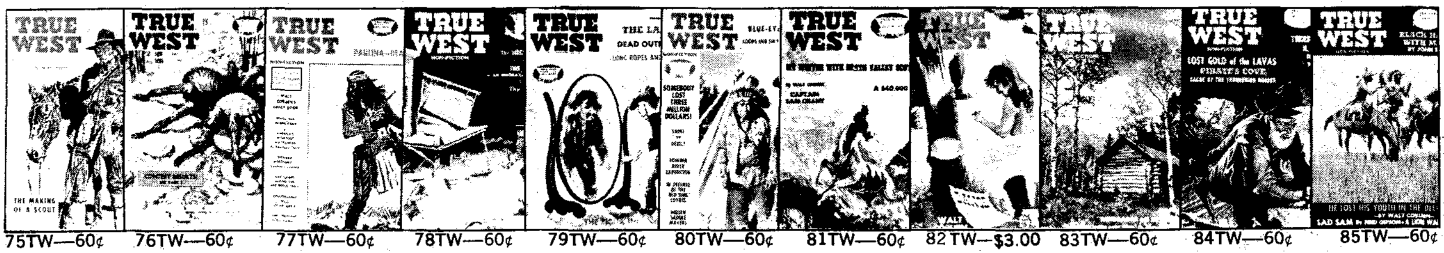

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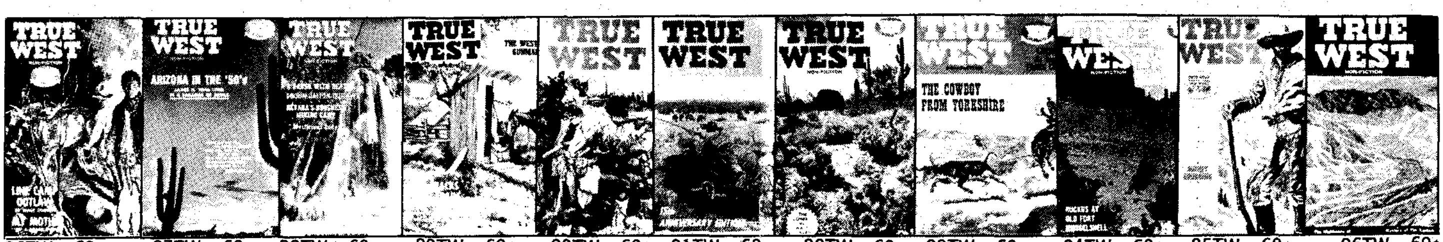

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possession of sixteen—eight boys and eight girls—the smallest of the children being a girl of six and the oldest a girl of thirteen. Woodman had succeeded in having the young Indians indentured to him, but before he could dispose of his property he was charged with abduction and tried before a justice of the peace. He was found guilty and fined $100, and then permitted to go his merry way.

Woodman continued his business, although from then on he was a little more discreet in his dealings. Up until then, he had brought Indians down from the mountains in his wagon. Now he used pack animals which were easier to make disappear into the brush should anyone be met on the trail. For years Woodman had been making his trips into town with loads of "quail," as he called them. On his route to Napa and Sonoma Counties, Woodman reportedly had an accomplice who fed and clothed his charges. At this ranch the young Indians were each outfitted with an oversized adult shirt, and fed a nourishing meal. The kidnappers quite often took good care of stolen children as only healthy young workers were wanted.

Woodman is known to have charged from fifty to one hundred dollars for "his" children. A friend once recalled visiting at Woodman's home in Long Valley. He was treated to a show which consisted of Woodman whistling "Grey Eagle" and brandishing a whip as he called in a group of young Indians. The bare little feet were made to dance on the rough floor as Woodman whistled and called out, "Lie down, roll over, stand up and git." Then the whip cracked the children out of the house and back to the smokehouse where they were locked up.

Whether single or married, there was just too much for a settler to do in California's frontier days. There were clothes to make, gardens to plant, water to carry, butter to churn, and a hundred other menial tasks that someone had to do. The tiny hands of a six-year-old Indian could pull weeds in the field, wash dishes, gather firewood for the stove and handle many other simple chores; and generally speaking these young Indian slaves were well treated and cared for by their owners, who appreciated the extra help.

On the other hand, many a young Indian child grew up being locked in the smokehouse at night and depending on slop pails for his meals. Two of the sixteen Woodman children captured in March of 1863 came to tragic ends, it is said. Lucy, the youngest of the lot, became sick and her owner no longer wanted to be bothered with her. She was turned over to a neighboring tribe of Indians where she died within a few days. A girl of twelve also fell ill and her owner became tired of seeing her moping about. One stormy night the child was locked out of the house and spent the night in a driving rain. The next morning she was found dead in the dog house, her friend the dog huddling next to her trying to keep warm.

A settler's wife, who lived in Woodman's territory, one day noticed a large packing box in her yard. She was sure it contained an Indian, on his way down to the settlements, and when no one was looking she crept up near the crate and asked, "Are you hungry?" But there was no response.

"Don't you want to get out?" she queried again, but still only silence was her answer.

Finally, she realized that the inhabitant of the box might be dead, and she quickly withdrew to the house. When she later discovered the destination of the crate, she called on the neighbor to whom it had been delivered. She smiled as she listened to the small organ that had been packed over a hundred miles through the mountains to this cabin home. And she smiled, too, at her attempts to help out an "Injun."

PROBABLY because of the sparse population, the kidnappers seemed to center their operations in northern California. "It is well known," noted an article in the Mendocino *Herald,* "that there are a number of men in this country who have for years made it their profession to capture and sell Indians, the price ranging from $30 to $150, according to quality. Some hard stories are told of these engaged in this trade, in regard to the manner of the capture of the children. It is even asserted that there are men engaged in it who do not hesitate, when they find a rancheria well stocked with young Indians, to murder in cold blood all the old ones, in order that they may safely possess themselves of all the offspring."

As late as 1862 the traffic in Indian children was still apparently going strong. A Mr. August Hess, while on a prospecting trip, recalled seeing several parties of white men driving Indian children before them to sell in the Sacramento Basin area. In all he saw three groups of slavers with some fifteen children ranging in age from six to fifteen years. It was estimated that some one hundred children had been taken through Lake County that summer.

By the 1860s, methods of obtaining Indian children had become truly sophisticated. A report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in July 1861 noted that "for two years past Indian children were seized and carried into the lower counties and sold into virtual slavery. These crimes against humanity so excited the Indians that they began to retaliate by killing the cattle of the whites. At once an order was issued to chastise the guilty. Under this indefinite order, a company of United States troops, attended by a considerable volunteer force, has been pursuing the poor creatures from one retreat to another. The kidnappers follow at the heels of the soldiers to seize the children when their parents are murdered and sell them to the best advantage. . . ."

To imply that Californians of the gold rush era were a group of fiends demanding slaves to do their work for them would be to grossly overstate the case. On the contrary, there are frequent notices in the press of kidnappers being caught—often by citizens who were disgusted at the practice. An article in the Marysville *Appeal* for October 1861, gives some

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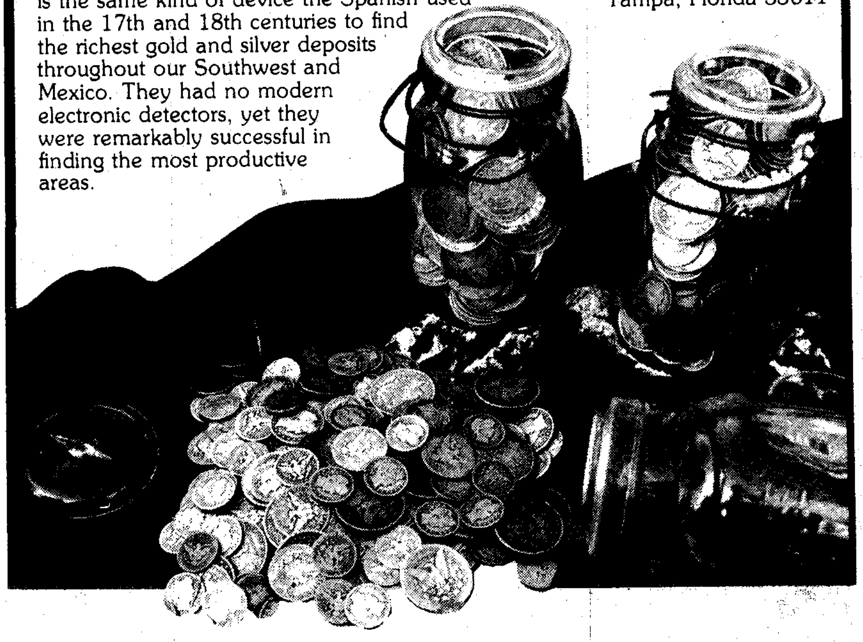

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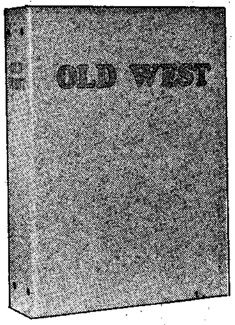

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idea of how they were sometimes caught.

Two men from Marysville were on the outskirts of town one day when they ran into three men herding some Indian children. There were five youngsters, three girls and two boys, who seemed to be three or four years old. The Marysville men were asked if they could find homes for the children since their parents had been killed in battle and there was no one to care for them. Saying they would see what could be done, the Marysville men returned to town.

They succeeded in finding homes for two of the children, but when they returned to the group, the captors informed them that they must have some pay for their trouble. Their "trouble" amounted to somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty dollars apiece for each child. It was obvious then what was going on, and the Marysville men promptly reported the matter to the district representative of Indian affairs. Accompanied by the sheriff, the agent arrested the three kidnappers and brought them to Yuba City.

It was subsequently discovered that these same men had been seen coming out of the coast range with nine children. Three of the young Indians were found in the possession of a Mr. Carmen who had paid between fifty and eighty dollars each for them. The three men were returned and an effort was made to find out just where the youngsters' "homes" were.

"Parties," concluded the article, "who have propositions made to them by these kidnappers or their agents, will do well to reject them and give information to the Superintendent. It is enough to chill the heart of man to know that these vile kidnappers in human flesh are making a regular business of killing the Indians in the mountains, or running them off, and kidnapping their children, packing them about the country like so many sheep or swine to sell, at retail or wholesale."

The report of the Indian agent, George Hanson, on this particular incident, gave further shocking details on the extent of the problem.

"In the month of October last," wrote Hanson, "I apprehended three kidnappers, about fourteen miles from the city of Marysville, who had nine Indian children, from three to ten years of age, which they had taken from Eel River, in Humboldt County. One of the three was discharged on a writ of habeas corpus, upon the testimony of the other two, who stated that 'he was not interested in the matter of taking the children'; after his discharge, the two made an effort to get clear by introducing the third one as a witness, who testified that 'it was an act of charity on the part of the two to hunt up the children and then provide homes for them, because their parents had been killed, and the children would have perished with hunger.' My counsel inquired 'how he knew their parents had been killed?' 'Because,' said he, 'I killed some of them myself. . . .'

"The fact is," continued Hanson, "kidnapping Indians has become quite a business of profit, and I have no doubt is at the foundation of the so-called Indian wars. . . . I shall make an effort this winter, in a memorial to the State Legislature, to have the law repealed authorizing the indenturing of Indians, under cover of which all this trouble exists. . . ."

And in time the laws were changed, but only when demand no longer met supply. When the flush days of the 1850s were over, mining operations had narrowed down considerably in the state. Thousands of miners gave up their futile search for gold and went to work for wages instead. Also, when the mines played out, there were great numbers of Chinese who began filtering into the servant and cheap labor market. Suddenly the kidnappers were out of business. It was the end of one of the more tragic periods in California history.

The Chinese Woman of the Nineties

(*Continued from page 19*)

The merrymaking over, they bid goodbye by clasping their own hands, shaking them up and down and interlacing their fingers—instead of shaking hands with one another.

If it is necessary to pass a room occupied by men, they do so very demurely, holding open fans before that side of the face—not because they are so shy, but because it is the custom of their country.

Although she does not read nor go out to see the sights, the Chinese woman does not allow time to hang heavy on her hands in America. There are many little thoughts in her mind, and she gives expression to them in beautiful fancywork, representations of insects, flowers and birds most dextrously wrought from silk and beads. This is not useless, from her point of view, for it can be used as presents to distant relations, for the ornamentation of caps for her husband and little son, and also on her own apparel.

She loves flowers, natural or artificial; and if not supplied with the former, makes herself great quantities of the latter and wears them on hair and breast.

She bestows considerable pains on the plaiting of her hair; and after it is done up flat at the back of her head, she adorns it with flowers and large fantastic pins. Her tresses are shining, black and abundant, and if dressed becomingly would be attractive; but the manner in which she plasters them back from her forehead would spoil the prettiest face.

While there are some truly pleasant to behold, with their little soft faces, oval eyes, small round mouths and raven hair, the ordinary Chinese woman does not strike an observer as lovely. She is, however, always odd and interesting.

Needless to say she is vain. Vanity is almost as much a part of a woman's nature as of a man's; but the Chinese woman's vanity is not that of an American woman. The ordinary American dresses for the eyes of her friends and enemies—particularly the latter—and derives small pleasure from her prettiest things unless they are seen by others. A Chinese woman paints and powders, dresses and bejewels herself for her own pleasure; puts rings on her fingers and bracelets on her arms—and carefully hides herself from the gaze of strangers. If she has Golden Lily feet (Chinese small feet) she is proudly conscious of it; but should she become aware that a stranger is trying to obtain a glimpse of them, they quickly disappear under her skirt.

She is deeply interested in all matters of dress; and, if an American woman calls on her, will politely examine the visitor's clothing, with many an expression of admiration. She will even acknowledge the American dress as prettier than her own, but you could not persuade her to adopt it. She is interested in all you may tell her about America and Americans; she has a certain admiration for the ways of the foreigner; but nothing can change her reverence for the manners and customs of her own country.

"Why do you do that in such a way?" she is asked, and her answer is, "Oh, because that is Chinese way."

"Do it like this," she is told. She shakes her head smilingly: "No, that not Chinese way."

As a mother, she resembles any other young mother—a trifle more childish, perhaps, than young American matrons, but just as devoted. When the baby seems well, she is all smiles and Chinese baby-talk; when he is ill, or she fancies so, she weeps copiously and cannot be comforted. She dresses him in Chinese dress, shaves his head and strings amulets on his neck, wrists and ankles.

She is very superstitious with regard to her child, and should you happen to know the date and hour of his birth, she begs with tears that you will not tell, for should some enemy know, he or she may cast a horoscope which would make the child's life unfortunate.

Do not imagine for an instant that she is dull of comprehension and unable to distinguish friendly visitors from those who merely call to amuse themselves at her expense. I have seen a little Chinese woman deliberately turn her back on persons so ignorant as to whisper about her and exchange knowing smiles in her presence. She is very loyal, however, to those she believes to be her real friends, and is always seeking to please them by some little token of affection.

More constant than sentimental is the Chinese woman. She has a true affection for her husband; no other man shares any of her personal thoughts. She loves him because she has been given to him to be his wife. No question of "woman's rights" perplexes her. She takes no responsibility upon herself and wishes none. She has perfect confidence in her man.

She lives in the hope of returning some day to China. She feels none of the bitterness of exile—she was glad to come to this country—but she would not be a daughter of the Flowery Land were she content to die among strangers.

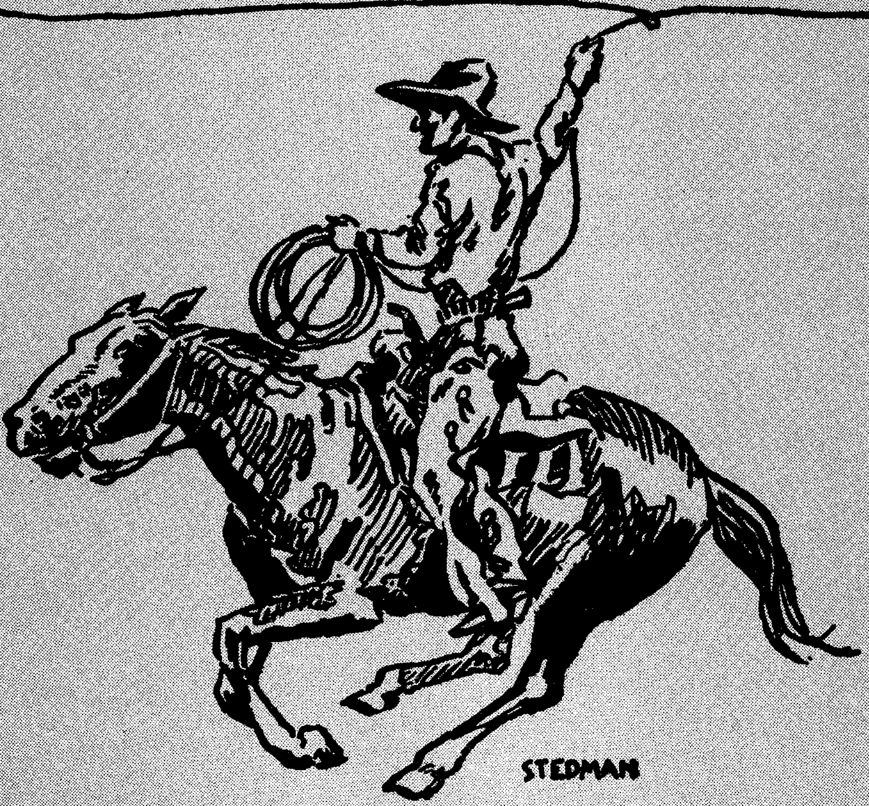
Not all the Chinese women in America are brides. Some were born here; others are merely secondary wives, the first consorts of their husbands being left in China; and there are a few elderly women who were married long before leaving home. The majority, however, are brides; or as the Chinese call young married females, "New Women."

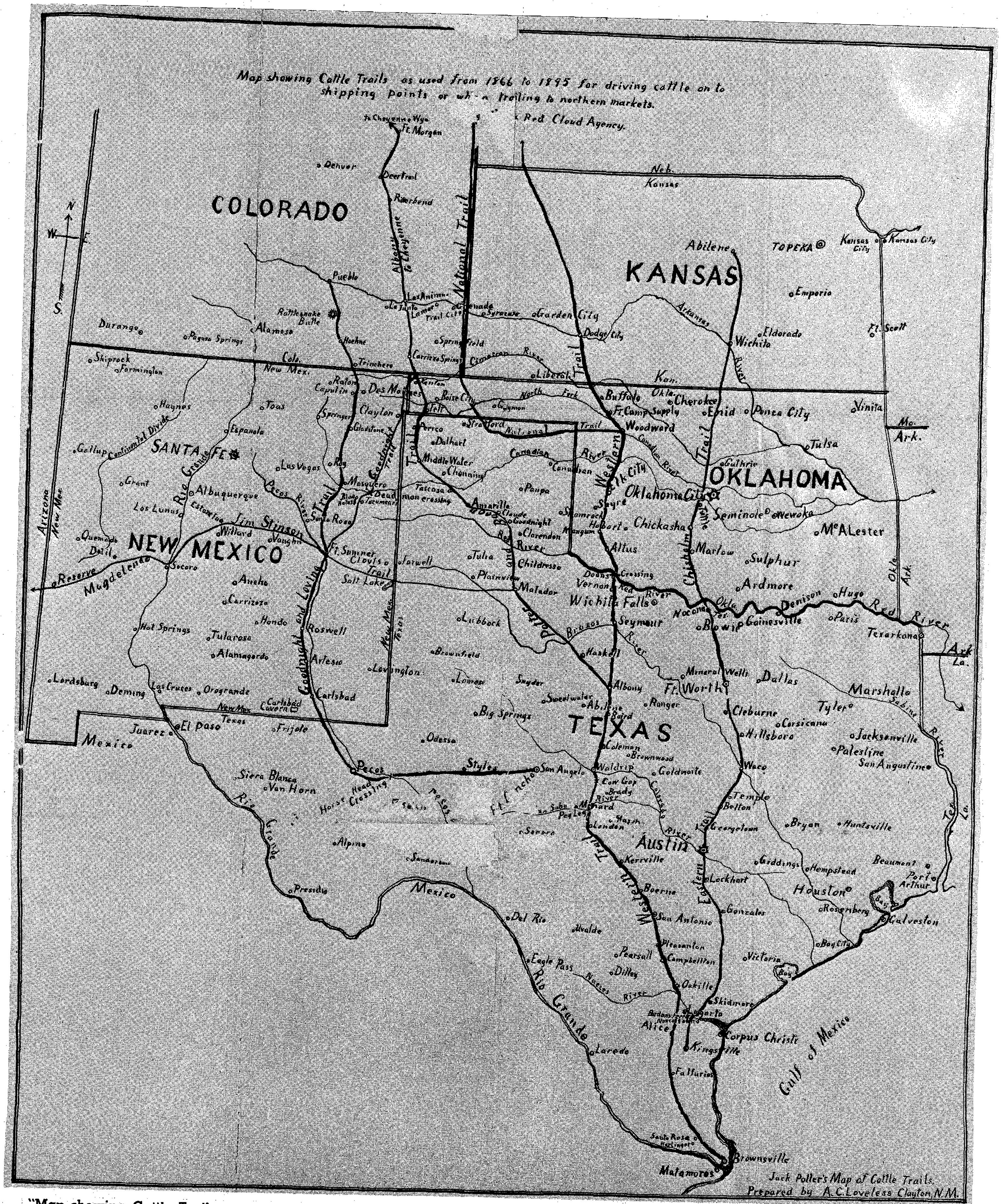
OLD WEST Special! BOOK BONUS!

CATTLE TRAILS
OF THE
OLD WEST

By
Col. Jack Potter

Edited and Compiled by Laura R. Krehbiel




Map showing Cattle Trails as used from 1866 to 1895 for driving cattle on to shipping points or wh-n trailing to northern markets.

Jack Potter's Map of Cattle Trails. Prepared by A.C. Loveless Clayton, N.M.

To Cheyenne Wyo
Ft. Morgan
Red Cloud Agency
Neb.
Kansas
Denver
Deer Trail
Riverbend
COLORADO
N
W
E
S
Alkali to Cheyenne
National Trail
KANSAS
Abilene
TOPEKA
Kansas City
Kansas City
Emporia
Pueblo
Las Animas
La Junta
Lamar
Granada
Trail City
Syracuse
Garden City
Dodge City
Arkansas River
Wichita
Eldorado
Ft. Scott
Rattlesnake Butte
Alamosa
Durango
Pagosa Springs
Hoehne
Springfield
Trinchera
Carrizzo Springs
Cimarron River
Liberal
Kan.
Okla.
Cherokee
Enid
Ponca City
Vinita
Shiprock
Farmington
Colo.
New Mex.
Raton
Capulin
Des Moines
Kenton
Boise City
Guymon
North Fork
Buffalo
Ft. Camp Supply
Woodward
Haynes
Taos
Springer
Clayton
Gladstone
Stratford
National Trail
Perico
Dalhart
Middle Water
Channing
Canadian River
Canadian
Western
Elk City
Tulsa
Mo.
Ark.
Espanola
Gallup
Continental Divide
SANTA FE
Rio Grande
Las Vegas
Roy
Goodnight Trail
Mosquero
Dead man crossing
Tascosa
Pampa
Guthrie
OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City
Chisholm Trail
Grant
Albuquerque
Pecos River
Los Lunas
Estancia
Jim Stinson
Willard
Vaughn
Santa Rosa
Amarillo
Claude
Goodnight
Clarendon
Shamrock
Mangum
Hobart
Sayre
Chickasha
Seminole
Wewoka
McAlester
Arizona
New Mex.
Quemado
Datil
NEW MEXICO
Ft. Sumner
Clovis
Farwell
Tulia
Red River
Altus
Marlow
Sulphur
Reserve
Magdalena
Socorro
Ancho
Trail
Salt Lake
Plainview
Childress
Doans Crossing
Vernon
Wichita Falls
Ardmore
Hugo
Okla.
Ark.
Carrizozo
Hondo
Goodnight and Loving Trail
New Mex.
Texas
Matador
Potter and Bacon Trail
Red River
Nocona
Denison
Paris
Red River
Texarkana
Hot Springs
Tularosa
Roswell
Lubbock
Seymour
Blowip
Gainesville
Ark.
La.
Alamogordo
Artesia
Brownfield
Brazos River
Haskell
Mineral Wells
Dallas
Marshall
Lordsburg
Deming
Las Cruces
Orogrande
Carlsbad
Lovington
Lamesa
Snyder
Albany
Ft. Worth
Sabine River
Carlsbad Cavern
New Mex.
Texas
Sweetwater
Abilene
Baird
Ranger
Cleburne
Tyler
Juarez
El Paso
Frijole
Big Springs
TEXAS
Corsicana
Hillsboro
Jacksonville
Mexico
Odessa
Coleman
Brownwood
Palestine
San Augustine
Pecos
Styles
San Angelo
Waldrip
Goldthwaite
Waco
Sierra Blanca
Van Horn
Horse Head Crossing
Pecos
Ft. Concho
Cow Gap
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Pleasanton
Pearsall
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Dilley
Nueces River
Oakville
Bay
Rio Grande
Skidmore
Alice
Corpus Christi
Laredo
Kingsville
Gulf of Mexico
Falfurrias
Santa Rosa
Brownsville
Matamoros

"Map showing Cattle Trails as used from 1866 to 1895 for driving cattle on to shipping points or when trailing to northern markets" is the title of this map, 18¼" x 22", folded in the back of the book.

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OF THE
OLD WEST

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Edited and Compiled
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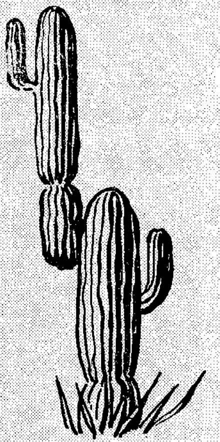
Laura R. Krehbiel



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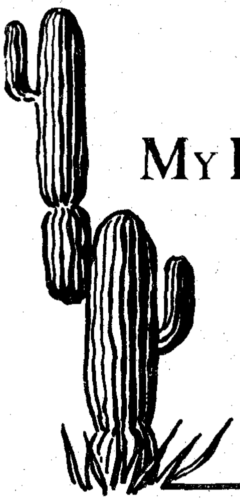
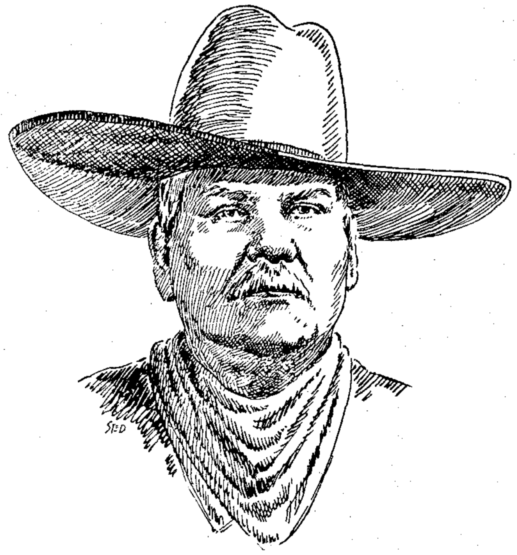


Dedicated to
MY BELOVED WIFE



Introducing the Author

Colonel Jack M. Potter was born at Prairie Lee, Caldwell County, Texas, in December of 1864. At the age of five he went with his parents to Kendall County, Texas, about 30 miles west of San Antonio.

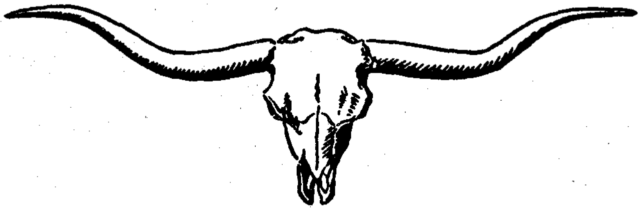
In 1880 he made his first trip north, going over the Western trail to Dodge City, Kansas. However, he took sick and was forced to return home. In 1882 he hired out to the New England Livestock Company, for which company he worked eleven years. After making three trips over the Texas and Northern trails for this company he took charge of their breeding ranch near Fort Sumner, New Mexico.

In 1893, after the New England Livestock Company had sold out, Col. Potter left Fort Sumner and came to the Dry Cimarron Valley in Northern Union County, New Mexico, where he purchased and named the Escondido ranch. Here he lived from 1894 until 1928, when he sold the Escondido to David Barry of Los Angeles, California.

Col. Potter now resides in the town of Clayton, New Mexico, and rides herd with the New Mexico Legislature, of which body he has been a member several times.

Of recent years he has been writing colorful tales of the Old West. These pioneer day reminiscences used to appear weekly in his hometown paper, *The Union County Leader*, and a considerable number have found wider outlet in nationally read magazines.

Laura R. Krehbiel



Origin of Cattle Trails

THE FIRST CATTLE were brought to America by the Spanish. The Texas (then Mexican) plains were ideal grazing grounds as there was unlimited grazing and the climate was mild. Texans all had cattle.

Prior to the Civil War, Texans drove their cattle to points on the Mississippi River and to Gulf ports for shipment to other markets. They also made small drives to the north and east. During the Civil War the Union armies successfully blockaded Texas ports in order to keep Texas meat from the Confederate army, thus preventing any shipment of cattle by water. And as most able-bodied Texans were in the Confederate army and therefore away from home there was no one to herd or drive the cattle, and the herds ran wild. This fact, in addition to the loss of all export possibilities, ran the increase of cattle in Texas during the Civil War to as high as twenty-five per cent a year. When the War ended there were within the borders of the State between three and four million head of cattle. Of the seceding states Texas had the best chance for a rapid recovery if she could capitalize on these cattle. But, because of the excess supply, stock had become less valuable. The best cows on the range at the close of the War were quoted at from three to five dollars a head with no takers. In fact, the price was so low that thousands of cattle were killed for hide and tallow alone.

The effect of the Civil War in the North upon cattle prices was the reverse of that in the South. Union armies had offered a large and steady outlet for beef cattle. The demand had been so great that the supply on the farms of the East and Middle West was very limited; with the result that in 1865, a high grade, matured animal was worth ten times as much in some northern states as in Texas. It was only natural then that the stockman of the Southwest looked to the north for his market. However, the difficulties in reaching the northern buyer were great. Hundreds of miles of unknown Indian country had to be traversed, with no assurance of arriving at the journey's end. But the ranch owners of Texas were determined to invade the North with their herds regardless of the danger.

An unexpected solution of their problem came when the Kansas Pacific Railroad built a line from Kansas City, along the valley of the Kaw River, and continued building due westward across the plains. If the Texas cattlemen could reach the end of the line he could ship by rail to northern markets.

"Brushpoppers" combed the thickets for longhorns. Dust, noise, the shouts of men, the clatter of horns, rose incessantly as the work of making up the trail herds moved forward. In some cases three or four owners threw their cattle together to make up a trail herd to drive them to the railroad for shipping to a market. In some instances drivers bought cattle from local stockmen, without paying cash for them at the time, but with promises to pay after the herd had been disposed of at whatever point a market was found.

Early in March, 1866, the first herds were moving up the trail from southern Texas. Nearly all of them headed northward. Col. Jack Potter estimates that in the summer of 1866 herds totaling 250,000 head of cattle took the road for a market and crossed the Red River in Texas.

Cattle trails blazed in these tremendous drives included the Goodnight and Loving Trail; the Eastern, the Chisholm, the Western (Dodge City), the Jim Stinson, the Potter-Bacon Cutoff, and the National Trails.

Author's Foreword

I HAVE attempted in the following pages to give you an accurate map and history of the major trails traveled by drovers in the eighties in finding a market or maturing ground for their longhorn cattle.

In a close checkup at one of the trail drivers' conventions (these conventions have been held in San Antonio, Texas, for a number of years) it was agreed that commencing with the spring of the year 1866 and ending with the fall of 1895 ten million cattle were driven out of the state of Texas over these trails to market and maturing grounds.

Figuring it conservatively, four million cattle went over the Eastern trail to where it intersected the Chisholm trail in Indian territory at the crossing of the Washita river.

About five million went over the Western trail via Dodge City, Kansas, a quarter of a million over the Goodnight and Loving, and fully a half million over other trails.

A brief description of the major cattle trails follows:

The Goodnight and Loving Trail

BACK in the early 1860s when the Civil War was on, several large tribes of Indians, of which the Navajos were the largest, found out that we were fighting among ourselves, and figured the Indians could fight and regain some of their lost hunting grounds. The Navajos were among the first to break their treaty. As a result, late in 1863, General Carlton gave Kit Carson orders to take a bunch of soldiers and go right into the heart of the Navajo country, round the Indians up, take them away from their rendezvous, and place them at the Bosque Redondo on the Pecos River.

"Bosque Redondo" means in Spanish, "round grove." It was so named because of the large grove of cottonwood trees which grew at that place. This group of trees was a landmark for fifty years before Ft. Sumner started. The Spanish Comancheros used to meet the Comanche Indians there and trade with them. In the four hundred mile course of the Pecos River, as it flows from north to south through a vast prairie country, there are only two cottonwood groves—the Bosque Redondo, and the Bosque Grande. Why such a grove grew at these two places on the Pecos, and not at any other, no one knows.

By the winter of 1864, Kit Carson had rounded up part of the Navajos and placed them under guard at the Bosque Redondo, while he went back to round up the rest. By the winter of 1865, he had made captives of seven thousand more Navajos and started to round up the Mescalero Apaches. In the meantime orders were issued by the Department of War for the erection of a fort. The construction of this fort was very different from that of Ft. Stanton on the southwest and Ft. Bascom on the northeast. In building the new fort they simply scraped off a clean place on the prairie, put a thousand Navajos to work making adobes and rushed the construction in every way possible, laying their adobes without a foundation.

After the Fort was finished and ready for occupancy it was given a name, Ft. Sumner, after General Edwin Voe Sumner, one time territorial Governor.

The Navajos were a disappointed bunch. Their first cause of complaint was that while all of the country west of the Pecos was supposed to be Navajo territory, the east side, where Bosque Redondo and Ft. Sumner were located, and where they now were, belonged to the Comanches. The Navajos believed that they would be cursed if they occupied the territory of their ancient enemy, the Comanches. This superstition seemed to have a basis as in the winter of 1865, seven hundred members of their tribe died. Historians claim this mass death was caused by poisonous water from the Pecos River. I know this is not so as many of the old-time cowboys drank the water of this river and it did not kill them. It is possible that a shallow well, of only eight or ten feet in depth, may have caused the sickness due to no sewerage and infection which got into the water of the well.

The Navajos were further cursed by raids being made on them by the Comanches, right under the eyes of the soldiers. Also, in addition to losing so many of their people, a large part of their stock died.

And in addition to these discouragements the Commander of the Fort failed to supply them with enough food. There were fully nine thousand people at the Fort, depending entirely on supplies which were freighted over the Santa Fe Trail from the Missouri River. Experienced hunters were sent out to kill buffalo and antelope for meat but they could not possibly get a large enough supply.

In 1866 the situation was presented to the Department of War and the head man of the Indian agencies. Advertisements were placed in the newspapers of the south, stating that matured, beef steers were wanted at Ft. Sumner to relieve the hungry-Navajo situation.

Goodnight and Loving, cattle dealers, noticed the ad for beef in the papers, and contacted the Indian Agency buyer. They completed an emergency contract which called for delivery as soon as possible of a bunch of steers to the Commander at Fort Sumner.

With George Reynold as a third partner, Goodnight and Loving left Texas, with their cattle, via Concho and Horse Head Crossing on the Pecos River, and blazed a new trail, the Goodnight and Loving Trail, to Ft. Sumner, arriving there in June. They made their delivery by weight at eight cents per pound, most of the steers weighing out a profit of forty dollars per head. The surplus cattle which could not be used for the Government Indian contract were moved on to Colorado.

The next year, 1867, another drive was made and after crossing over the Pecos at Horse Head, Goodnight sent Loving and one-armed Bill Wilson ahead to Fort Sumner to make a new contract on beef cattle. He instructed them to travel at night and rest in the day time in order to keep from contacting the Apache Indians.

They followed these instructions for two nights and then became careless and started out in daylight and met a bunch of Apaches near the Delaware river. In a running fight Loving and Wilson hid in the Tule grass in the river bottom. Loving was badly wounded.

At midnight while the Apaches were still watching, Loving sent Wilson with a message to Goodnight and asked him to relay a message to his wife at Graham, Texas, that he was seriously wounded.

When Goodnight got the message he hurried to the spot where he expected to find Loving alive or dead and found that a Mexican wagon train had picked him up and taken him on to Fort Sumner, New Mexico.

Goodnight hurried on to Fort Sumner, where he found Loving under the treatment of an army physician. Blood poisoning had set in and Loving died in a few days.

In mapping the Goodnight and Loving trail I find Goodnight changed his route at different times on different drives up the Pecos. I am acquainted with every route he traveled but have mapped the trail he used most on his early drives.

In checking these trails with J. Evetts Haley of the University of Texas we found Goodnight made three different trails to the north. The first drive he made he went over the Raton Pass toll road.

He was almost compelled to travel up the western side of the Pecos because there were better watering places there.

In his drive of 1866 he did not cross at Horse Head, but came up to Immigrant Crossing and crossed over there.

Near Delaware he crossed back to the east side and blazed a trail into Fort Sumner, New Mexico, going via Bosque Grande on the Pecos, to Pueblo, Colorado, after leaving Fort Sumner. (Note: The furnishing of beef to Ft. Sumner continued until 1868, with Dudley, Snider, John Chisum and others participating, as well as Goodnight and Loving. By governmental order and a treaty made in 1868, the Navajos were given a permit to return to their old home in Chelly Canyon, on the west side of the Pecos River.)

The Eastern Trail

THE EASTERN TRAIL was blazed in 1867, and started at different points in the coast country.

The largest drives made were from the King ranch and the Laureles ranch, both at that time located in Nueces county, Texas, and the trails from both of these ranches formed a junction at Borden's Ferry, Texas, which is twenty miles up the river from Corpus Christi and near Nueces town.

Those who blazed this trail were mostly Confederate soldiers. They drove to Abilene, Kansas, to find a market for their cattle and intersected the Chisholm Trail at the Washita river near Anadarko, in Indian Territory, in what is now Oklahoma.

The Chisholm Trail

IF I should tell you that the Chisholm Trail never did enter Texas, what would you think? It would be like telling you there was no Santa Claus. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the true Chisholm Trail extended only from Wichita, Kansas, to Anadarko, Oklahoma, on the Washita river.

You might also ask if the Chisholm Trail was blazed with cattle herds. It positively was not. Was Jess Chisholm a cattle man? He was not.

After the Civil War had closed and the Confederate soldier returned home he found his neglected ranch in bad repair and he had no way of financing anything. He found his longhorn herd had more than doubled in the four years he was absent and the only way he could be financed was to find a market for his cattle.

Immediately after it became known that the Kansas and Pacific Railroad Company had built to Abilene, Kansas, and that it had become a shipping point and market for longhorn cattle, people commenced gathering matured steers and pooling their cattle in different herds and ownership and started north to Kansas, blazing their own trail as they went. They were looking for a market for their cattle and were not interested in the name of the trail they were blazing.

After crossing the Red River at Red River Station, they trailed north through the Indian Territory, following the North Star, and at the crossing of the Washita they found a dim trail that seemed to run due north. After crossing the Canadian it got plainer as there was another trail from Anadarko intersecting this one. Each night they would get their bearings from the North Star and find that the trail was running in the right direction. After following this trail forty days it seemed to bear too far east and near Washita, Kansas, the trail was abandoned and they again followed the North Star until they reached Abilene.

The trail thus created by these southern cattlemen was not the Chisholm Trail, although some present day fiction writers claim it to be.

Now I will drop back to the Washita river and describe what the real Chisholm Trail was. It seems as though Jess Chisholm, who was known as an Indian trader and hunter, in the year 1865 made a contract with the government to move a bunch of Indians from Wichita, Kansas, to the Washita river in the Indian Territory, where Anadarko is now located. In fulfilling his contract Chisholm blazed the real Chisholm Trail, mostly with the wagons of the government and some Indian ponies. This was the only trail ever blazed by him. The Historical Society of Oklahoma just a few years ago traced his burial place to some isolated place in Oklahoma and put up a marker in his memory. I believe there is another monument erected at Tuttle, Oklahoma, along the Chisholm Trail and another at Hennessey. The Chisholm Trail besides being used for cattle became a stage route, going south out of Kansas, and a freight route for the hauling of supplies south for the different government forts. Many an immigrant train came south over this trail.

At the present time there is a great deal of confusion caused by fiction and magazine writers who have said the Chisholm Trail started on the Gulf Coast in Texas and ended in Yellowstone in Montana. The impression they create is wholly false.

This matter was taken up at one of the late trail drivers' conventions at San Antonio and it was proved that the Chisholm Trail never entered Texas. A statement to this effect was signed by 12 men who drove on the trail to Abilene, Kansas, in the '60s.

The Oklahoma highway commission has designated the Longhorn Western Trail as one of the Chisholms, and through the influence of P. P. Ackley of Elk City, Oklahoma, designated highway number 34, leading south out of Dodge City via Camp Supply and Woodward, as the Longhorn Chisholm trail.

When the trail drivers met at Vernon

and at Doan's store a few years ago to unveil the monument erected in memory of C. F. Doan and the trail drivers, there was plenty of confusion when Ackley, representing the Oklahoma highway commission, wanted and did put the Chisholm name on the monument and asked Texas for authority to put up Chisholm markers on down this trail into Texas. He was refused this permit by George Saunders, president of the Trail Drivers' Association.

At a meeting of the trail drivers later, a committee on resolutions reported that the first trail blazed out of Texas was known as the Longhorn Eastern to the point where it intersected the Chisholm on the Washita river in Indian Territory. This trail was blazed in 1867.

The Western (Dodge City) Trail

CONSTRUCTION of the Santa Fe Railroad's main transcontinental line was stopped for three years, due to one of the worse money panics this country has ever seen, at Dodge City, Kansas, in 1873. As a result Dodge City became the largest cattle shipping and delivering point in the world due to the fact that it was the only available shipping point for southern cattle.

In 1875, when some of the trail drivers I knew returned from a Kansas drive they told of a new town, at that time the end of the Santa Fe Railroad, called Dodge City. They described this place as the coming great market of the northwest and said that by abandoning the Chisholm trail and making a new trail direct from San Antonio to Dodge City it would save from 20 to 30 days' drive, as it was not necessary to make a detour over the Eastern trail in the Indian territory which we had been making. As a result, in the spring of 1876, most of the Texas drivers headed for Dodge City over the new trail, called the Western, which was 1000 miles in length, and extended from Matamoros, Texas, to Dodge City, Kansas, and on the Ogalala and Red Cloud Indian Agencies in Nebraska.

This direct route, the Western Trail, was perfected in 1876, after the trail drivers met at San Antonio and sent Jim Netherlan out to perfect a route through the settlements, which were in Bexar, Kendall and Kerr counties. After leaving these counties the country was very thinly settled, there not even being many ranches.

The route established led out to the crossing of the San Saba River at Pegleg station in Menard county, thence on to Waldrip's Bend on the Colorado River, then to Coleman City, Fort Griffin, crossed the Brazos at Seymour, the Pease River at Eagle crossing, the Red River where Doan's store was established two years later, went on to Camp Supply, then in to Dodge City. I learned the cow business along this trail, employed usually as a brush hand, helping herds through the timbered country, until I got old enough to go through to Kansas.

Prior to the time the Western Trail was blazed, about all of the freight handled out of Dodge City was buffalo hides and cured buffalo meat. No doubt several hundred cars were loaded out every year. At one time Roth and Wright, Dodge City traders and merchants, had on hand stacks of buffalo hides, which covered more than an acre of ground.

While the Western trail was blazed in 1876, several herds were trailed through to Dodge City, Kansas, from Texas, prior to that date. In doing some research work on cattle trails I found a man, who is still living, by the name of Frank Collinson, of El Paso, Texas, who, with John Lytle, drove a herd from Medina county, Texas, to the Red Cloud Indian Agency in Dakota, over the Western Trail in 1874.

This is the log of the trail covered by Collinson and Lytle in 1874. "Early in the spring of 1874, I left Medina county with John Lytle, driving fifteen hundred head of matured steers to Mason county, Texas. There we received another bunch of steers sufficient to make a full herd. We then hit the trail north via Peg Leg Station on the San Saba River, in Texas, to Waldrip's Bend, on the Colorado River in Texas, thence to Coleman City, Texas, and Fort Griffin, Texas. At Fort Griffin, General MacKenzie furnished us with an escort guide. We traveled due north and crossed the Red River just above the mouth of its North Fork, traveling on up the river. We crossed the Washita and Canadian Rivers in the Cheyenne and Arapahoe country, continuing on to Fort Camp Supply and then to Dodge City, which was located at the end of the Santa Fe Railroad. After leaving Dodge City, we crossed the Kansas and Pacific Rivers at Fort Wallace in Kansas, the North Platte, at Sidney, Nebraska, and delivered our herd at the Red Cloud Agency to the Sioux Indian agent. Slaughtering commenced immediately to relieve the hunger of several thousand Indians."

There was little danger from Indians on the Western Trail as General MacKenzie had made his winter campaign against them in 1874, and was crowding them off the plains to their reservations. Billy [Dixon] also had previously whipped the last bunch of renegade Comanches and Cheyennes at Adobe Walls. Likewise, General McClelland, located at Camp Supply in Oklahoma, and General Nelson Miles at the Washita cantonment on the Washita River in Oklahoma, were doing their part in forcing the Indians back to their reservation.

The Jim Stinson Trail

IN 1882 Jim Stinson, manager of the New Mexico Land and Cattle Company, drove 20,000 head of cattle from west central Texas to Estancia Valley, New Mexico, entering the state at Salt Lake and Las Portales Springs.

Following this drive other Texas cattlemen drove cattle into New Mexico over Stinson's Trail, and extended the trail to the Arizona line.

Twenty thousand head of these cattle were placed on pasture around Fort Sumner alone.

The Potter-Bacon Cut-Off Trail

IN the spring of '83 we received a bunch of cattle at Pena station on the Texas and Mexican railroad.

Taking the herd out in an eastern course I detoured around the brush country, which took me six days, and came into the San Antonio trail on the Agua Dulce at Collins Station. Then I went north via Lagarta and Oak Ville and came into the Western Trail at San Antonio.

I drove this herd seven hundred miles before it rained on us. I got them through to Crow Creek ranch after being on the trail four months.

After I had gotten out of that dry brush coast country I felt relieved. We had arrived at Albany, near Fort Griffin, Texas, and fitted out for a forty days' drive.

Alfred T. Bacon, who headquartered at Greeley, Colorado, manager of the New England Cattle Company, the company for which I was working, sent me instructions for the rest of the drive, which included a map with a trail outlined on it, telling me that if I could follow the route designated I would save about twenty days' time.

On the way-bill of this map was Goodnight ranch, Tascosa, Buffalo Springs, the OX ranch on the Cimarron, Fort Lyons on the Arkansas, and South Platt at the mouth of the Bijou.

I got through all right by having a fuss with the Goodnight people and having to detour around their range because their cattle, having been driven from the north, were not immune from tick fever. Leigh Duyer, Goodnight's brother-in-law, told me this was the first through herd that had ventured out from the Western Trail, and since I had opened the way he thought others would follow and cause them a good deal of trouble.

I have seen this trail marked on different maps and called by different names. I am sure I blazed this trail and it should be named the Potter and Bacon Trail. Bacon mapped it and Potter drove it.

The National Trail

IN 1884 a group of cattlemen who controlled the Cherokee Strip placed barbed wire fences across the cattle trails entering the Strip from the south in order to prevent Texas cattle from coming into the territory. A blockade was also established by the Kansas cattlemen on the Kansas line.

The reason for this was that ticks which came from the Texas cattle would get on the northern cattle and cause them to have infections. The Kansans called this infection the Texas fever and the Texans called it Kansas fever and the government inspectors called it splenetic fever.

A drover with several herds contracted to be delivered at the Red Cloud Indian Agency for the government, and some other drovers took the blockade up with the war department and soldiers ordered out of Camp Supply and a Cantonment in Oklahoma removed the barbed wire fences across the trails leading into the Cherokee Strip and told the drovers to move on.

A one-way drive was designated through the State of Kansas and on each side a furrow was plowed. The trail was from a half-mile to five miles wide. The expense of plowing the furrows was gotten back by charging a half-cent per head for all cattle going on the trail when they passed under the culvert of the Santa Fe railroad, which was six miles above Dodge City. This culvert was built by the Santa Fe railroad in 1883 for the use of cattle herds as they crossed the railroad tracks because prior to the building of the culvert they caused great delay in train service.

In the early part of January in 1885 the legislature of the State of Kansas passed a rigid quarantine against Texas cattle entering the state from south of a certain line, which included all but the Texas Panhandle cattle, and at once notified the southern drovers that they would have to go around the State of Kansas in making deliveries.

At the same time a great driveway was designated up the western line of the State of Kansas, which included three miles of government land adjoining the state line and three miles inside the Colorado state line. This land was supposed to have been withdrawn from homestead entry and was designated the National Trail. (I always thought the land used in this trail was withdrawn from homestead entry, but J. Evetts Haley, historian of the Texas State University, who had done a great deal of research work on these old trails, says the land mentioned in these drives was not withdrawn from homestead entry.)

This trail started from Point of Rocks in the southwestern corner of the State of Kansas and left a gap of two hundred miles between the Western and the National Trails.

The first herds, driven by Driscoll, Blocker and Davis, blazed the cross-country trail from near Woodward, Oklahoma, which was on the Western Trail, up the extreme northern tier of Texas counties to about where Texhoma is now located, entered No Man's Land, and crossed the Beaver River at or near the old Anchor D. Dudley ranch, and intersected the National Trail at Miles Camp, which was located on the Kansas corner.

The drovers followed the state line for about 100 miles beyond Trail City and as the state line then headed across a high divide country which was not well watered, and as Colorado had no quarantine, the trail went farther west and did not touch the Kansas line until they made a turn northeast around the northwest corner of Kansas in order to get to the Ogalala shipping point.

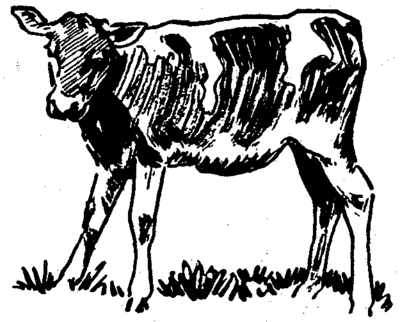
Most of Dodge City's sporting element went to the state line and established Trail City on the Kansas state line between Kansas and Colorado at the crossing of the Arkansas river. It was supposed to be a double for Dodge City. After a hectic two-year career she died with her boots on, as the cattlemen got in the habit of shipping their cattle on the railroads instead of driving them on the trails.

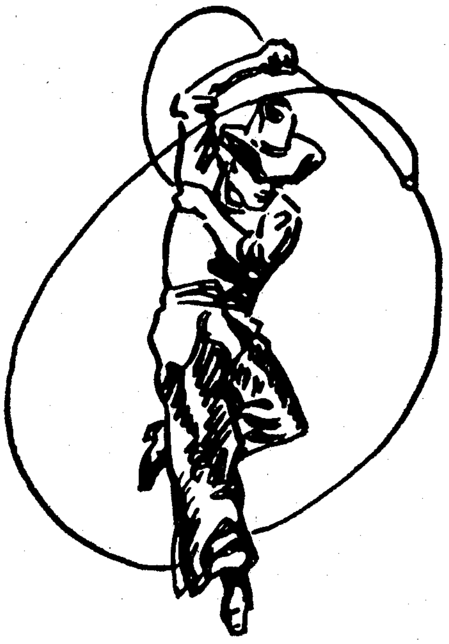
The Jones and Plummer Trail

THERE has always been a lot of confusion over the Jones and Plummer Trail. Lots of people claim it originated far down in Texas. This is a mistake. Jones and Plummer were freighters and not cattle men. From the time the Santa Fe railroad arrived at Dodge City, they freighted stuff to Camp Supply, in Oklahoma, and later freighted supplies to Generals Miles and Sheridan while those two Generals were making a winter campaign against Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians.

The last Jones and Plummer Trail was a direct route from Dodge City, Kansas, crossing Beaver Creek at Beaver City, Oklahoma, and going on to Adobe Walls, Cimarron county, Oklahoma, and later to Fort Elliott, in Texas, which was established in 1876. Texas herds coming up from Texas on unmarked trails intersected these freight roads and traveled them on into Dodge City, Kansas, and that is why the question concerning this freight road has come up.

In order that the reader may have a true picture of the colorful days of the old west when cowboys rode the open range and during the time the large cattle drives were made, following the Civil War, there follows a selected group of Col. Jack M. Potter's popular Western stories.





Stepping High

IN 1882, after traveling as a hand from the coast of Texas to Cheyenne, Wyoming, with a herd of longhorns, I sold my mount and was left in Greeley, Colorado, our headquarters, afoot.

I couldn't help but feel I had made a mistake as I could have ridden back to Texas on horseback in forty days' time and kept from learning to ride on one of those trains.

My money bothered me considerable, and I said to myself, "If they take it away from me they will have to strip me to do it." With that I stuck a few bills into the corner of my pocketbook, counted what I had left, folded my wage check for 150 bucks in with it, pulled out my shirt tail and tied my pocketbook hard and fast in one corner; then, stuffing it deep inside my pants, I stepped across the street and bought a plumb good spotted tin trunk and 200 feet of calf rope.

Shouldering it to the depot, I dumped in my old apple tree saddle, forty-five gun, a camp sugan, hen-skin blanket and a change of dirty underwear. I shut down the lid and started roping it. Just as I was tying the last knot the boys rode up. They had come in from the ranch to see me off. One of them remarked that I had ought to get a job roping trunks for the railroad company instead of wasting my time with steers. Another boy asked why I didn't cut the rope and use less. The first suggestion I accepted in good faith; but, with a sort of contemptuous pity for the ignorance of the other boy, I said, "No, not me; nobody's going through my trunk for want of a few feet of rope."

The New England Company had given me a ticket to Denver and a letter to the ticket agent instructing him to sell me a ticket to Dodge City at reduced rates, and arrange for me to get a cowboy ticket from there to San Antonio for $25. When the 4 o'clock Union Pacific train whistled, I shook hands with the boys and one of 'em shoved a trunk check at me, saying, "Your baggage is loaded. So long, Cowboy; write when you hit Texas."

I climbed aboard as the train pulled out and was just getting settled when the conductor asked for my ticket. I handed it to him and watched him punch a hole in it and another to match in a piece of red pasteboard, which he stuck in my hatband, and start on. I jumped up and yelled at him, "Here! You can't pull that on me! Give me back that ticket." But if he heard me, he didn't pay heed. The train was loping ahead, and I had on my high-heeled boots, fine for riding but no-account for walking on a rollicky train; so I sat down quicker'n I expected to, and started figuring how to get my ticket back.

Just then we went over a bridge, but I saw it coming and dodged it, got a breath and here come another. Seemed like from there to Denver about all I did was duck bridges. When we pulled into the Union Station, me feeling some lucky I hadn't been bridge scalped, I went on a still hunt for my trunk. Not finding it, I was getting all worked up when I saw a man loading it onto a truck. Stepping lively, I said, "I'll take my trunk." He didn't look up nor stop loading; just said sort of off-handed, "We're handling this baggage".

"But that's my trunk and I want it! My saddle and gun are in it!" I fired back, considerably hot and bothered as I followed him into the baggage room. When we got there, with me bringing plenty of pressure to bear, a fellow at a desk laughed and said, "All right, Cowboy, give me your check and you can have it."

Knowing that if I had such a thing it was bound to be tied up in my shirt tail along with my money, I went after it and handed him my draft for wages. Glancing at it, he handed it back with, "This isn't it. Where's the metal check with numbers on it?"

Then it dawned on me what the cowboy had given me when he said goodbye at Greeley, and I passed it over. He cut his eyes at it and said, "Where are you going from here, young man?"

"To San Antonio, Texas," I said, "if I can ever get there."

"Well, you will, all right; just leave that rope shipment here with us; we'll take care of it until you're ready to recheck, then we'll do that and load it on the train, too." That sounded bully to me, so I struck out downtown to find a place to sleep.

AFTER arranging for a room at the St. Charles hotel, I went looking for a barber shop to get shaved, shined and shingled, and when the barber and bootblack had done all they could do for me, the barber said, "Like to have a bath?"

"Yes," I said, "I shore would." I followed him down the hall to a side room where he turned on the water over the tub, left some towels and disappeared. I hurriedly undressed, fearing the tub would run over before I got into it. Seeing the water was close to the top, I plunged in most up to my neck, let out a regular Comanche war-whoop, came out on all fours and fell sprawling onto the slick marble floor, raising a big bump on my head, where it struck the edge of the tub.

"Jack Potter," I said, "you're nothing else but scalded, hog-killin' fashion!"

The water was running level with the top of the tub, and with no idea how to handle them, but knowing something had to be done, I grabbed both faucets and twisted hard. Relieved to see the water quit running, I pulled back a lock of hair to see if it would slip, fanned with my Stetson to cool off, and examined my toenails, knowing they had dipped longer and deeper than the rest of me, but they still hung on.

Satisfied that I was cleaner than had ever been before in my life, I eased into my clothes and sauntered down the street, like cities and baths were everyday occurrences in my young life.

That night, after taking in the sights with a cowboy I met up with, I went to the hotel. The porter showed me to my room, lit the gas, asked if that would be all, and stood around a minute after I told him I couldn't see anything else for him to do. Seeing he was in no hurry to go and kept playing with the windows, letting them up and things like that, made me sorter nervous about the money tied up in my shirt tail; but I never let on and directly I said, "Well, I'm going to bed now; you'd better go back, I reckon." And he went. . . .

All set for Dodge City the next day, I hunted up my trunk. I rechecked it and picked it up to carry it to the train, but the same nice man who had watched it all night for me told me to rest easy; he would see to it. So I wandered around, not seeming to be keeping an eye on it but I was, for fear he might let it slip him, until I saw it loaded. Then I got aboard and settled myself for a good ride. Next thing I knew I was ducking bridges again; seemed like it was going to be worse than before, and I tried to figure why folks would rather watch for them than ride a good pony. Directly, a nice looking old gentleman said, "Young man, I judge you are a typical cowboy. Doubtless you can master a bronco or rope and tie a steer in record time; but riding a train seems to be new to you. If you will turn your seat with the back toward the engine, the bridges will not disturb you." I did, and it worked fine. At midnight we pulled into Dodge City, the town that never slept, and me with a 24-hour layover.

I didn't intend to waste any of it, either; so I went to the big dance hall and got in just in time to see a cowboy and gambler mix six-shooter bullets with plenty of smoke and stampede, but nobody was killed. Next morning the town was full of cattlemen and cowboys. I met George Saunders, late president of the Old Trail Drivers' Association, but then a roistering cowboy like myself, along with Slim Johnson, Jesse Presnall and others from Texas.

Jesse said, "Jack, old Smith and his outfit are here from Cotulla. They'll be in directly; figuring on going back tonight. He's one of the best trail men that ever drove a cow, but he's all worked up about having to ride the cushions home. Wish you'd help 'em change cars down the line and sorter look after 'em."

About 4 o'clock here come a chuck-wagon, loaded with punchers and headed by Smith. That night we visited every saloon in town. At 1 o'clock I saw a Texas cowman lose a whole herd of cattle on the turn of a card, without batting an eye; but he may have won them back before daylight.

When the train pulled in, Smith and his bunch stampeded, and it took all hands and the cook to get 'em aboard. I knew exactly how they felt, and while I was feeling some better than when I left Greeley, I wasn't easy in my mind in a railroad station. At 12:30 I gave the conductor my cowboy ticket, long as my arm. He looked at it and saw it was all right. As he tore off a chunk, I said, "What right have you to tear up a man's ticket?"

He laughed and said, "You're on my division. I tore off one coupon, and every conductor between here and San Antonio will do the same thing."

It sounded all right, but I was worried for fear my ticket would not hold out until I got home. We bedded down, and at 3 o'clock they sidetracked us to let the westbound passenger go by. When it came whizzing along we were sleeping like the dead. Just as the locomotive got even with our car it let out a shrill whistle. Talk about your stampedes! Boy, we had it! Those sleepy cowboys rose as one man off to a run, with old Smith leading the herd. I was a little slow in getting off, and half asleep. I thought I was in a sure enough cattle stampede, so I went to yelling, "Circle your leaders and keep up the drags!"

They circled all right, knocked some of us down, and circled again. The news butch crawled from under a seat and went through the window, sash and all. The train crew pushed through the door, caught old Smith and quieted things down. The conductor was mad as a hornet and threatened to put us into a stock car. We held court next day, and when one of the "brakies" said it was a trick of the engineer to whistle at that siding and that he undoubtedly had caused many a stampede, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, with the death penalty by capturing and hog-tying him on the Western Trail, road-branding him with a hot iron and letting 5,000 longhorns stampede on top of him.

We met up with some fine girls whose folks were moving to Uvalde and they entertained us until we changed cars at Taylor, Texas. When we said goodbye, the one that had me locoed asked me to write in her autograph album. That was the '82 fad. We have a new one in America every year, the last more foolish than the first. That girl had me up a tree, no fooling. She kept begging, with me refusing, till finally I took the book and started writing down all the road brands I knew.

She said, "Oh, write a verse of some kind!"

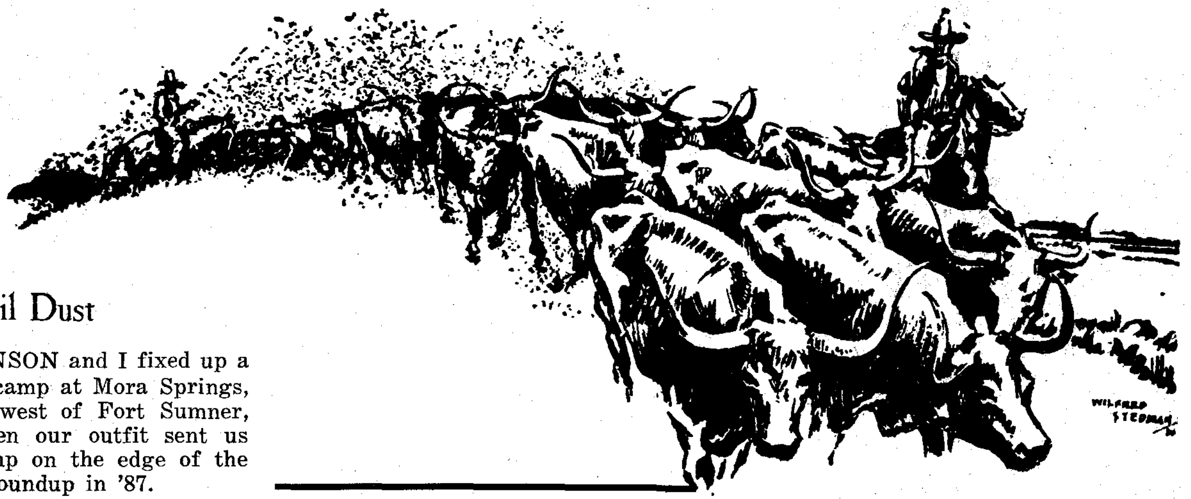
"I don't know any verse." Then, all of a sudden, I remembered part of one I learned in my school reader, so I wrote:

"It's tiresome work," said lazy Ned, "to climb the hill with my new sled and beat the other boys." Then I signed it, "Your bully friend, Jack Potter," and handed it back.

She gave it the once-over, cut her eyes at me, smiled and said, sweet as honey dripping out of the comb, "Now that's what I call poetry, and you're my kind of man, Cowboy." Lord-a-mercy! I broke out in a big sweat, and says to myself, "That train had better hurry if it's going to take me along!" Girls always did fluster me, and do yet, if my wife's not looking.

Between the bridges, riding so durned fast, worrying about my trunk and scared to death over old Smith's stampede, I was plumb shot to pieces when the train porter yelled, "San Antonio!" Then I led the bunch to the bed ground, with Smith swearing that Texas had the world by the tail, and me backing him up on it.

First thing I did after we pulled into San Antonio and got a good night's sleep was to write the general passenger agent at Denver and thank him for sending a man clean through to take care of my trunk, which got in without a scratch.



Trail Dust

HOODOO JOHNSON and I fixed up a swell dugout camp at Mora Springs, forty miles southwest of Fort Sumner, New Mexico, when our outfit sent us out to a line camp on the edge of the range after the roundup in '87.

We went about our regular routine of riding the line, cutting for sign, and watching for cattle tracks in bunches or small droves that might be driven off and taken to Fort Stanton for slaughter.

In January a blizzard set in, and we were snowbound. It was the second day of the blizzard, about midnight, I think, when I heard cattle lowing and coming down from off the ridge. I was afraid of a cave-in on our dugout if they happened to walk on the roof, so I woke up Hoodoo.

We started a fire and lighted the lanterns. When we looked out we saw hundreds of cattle bunched up around our camp and up and down the arroyo under the gyp bluffs. They probably had drifted for miles looking for a windbreak.

Hoodoo seemed kind of peeved about the cattle drifting in. "Next spring there'll be about ten thousand drift cattle in the Capitans and the same on the Rio Hondo," he grunted. "There'll be plenty of cutting and slashing for us cow servants when these critters have to be separated from the southern herds one at a time and trailed back to their home range."

And with that he went to bed. I put the coffee pot on the fire, making up my mind to stay awake as long as the drift herd remained around our camp. I was nodding a couple of hours later when I heard the lead cattle lowing and starting up the south slope. Then I heard the lowing of cows and the answer coming back from the calves near camp.

After a bit it seemed the herd had moved on and everything was quiet. I must have been half asleep when I heard sharp raps on the door.

I grabbed for my forty-five and jumped up at the same time. I listened, and thought I must have been hearing things in a dream. Then there was a scratch on the door. I waited, and it was repeated. "Come in," I said. All quiet.

"Hoodoo," I shouted, "get up quick. Things are in a mess around here. Someone rapped on the door and I said 'come in'—and nobody answers."

Hoodoo rolled out, picked up his forty-five, and sat down on the box. The lantern was between us and we sat there, with guns pointed at the door—for what, we didn't know.

"Do you think it is a ghost?" Hoodoo whispered.

"It might be," I said, and thought of the superstition of the native people that the spirits of Billy the Kid, Tom O'Folliard and Charlie Bowdre driving cattle off the drift, and of the name given these drift herds, "El Partido de Los Animos"—the "herd of the spirits" or "herd of the devil." In that dugout ghosts and spirit herds were not to be taken lightly.

"Do you know we are right on the old Fort Stanton trail where the Kid used to trail his stolen cattle?" I asked. Hoodoo was cool—even with the possibility of ghosts standing outside the door.

"It is claimed a ghost never harmed anyone," he said, "but I'm afraid it's the devil. He might be keeping up the rear end of that herd and might want to come in and warm his feet."

"Hoodoo," I said, "you have the wrong conception of the devil. I have always been told he is a hot piece of furniture and always works up in the lead instead of the drag."

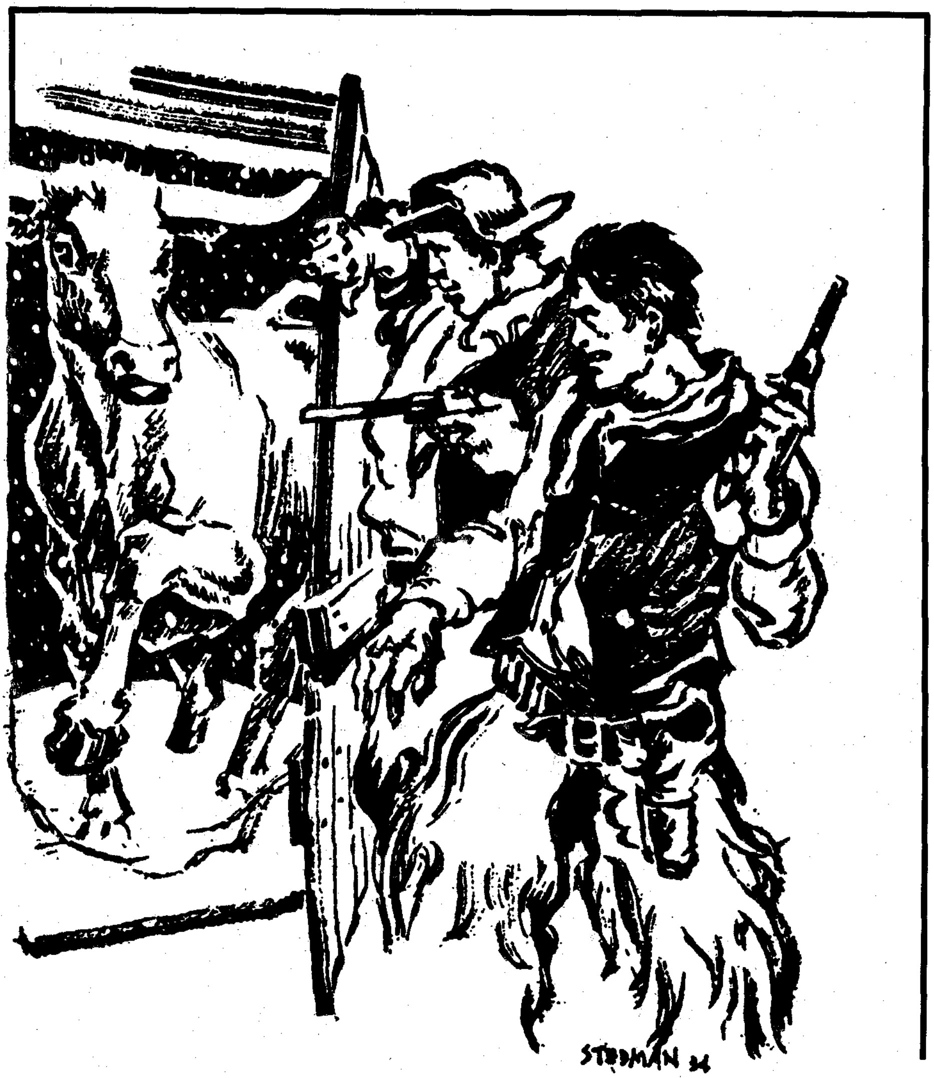
Hoodoo started to say something, but there was another scratching on the door. Then there was a dull, rumbling "Moo-oo-oo."

"Wait a minute," Hoodoo gulped. He left his box and got his boots.

"If I die I want to have my boots on."

Then we edged up to the door and after a minute of indecision jerked it open. There stood a huge black steer with the longest pair of horns I had ever seen. His eyes were big and wide and the light from the lantern reflected back. We just stood there looking at our "ghost." We both felt just about as cheap as any two waddies could.

"Well, I looked for the worst," Hoodoo



said. "Nothing could have surprised me. I always was a hoodoo for any outfit I ever worked for."

We closed the door and went to bed. Next morning when I opened the door there was the big steer in the trench of our dugout door. I took out the nosebags for the horses and drove him away. When he followed me to the corral I finally gave him a little grain, pouring it on the snow. When he had eaten it he begged for more. He had my curiosity aroused, so I gave him a little more, and studied him closely.

"Well, old fellow," I said, when I noticed a "32" on his neck, "this is the old county brand for Gillespie County, Texas. And here's NOT for the Knott Brother who raised you. And here's SL for Schreiner and Lytle. It's a road brand and shows you were sold to them and trailed north.

"And here on your hip you've got a WO which shows you were sold in Indian Territory to Doctor Brown and then sold to the New England Livestock Company and trailed to Fort Sumner.

"Your last brand, FHC. Well, old fellow, I know you now. You were Tom York's lead steer. I have heard him talk about you. I'm an FHC puncher myself—and you're sure welcome here."

And he was. For the next sixty days this steer had his grain twice a day and was proud of his new home. He was both sociable and intelligent. I don't think I ever rode into camp but what he didn't quit grazing and come to camp to welcome me.

Sometimes when I did not pay any attention to him he would give me a little gouge in the ribs with one of his long horns, the same as to say, "Can't you notice a fellow?" I would scratch him between the horns, which always pleased him.

ONE DAY I made up my mind to name him. I told Hoodoo I was going to call him Lew Wallace.

"What in the Sam Hill do you want to name him for a soldier for, instead of a cowman?" Hoodoo protested. "Why not call him Murdo Mackenzie or Phelps White or Jim Hinkle, after real cowmen?"

"Well, Hoodoo," I said, "you don't seem to know that Lew Wallace saved the cow business in this country. You should remember that the Lincoln County cattle war was on for almost two years and Governor Axtell could not cope with the combine and was recalled, and the President selected one of his ablest generals, Lew Wallace, and appointed him governor to handle the situation.

"When Lew Wallace took his oath he did not try to handle the war by giving orders from Santa Fe. He hired a buckboard and driver and went down to Lincoln. Then he got the two fighting factions together and laid down the law.

"'I have come down here to stop this war,' he told them. 'What are you fellows fighting for? You have neglected your herds and have not marketed your steers for two years. You have stopped immigration to this fine country. Many have gone elsewhere.

"'I admire your fine citizenship and I know you will reason and cooperate with me in setting this right. I have asked both factions to lay down their arms and forget about the war, and I will see that you are not punished.'

"Well, everyone offered to surrender his arms except Billy the Kid. And you know the story of the Kid. He and few others took up residence outside Lincoln County, and the name of Lew Wallace went down in history for quelling the Lincoln County war."

"I guess this steer's name is Lew Wallace, then," Hoodoo agreed. So our steer became Lew Wallace.

In March we broke camp to head for Fort Sumner. I poured out a generous feed of corn for Lew Wallace, thinking I would not see him again until roundup time. I was mistaken. He followed us right on into Fort Sumner.

Notice was sent to other ranchmen that the roundup outfits would leave Fort Sumner on the first day of April, heading south to the lower Pecos country to commence the steer roundup.

We loaded up the chuckwagon with a thirty-day supply and pulled to one side of the old ranch fort where there was a vacant building and camped. Next morning when I got up, the cook had a big fire started and was preparing breakfast.

"Cocinero," I said, "do you know this is April 1—All Fool's Day?"

We put vinegar into a whiskey bottle, mixed a little cayenne pepper with it, and set it on the chuck box table. I commenced waking those waddies up. They dressed and came out one at a time.

"These spring mornings sure do make a fellow feel ornery." I pointed to the bottle. "You had better whet your appetite."

Well sir, the boys fought their heads just like burros. We had old Lew Wallace riled up, and he was standing there looking on. Hoodoo came walking out, the last man. He saw the bottle sitting there.

"I don't care if I do," he said. Then he commenced throwing one fit after another and hollering, "I'm poisoned! I knew I was hoodoo!" This seemed to tickle old Lew Wallace. You could see a large grin on his face.

After the boys had quieted down, I got hold of a large sourdough biscuit, opened it up, filled it with cayenne pepper and handed it to Lew Wallace. He rolled it around in his mouth a time or two and swallowed it. Suddenly he commenced circling around the wagon, pitching and bellowing, and sticking his tongue out. I felt like congratulating myself on my achievements in furnishing a little humor for the lonely cowboys but later I felt a little uneasy. When the boys were riding three or four abreast and talking low I couldn't help but think they were framing me.

That noon day I got off to one side and spread my slicker down under the shade of a hackberry tree. I always had the name of being a good sleeper, and soon dozed off. I dreamed I could see thousands of cattle coming down the slope to water and not a branded one in the bunch. All mavericks! And while I was prowling, looking for a place to start my branding fire, I was awakened by several shots and could hear bullets flying by. I jumped to my feet, with the smoke pouring out of the bosom and sleeves of my shirt and my face stinging from powder burns. There stood six of those waddies with smoking guns in their hands. I blinked.

"I expect I'm shot all to hell," I said.

Then that whole darn camp went to rolling on the grass, laughing, and the old cook said, "Ain't this a great day?"

WE traveled on, arriving in a few days at the starting place of the roundup, and divided our outfits so we could work in three divisions.

About the fifteenth of May we all met at Fort Sumner and commenced cleaning up the herds, exchanging cattle, etc. At the roundup at Bosque Redondo, after the circlers had got in and our remuda was gathered near the roundup, I began wondering about Lew Wallace. As this was supposed to be the final roundup, I began to think he had evaded the boys. I was putting the saddle on my cutting horse when someone slipped up behind me and nudged me in the ribs. "Boo."

It was Lew Wallace, greeting me. He went over to the other side and said howdy to Hoodoo. Then he moseyed off toward camp and ate all the cook's cold bread. When we went to dinner he was lying nearby, chewing his cud.

In the next three days large steer herds were shaped up and passed on with the regular percentage of cutouts, and we were ready for the drive.

It was an eighty-mile drive to the Blue Hole watering place on the Pajarita, and the report of the puncher who scouted the trail was discouraging. But with Lew Wallace in the lead we started the long drive at around noon, after the herd had filled up on water. (It is necessary that every animal, horse or steer, be filled with water at the start of the drive, and they won't drink until about 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.)

We got started with a herd that was so chuck-full they were lazy and would not string out, being much more content to graze.

I worked them only about eight miles the first afternoon, had supper, and bedded the cattle down until midnight. Five hours' rest for everyone except two guards.

At midnight we hit the trail. At daylight we were twenty miles out. The cattle were hungry, so we grazed them for three hours, giving all the boys not on herd a chance to take a nap, and then we took the trail, the cattle stringing out well.

We had an early supper, got our remuda watered changed mounts and sent the former ones off to water. We made our night drive in the early part of the night stopping at the going off place on the plains (Cuneva brake) forty miles out from the starting place.

Next morning the cattle still wanted to graze. We were glad to see this, as real thirsty cattle will not graze. We nooned on Plaza Largo, a dry creek, forty-eight hours out and forty-eight miles away. It was a very warm day. I let the cattle and men rest there three hours and started on after eating supper.

We started a night drive and as the trail led in between some dry arroyos with steep banks and gullies, we got into trouble and had to bed down. Everyone rested but the guards, and they were relieved a time or two.

In the morning we were short of water. I went to the barrel to fill my canteen but changed my mind. There was Lew Wallace leading his herd, sixty hours without water. A man would be a slacker that couldn't make it on through without water.

Right here we got balled up. I sent the wagon and horses off with one of the boys to get camp water and water the horses, and he got lost and didn't show up until dark. When Lew Wallace led off next morning not an animal put his head down to graze. It seemed that Lew Wallace looked taller and longer and gaunter than I had ever seen him.

While I was checking the lead cattle, Lew Wallace walked up and looked at me in a sarcastic way, as if to say: "It seems to me as if you had got us into a mess."

I answered him in my mind that we were both alike; I was very thirsty myself. At noon I bedded the herd down to rest, waiting for the wagon. We were now seventy-two hours out. At one o'clock we started on the last short stretch to Blue Hole, the watering place.

A hot strong wind came up, a regular duststorm. Inhaling it in our dry throats was disagreeable. I told the boys to drop back along the line for fear the cattle would quit the trail. In a few hours we were going down the slope into Blue Hole. The trail hit the place angling downstream. Just as the lead cattle were passing the first trail down the bank, Lew Wallace dodged out. He and I went down the first trail and hit the water together.

First thing I knew we were out in the water up to my horse's shoulder. I crawled off my horse and stooped over and tried to drink. I could not swallow. When Lew Wallace had filled up he looked around at me and he must have suspicioned something was wrong. He stood there and stuck his tongue out. So with my mouth full of tongue I started throwing water with my hand. Finally I got so I could drink. When Lew Wallace thought I had enough he pushed me with his horn. We went up on the bank and cooled off, and after awhile we went down and finished our drink.

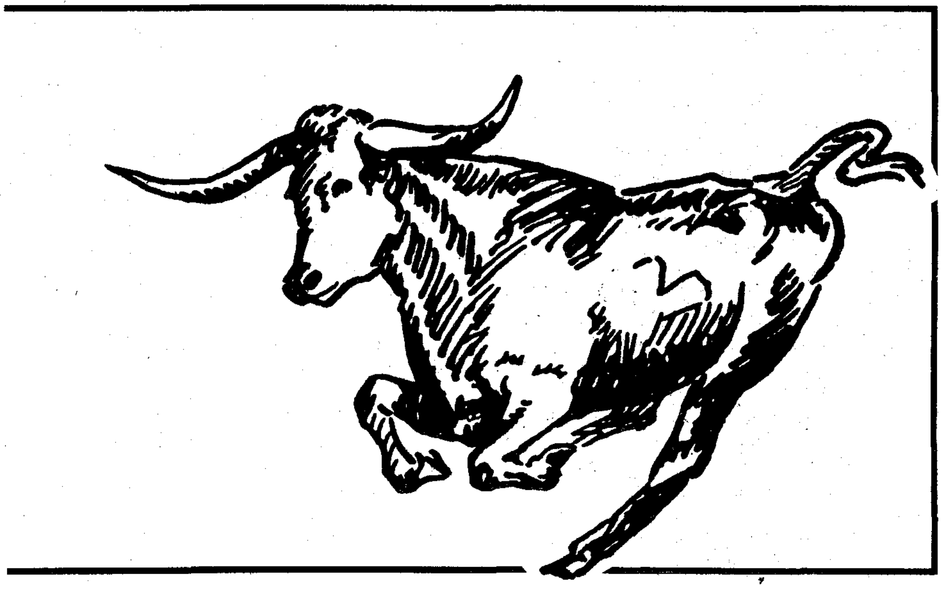
Time made by the lead cattle was seventy-six hours; by the drags, seventy-nine. There were no unusual hardships. Late in the afternoon when our entire herd had watered, we moved out to one side where the grass was fresh, and as soon as the cattle had satisfied their hunger, they bedded down and took a much needed rest.

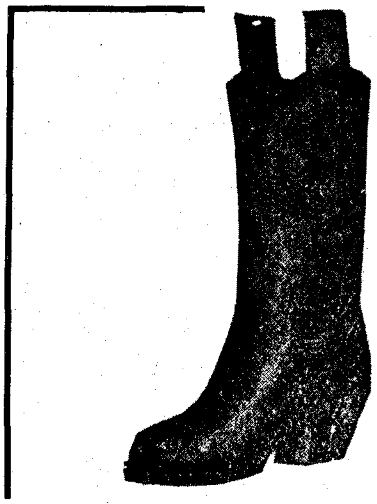
We threw the herd next day at noon back into the water at the same place, and after finishing we hit the trail north.

OUR NEXT trouble was too much water. After going on by old Liberty trading store, we crossed La Pajarita creek and turned pretty well to the east to Dead Man's Crossing on the Canadian. This was quite a detour. Fort Bascom was on our direct route, but as the north banks of the Canadian were steep and boggy, the trail herds had to abandon this crossing and had selected Dead Man's.

I rode down to the river and found it half-bankful and rising fast. I galloped back to the herd and told the boys to rush the cattle, that if we did not hurry I was afraid we would not be able to cross. There is nothing more unpleasant than to take your chuckwagon across a swollen stream.

We arrived at the stream. The water was still rising, and by a whole lot of persuasion we got Lew Wallace to take the lead. He got half-way across in swimming water, with the cattle following up nicely, when a drift log, coming





downstream at a rapid rate, struck him in the ribs.

It must have knocked the breath out of him. He went down under the water and when he came up had lost his bearings, so he milled around once with the cattle and headed back toward home. I knew everything was off for the day. We drifted the cattle back out on the prairie and laid over until next day and crossed successfully.

Our route took us up Los Carros Creek, thence to Rincon, Colorado, on Ute Creek; thence up Ute Creek via Casa Blanca, and on to where the Muerto empties into the Ute or Bueyeros, thence up the Muerto to its head, and thence to the crossing of the Tramperos near the old IL ranch; thence to the Pinovetes at Clapham; and thence to Plum Grove on La Carriza; thence to Pitchfork ranch on the Perico.

After watering our herd and going back south out of the sand hills, we established camp. I and two other fellows that were interested in the herd washed our faces and put on our best clothes and pulled out to Clayton to make a survey of things around Clayton, such as getting camp ground close in, water for the remuda, corralling capacity of the stock pens, etc.

I believe our herd was the first large herd offered for shipment out of Clayton, as the grass in the yards had not been tramped out. We went on into Clayton, and I believe we received the greatest welcome I ever received in any cow town. The population had the real Western spirit, everyone a booster.

"Cow boss," they told me, "you have used a great judgment in selecting this place for a shipping point. Every trail from the south or southwest leads to Clayton. You find here not only the fine water holes, but the shade and two kinds of gramma grass, and in this town you will find it inhabited with your kind of people. All cow people are welcomed here.

"Of course, we don't know that you gamble, but if you or any of your men do, you will find the best gambling tables in the West, and no limit. Our saloon and gambling people are different from Abilene and Dodge City; they will not murder you when you are drunk. We are doing our best not to advertise this town by having a notorious Boot Hill.

"In a short while when cow people begin to know us, we will expect a continuous string of herds coming in from the south."

Well, I had a wire from Dupont and Green, who contracted for the herd, saying that they were having trouble getting cars, but that when they were sure the cars had been started out of Denver they would come at once.

In a few days they arrived. I moved camp up next to the yards and commenced shaping up the cattle. The first trainload was cut off from the herd and started to the corrals with Lew Wallace in the lead.

Cattle kept breaking back from the gate but after the third attempt we got them corralled. After loading them out, we took Lew Wallace back to pilot the other part of the herd. We soon got them corralled and then visitors commenced bragging about the cuteness of our lead steer.

Finally after loading about 30 cars I hurried off down to the depot to fix up some shippers' contracts for men that were going along with the cattle, and as I was finishing, the long train pulled down from the yard for orders.

While standing in the doorway near the second car from the engine I heard a sad, mournful "Moo-oo," and I recognized it at once as that of Lew Wallace's.

I walked up to the car and looked through a crack and there stood Lew Wallace and he said "Moo" again. I said, "Jack Potter, what in the world do you mean by loading this steer? No Indian will eat him!" I told the engineer to cut out that car and back it in to the yards for I wanted to unload my steer.

About this time the agent stepped out to give the engineer his orders, and said, "It can't be done. The billing has been made out and handed to the conductor."

"I can't help it," I said. "You will have to mark on it 'one steer short.'"

About that time Dupont stepped up.

"You can set your price," I told him. "I am going to hold my lead steer."

"What? Hold that lead steer?" he hollered. "I wouldn't take five hundred dollars for him. The Indian agent at Red Cloud always has trouble in corralling range steers, and he asked me to bring a lead steer and I have not been sleeping on the job.

"I am going to take Lew Wallace and turn him over to that agent and tell him to keep him around the shelter and feed him well, and treat him as a lead steer should be treated. When he gets through with him I will have a standing offer of $100 on him. When he dies with old age his horns will be worth that amount."

"Well, old hombre," I said, "you have made a good talk. Will you swear to that?"

"Certainly, I will," Dupont promised.

"Okay," I said to the engineer. "Get out of here pronto."

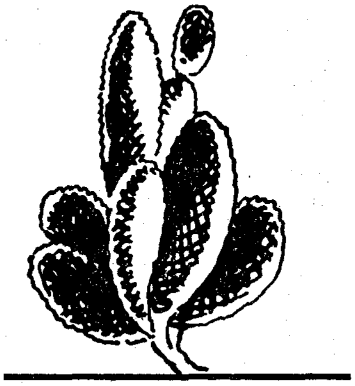
As Lew Wallace's car passed I bid him farewell forever. A dull, pitiful "Moo-oo-oo" echoed back. I could have sworn it sounded like adios.

Of Interest

THE FIRST cattle cars were made of cheap, light lumber and were mostly 32-foot cars. Cattle would sometimes break out of these cars.

One of the shipping difficulties of the early days was the shortage of cars. Many persons would have to hang around the shipping point for 20 or 30 days, waiting for cars. This shortage was due to the tremendous cattle business being done. I can remember in November 1889, that more than 15,000 head of cattle were being grazed around Clayton, waiting for cars, when a terrible blizzard drifted them off to the south and they were not rounded up again until the following year.

It used to be hard to get the range-raised cattle corralled for shipment. The wing out from the gate in the stockyards would be too straight and too short. At Amarillo, Texas, the first year that cattle were shipped from there, Clabe Merchant was livestock agent. He had a wing made about twice as long as the regular one, and as cattle always form and mill in a circle, when being crowded in, this wing was built like the letter S, and they crowded in, thinking they were making their escape.

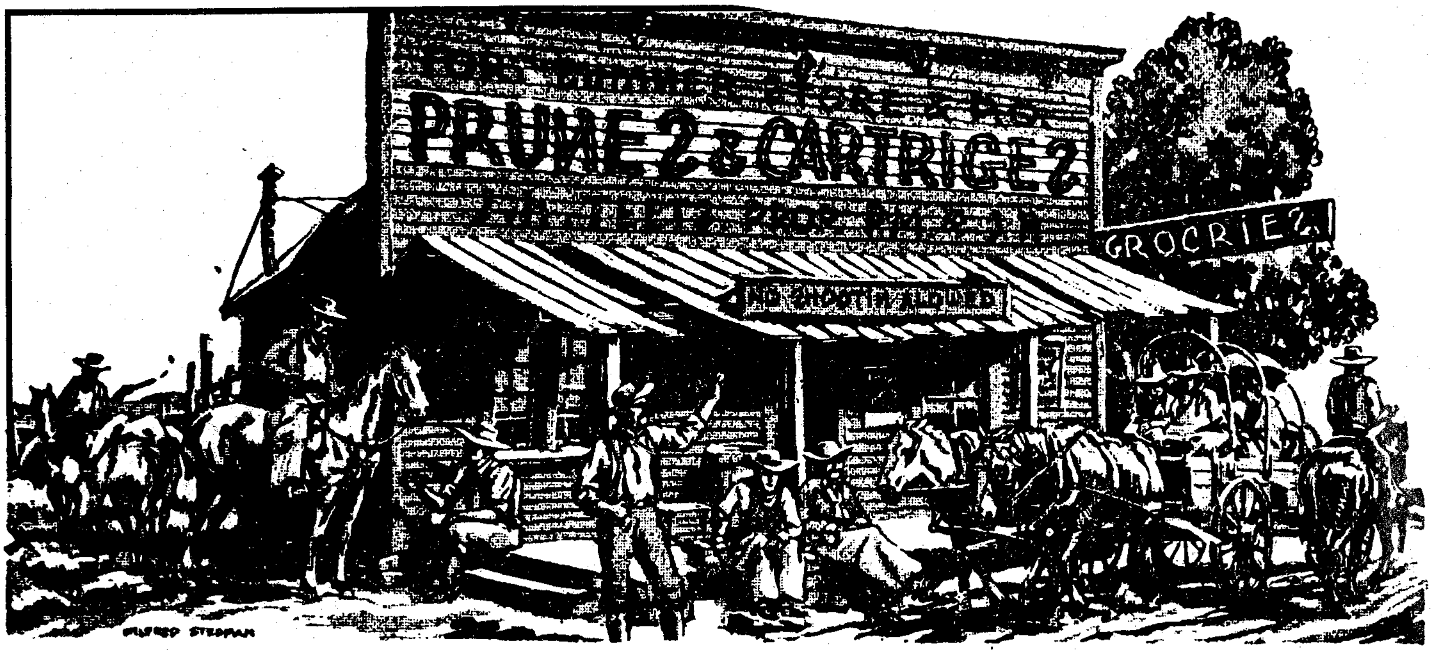


Prunes and Cartridges

OLD MAN J. H. Teets sold everything from prunes to cartridges. In his spare time he was postmaster and justice of the peace. His store in Fort Sumner was the first serve-yourself outfit in the cow country.

The old man had a nice, easy chair, and he trusted everybody. When a customer came in he would sit there in his easy chair, with a sheep skin for a cushion, and he would point to the article. If a sale was made the customer went to the cash drawer and made his own change.

Old man Teets could have made a fortune in the ten years he was at Sumner, for his trade territory extended for sixty miles and his store was on the crossing of the two major trails, the Goodnight and Loving and the Jim Stinson Arizona trails. But he had no heart for business. Besides, he seemed to have bad luck with his stock. He always seem-



ed to get his shipments of heavy woolens and overshoes in the spring.

He had a corral in the store for his postoffice. One corner was cut off by a picket fence and a panel taken from the old Fort Sumner parade ground fence, with a swinging gate. A big dry goods box with pigeon holes in it was set up for the mail, which came in weekly from Las Vegas when things were normal.

Some of the customers lived ninety miles away on the east, or as far as the Zuber ranch, fifty miles, to the west. They never tried to get their mail regularly. At times it would be in the post office for thirty days, and the mail that went to ranches on the Los Portales road was often delivered by transients on their way to Texas.

When the boys who loafed around the store didn't have anything else to do they would look over the mail that was waiting to be claimed. Sometimes they would have big discussions about the contents. One fellow would say: "Old Shorty has sure heard from his sweetheart," or "Here is a letter to old Barney Mason. I'll bet he and Pat Garrett are working up another fugitive case."

After loafing around the store until bed time, looking over the mail, the boys who could read would go to the post office and take out an armful of magazines. There was another class of fellows who were always looking for something to wear. If there was a dance on, they would go to the post office and look the packages over.

"Well, here's a pair of shop-made boots old snortin' Bill ordered," one would say. "He and I have the same size feet. I'm going to take them out tonight and wear them. He'll never know the difference."

Somebody else would pick out a package.

"Bar V Sandy has a pair of Californias here. He's in the Capitans on a round-up and liable to be out all summer. I'll just take them and old Teets can order him another pair."

I remember once that one of the Portales boys came seventy miles to attend a big "baile" and the evening before he got ready to return home he told Teets he would take all the plains mail back with him.

Teets got a gunny sack and put all the mail he could find, but there wasn't much. He got another sack and went to all the bunk houses in the old fort. After a while he came back with a whole batch of mail. He was in a bad humor.

"It's a hell of a note when a postmaster has to go out and round up his mail," he grumbled, as he sat down in his easy chair.

One of the characters that lived in that section was Jolly Copper, a cowhand that lived on a ranch thirty miles from Sumner. They called him Jolly, but he was usually glum.

Jolly would come in and buy some prunes and cartridges, then look to see if he had a letter. He was always waiting for a letter that never came. Jolly never talked, only half-way answering questions. When he was at the ranch he would stop everybody that he met at the gate and ask if they brought him a letter. On the roundup it was the same, when somebody arrived from town.

In three years he hadn't received a letter, so the boys decided to do something about it. Cowhands are always liberal in financing a frame-up, so they chipped in to raise a fund of $50 and selected a committee of five to advertise the name of Jolly Copper in all the Eastern matrimonial papers as being a rich but lonely young cowman who wanted to correspond with girls——object matrimony.

The advertising committee sure did their work well. In about twenty days, like a cloud out of a clear sky, a full, extra bag of mail arrived. The next week there were two more. The old mail route carrier was ready to give up.

The next day a bunch of us cowboys was in and went to see Postmaster Teets. When we walked in he was in the middle of his post office corral, with mail a foot deep all around him. He was in a bad humor.

"Look what you ornery devils done for me," he said. "Now ain't this a hell of a mess? You've played a joke on Jolly Copper and I'm the goat. I'm going to report every one of you to the Postoffice Department."

In a few days the cargo of mail was sent down to the ranch by a roundup wagon and unloaded in the bunk house during Jolly's absence. Everybody expected Jolly to get as mad as the devil.

But a few days later he rode into Fort Sumner. He was in a good humor.

"Boys," he said, as if primed for a speech—and it was the longest speech Jolly ever made, "you've put it over strong. I want to get married, and one of the mail order kind will suit me. I expect I ought to have talked more. You see I never did explain to you why I was looking for a letter.

"Back when I was twenty and in love with a neighbor girl, I proposed to her. She said, 'Jolly, you are one of the finest boys I ever met, but I know that you've never ever been out of this country. Every fall these cowboys come back off the trail telling about the people they've seen and the places. Before you want to settle down you ought to see something too. You had better reconsider your proposal and in the meantime hit the cattle trail north.

"'I will always expect you to keep me posted as to your post office address and when you're ready to settle down if I see fit to accept your proposal I'll write to you.' Well, I lost all track of her and there don't seem to be anything to do but get married to one of these mail order babies."

WELL, for the next twenty days the Y ranch was the center of attraction. Many an old waddy rode miles out of his way to drop into the ranch and look over the accumulation of mail and photographs. A lot of these fellows figured the same as Jolly, that a mail order girl was good enough for him.

The upshot of the whole thing was that this neighbor girl sweetheart of Jolly's saw the ad. She must have been pretty sore about it, but anyway she wrote to Jolly and they got started writing back and forth and Jolly turned all his mail over to the old waddies who were still figuring on a mail order bride.

Finally Jolly and the girl got it all fixed between them and she came in on the mail buckboard.

Old man Teets was sure surprised to see a lady passenger when she came into the store and looked around at the loafers like she was looking for some one.

"Can I help you, lady?" old man Teets asked.

"I'm looking for Jolly Copper," she replied sweetly.

Old man Teets wasn't very diplomatic. "I surmise you are one of Jolly Copper's mail order sweethearts."

She kind of smiled, "Yes, I'm Betty Brown, the original one."

Old man Teets was just about to take her over to the commissary manager's wife, when Jolly himself walks in.

Well, they were kind of fighting shy of each other after they shook hands and said hello, and they didn't know what to do next with so many cowboys hanging around looking on. Jolly just sort of stood there looking at the girl, wide-eyed, bashful like, hardly knowing what to do or say.

"We sure been having nice weather," Jolly finally blurts out.

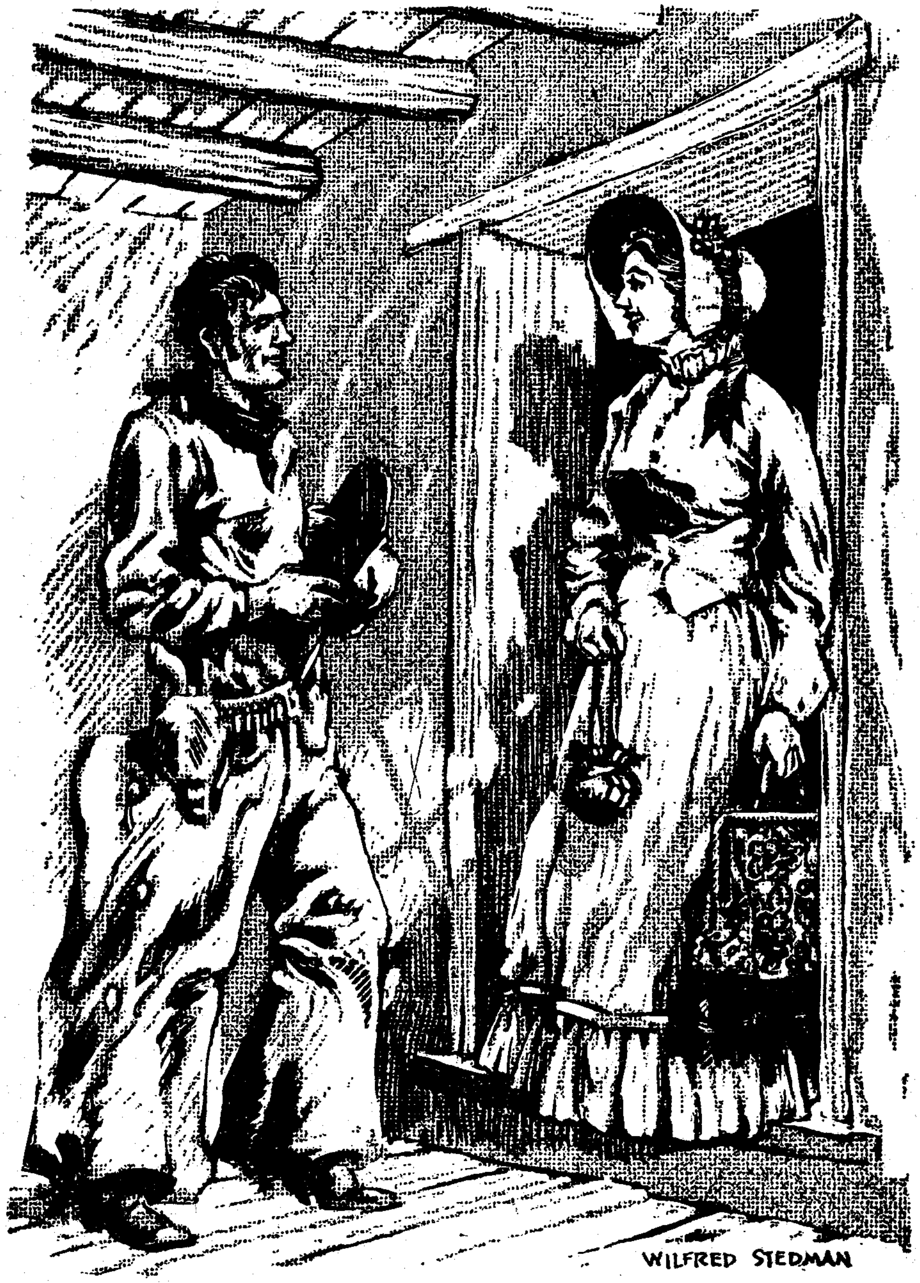
"I'd rather talk about you—and me," the girl says sweetly.

At that Jolly blushes and looks around at the bunch, who are gazing intently on. Jolly tries to say something but is completely tongue tied, with that audience behind him.

So the girl sidles him off to one corner, and us cowboys sort of figured we had butted into Jolly's business enough so we pulled a sneak outdoors.

Old man Teets he went back to his easy chair, but a little later he acted as justice of the peace, and that night we butted in long enough to get up a dance.

A lot of the boys had to borrow packages from the post office because they were sort of caught surprised and didn't have their "baile" clothes with them.



Lord Fauntleroy

IT WAS in the merry month of April, when the huisache was in bloom in sunny Texas that a kid about fifteen and I hired out to Jess Tiner, a middle-aged trail driver who drove his own cattle. The kid was a blond with light curly hair. It was no trouble to give him a nick-name. We dubbed him Lord Fauntleroy.

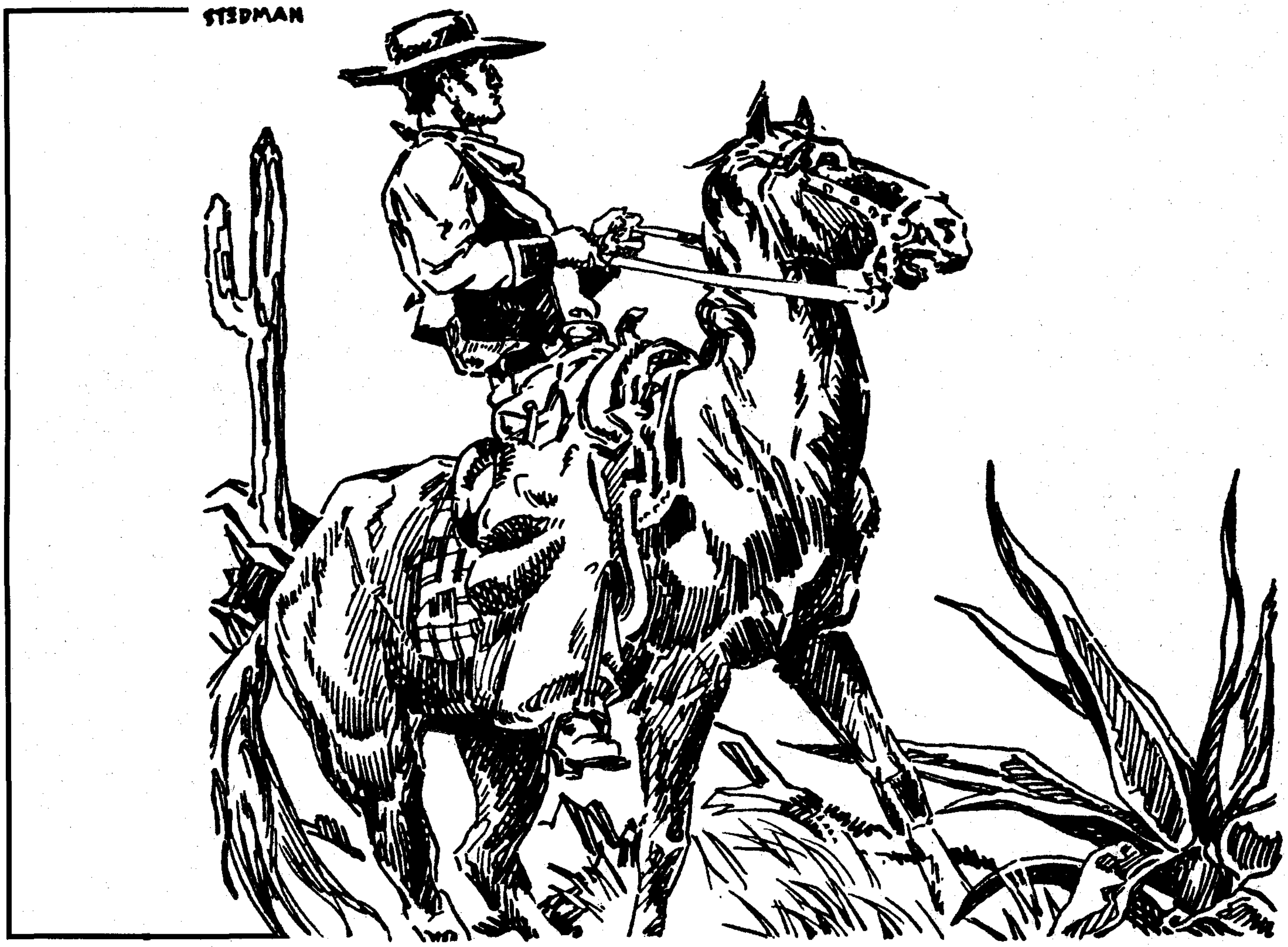
The following morning we started to our next receiving place, the Newton Ranch, up towards Lavernia, Texas. After receiving and branding several hundred head of cattle at the receiving pens from many owners, Tiner bought a three year old from a Negro farmer named Gordon Davis, at yearling price. After the Negro had given a bill of sale and received his check he said, "Mr. Jess, I'm going to tell you, you'll never get to Kansas with that biggest steer. I have tried to make a work steer out of him and he is so lazy he won't run from the heel flies."

This Negro told the truth. From that time on, this lazy steer tried the patience of every man and the boss.

At this same receiving place Tiner, in his percentage cut back (Note: All contracts for sale of trail cattle allowed a ten per cent cut back of undesirables), had cut back one of the tallest and longest steers I have ever seen, branded with a J. N. cross, belonging to old Jimmie Newton.

Newton asked Tiner why he was cutting him back. Tiner's answer was that he was unmerchantable and that because of his size and age he would not look good in a yearling herd. Furthermore, in case of a stampede it would take a race horse to outrun him.

Newton said, "I expect you are right. We set a snare for him over in the Cibolo breaks and caught him that way. However, I want to get him out of the coun-



try as he will lead astray younger cattle and make ladinos out of them. You take him along as I am sure these Black Jack dogies will need a leader and I'll make you a present of him."

The next day Tiner started the herd on toward the Cibolo River for the next water and dropped back to settle up some business.

The following morning Tiner was on the job. He lined the boys up and told them that they were ready to hit the trail for Kansas. He gave each man his place from the point to the drag. He told us Dodge City was our destination and he didn't want us to even allow a steer to look toward home. He also said he didn't want to see any two of us gather while on herd duty.

The next day, after giving his cook instructions, Tiner drifted off to the lead of the herd. He got up there in time to see his two "pointers" (pointers stayed with lead cattle; kept cattle together and on the right route) meet in the middle of the herd to fight out a controversy. By the time he got things straightened out the lead steer was several hundred yards ahead. After bringing him back Tiner could see his handicap. It would take four steps of any yearling to match one with the lead steer. One man had to ride in lead of the steer from that time on to hold him back.

When Tiner got back towards the drags he met the cook and the remuda. The Negro cook and the horse wrangler had had a misunderstanding and the wrangler was whipping the cook over the head with a wet rope.

After getting them straightened out Tiner worked back to the drags and found the drag drivers in a bad humor. The cause was Gordon Davis' lazy steer. The boys told the boss it took one man to drive him as he would stop whenever a fellow got out from behind him.

Tiner said, "I can't see why I have to be punished this way. I have a lead steer up in front that will cost me the price of one extra man to slow him down, and here is a darned over-size drag hanging on behind."

After getting up to Kerrville, Texas, we laid in supplies to last us to Ft. Griffin, and we were surprised at our boss loading the wagon with corn meal, as most outfits had flour after leaving home.

After leaving Kerrville, and going to the last water at Goat Creek, we started out on a thirty-mile dry drive to the Little Devils River. We drove all afternoon and did not give the cattle a chance to graze. They came in on the bed ground in an ugly mood and did not bed down right.

Tiner knew his cattle all right. Instead of four reliefs he doubled them up and put on an extra man for such relief. Lord Fauntleroy and I were put on with an old hand or first relief.

That night when the old hand had gone in to wake the second guard that darn herd arose and was running at full speed in one split second with Fauntleroy and I in the lead riding like two drunk Indians and talking to them in trembling voices. We finally managed to get our lead cattle to milling, and kept it up all night.

At daylight Tiner rode up. The cattle were resting and acting as if they were asleep. He said, "What! you boys with the lead cattle! I see Jimmie Newton (lead steer). I have checked on the drags and there is nothing missing except Gordon Davis (we named the drag after his former Negro owner) and I guess he's laying around camp chewing his cud."

ABOUT that time the cattle jumped off in a fresh stampede and as they passed us there was a grown steer about twenty feet in the lead of Jimmie Newton. When we headed them off and got them quieted down, Tiner rode up and asked what steer that was taking the lead. We knew all the time but hated to break the news to Tiner. We said, "That steer is Gordon Davis, our drag."

Tiner asked us how we happened to stay with the lead cattle and we told him we had heard the slogan, "Stay with the lead cattle." Then he said, "What about the drag, Gordon Davis, being down here in the lead?" Fauntleroy told him that was not unusual as he had learned in his Sunday School class that sometimes the last would be first.

Things moved along in the usual way with Tiner's hair getting greyer and his nerves almost destroyed. One day we arrived at Fort Griffin and camped down on the clear fork of the Brazos under the shade of a pecan grove.

Not knowing how Doan's store was fixed for supplies the boss had decided to load up with supplies to last to Dodge City, Kansas.

Before loading, he unloaded everything in the wagon so he could have the wagon repaired. Among the stuff unloaded was a sack or two of corn meal. Gordon Davis, who never got far from camp, grazed up nearby and dragged the sacks around, spilling the meal, which he then ate. This pleased the boys as this was the last of corn bread on that trip.

The next stunt Gordon Davis pulled off was when we were making a long drive without water. The boss gave orders to be careful with the water in the barrel as we might really suffer before we arrived at the next watering place.

That night Gordon Davis got up to the water barrel, pulled out the plug, drank all he could stand and let the other part waste. Was Tiner mad?

We moved on until we crossed the Red River at Doan's store and not long after that we got into the Comanche country. A bunch of them came out to the trail and demanded their rental for grazing our cattle over their lands. Tiner decided to let the Indians have both the lead and drag steers.

The first thing we knew a part of the Indians were taking Jimmie Newton over the hill at a gallop. Then the others started off with Gordon Davis. They gave him quite a scare and he ran for about two hundred yards and stopped.

From this time on Tiner commenced to mend and he would put in hours telling how he put one over on the Comanches.

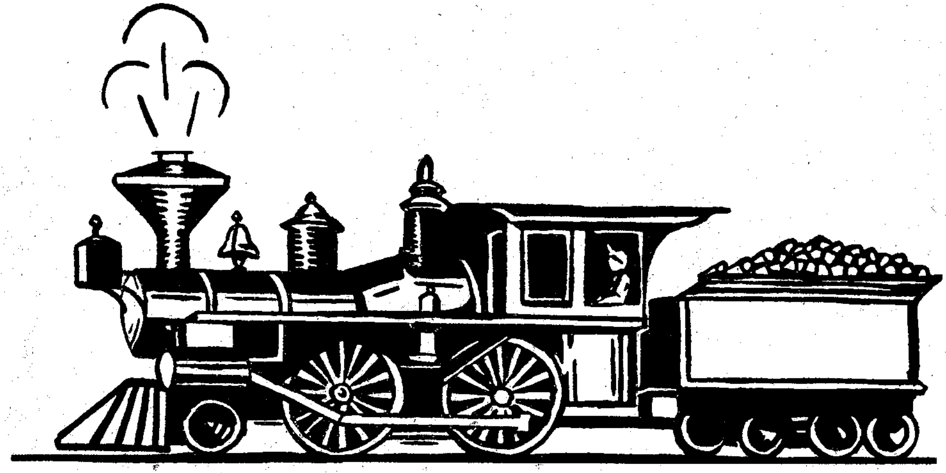
When we finished the three-month drive and arrived at Dodge City, the cowboy capital, Mysterious Dave and his bunch of long-haired marshals held no edge over Lord Fauntleroy. His curly blond locks almost reached his shoulders.

After the herd was delivered and the boys had gone down to the old dance hall, some of them began drinking and became pretty noisy. The peace officers had organized and were ready to commence killing them off.

Fauntleroy had kept perfectly sober, and he walked up to the officers, Mysterious Dave and his bunch, and told them, "My hair is about as long as you fellows'." They replied, "That don't spell anything." Then he said: "Marshal Dave, you don't look so mysterious to me. I believe I'm one split second quicker on the trigger than anyone in this wild town. You fellows can move on down to some other place; when the time comes I'll take the Tiner cowboys to camp."

I would like to say more about Fauntleroy, and how the Dodge City people called him by a different name, not so mild.

He went down in history as the "hell roaring Lone Star Kid who would fight."



The Mysterious Passenger

IT WAS on a dark and stormy night back in the '90s when old No. 7, fast mail and express train on the C & S., was on her last stretch to Trinidad, Colorado, traveling upgrade, facing a 50-mile-per-hour wind and two hours behind time, that this story was born. At that time, Mt. Dora, Grenville and Des Moines, in New Mexico, were just whistling stations.

The fireman was busy shoveling coal, trying to get up steam and make up lost time, when the engineer looked back over his shoulder and said, "Tom, I'll bet you that hell is going to pop this very night. I feel this is going to be one of those hoodoo runs. Tonight as I was coming from the hotel to report for duty, a black cat passed in front of me and then we knocked a pair of burros off the track in the suburbs of Clayton. According to Mexican lore a man never has any luck after killing a burro."

"Well, I expect you are right," said the fireman. "Why don't you and I cut out this railroading and get out from under this darn routine work? This train has got to move regardless of anything else. Why can't we go out on some creek and take up a homestead and establish a cattle ranch. A cowboy is different from a railroader. He can go to town whenever he gets ready and stay as long as he pleases, and he has no one to bawl him out a half dozen times a day. He wouldn't stand for it, anyway.

"We're just past the Mt. Dora switch and according to my watch we haven't made up any lost time. The Black Jack gang hasn't held up old No. 7 for quite a while, and it would be just our luck to have them attack us tonight. You know the Black Jack gang is just a bunch of retired cowboys who operate around the cool plateau country in the summer, in the foothills of the Rockies, and drift down on the Mexican border for the winter months.

"Did you ever hear the tale about their blowing up Dynamite Bill? This gang operated quite a while without a powder man. Just before the Stein Pass robbery on the Southern Pacific, they picked up an outlaw prospector in the Chiricahua mountains and were going to use him to handle their explosives if they should have to blow up a safe in this robbery. They called him Dynamite Bill.

"This gang was liberal with handling explosives. They had a horse packed with them, mostly dynamite.

"One day at noon Dynamite Bill had unpacked and after lunch pulled the pack kind of up together and made a pillow to lay his head on.

"When the time came to move on, the rest of the gang hollered at Bill, but he didn't answer.

"A very careless fellow just fired a shot, aimed at the vicinity of Bill's head, and it struck the dynamite and Dynamite Bill went up in smoke.

"After a consultation, it was proved that not even a trace of Bill could be found and it was decided to move a large flat rock and lean it over the hole that was made by the explosion and to carve the following inscription on it:

" 'Arisen! At This Point Dynamite Bill Made His Sudden Departure to Parts Unknown!'

"You can't tell anything about this gang," the fireman continued. "The second time they held up No. 7 was near Folsom. The large safe had on a timelock and those boys blew the safe, the money and the car all to hell. Even the Capulin mountain, she trembled for three days.

"Look, what in the Sam Hill! A man is waving us down. Shall we stop?"

"Hell, yes," said the engineer. "I told you something would happen tonight."

The fireman snapped back, "It can't be Black Jack. He always wears a white Stetson."

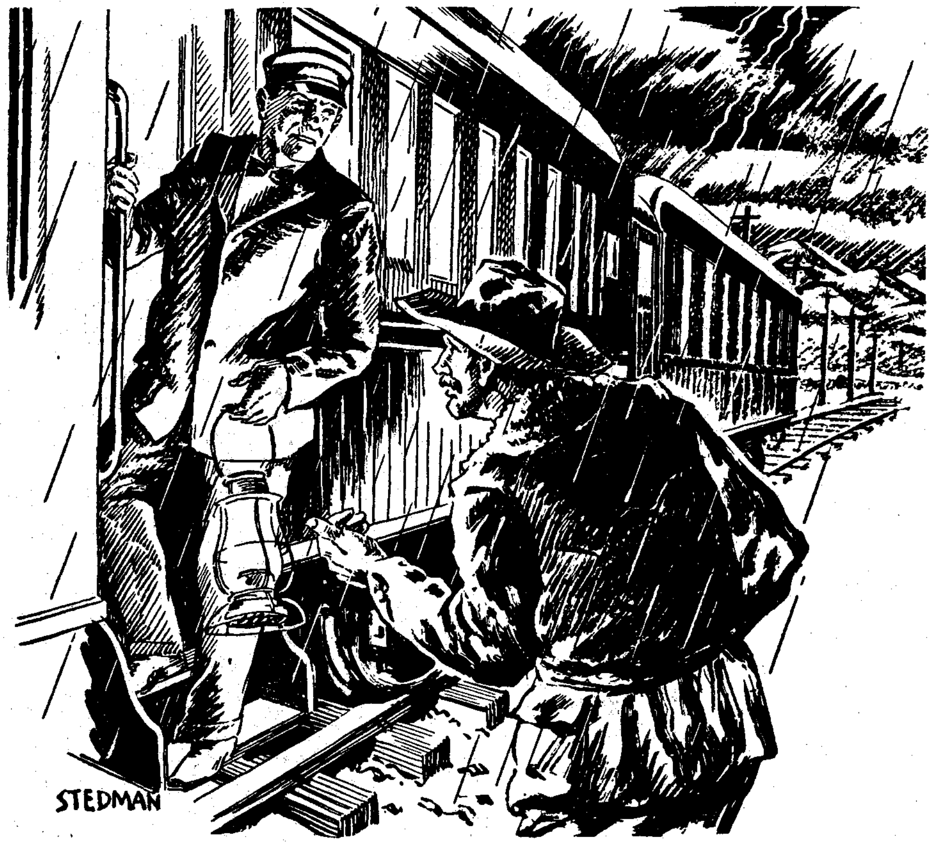
The signal was given and the brakes applied. The train came to a stop, with the smoking-car parked right in front of where the lone man was standing.

While the conductor was excitedly dancing around with his lantern in hand, the lone man climbed up the step into the car and sat down.

The conductor gave him the once-over, but still didn't know how to place the mysterious passenger.

The stranger had on a black slouch hat and a ducking coat with a sheepskin collar. He was a medium-sized man of dark complexion, and had a thirty days' growth of beard.

He filled the exact description of Black



Bob MacManus, the desperado. Finally, the conductor, in a trembling voice, asked him for his ticket. He answered, "I have none."

The conductor by this time had warmed up a little. He said: "You are well supplied with one thing, and that is gall. You stop the fast mail and express train on the prairie when it is running behind time and facing a breeze of forty miles per hour, and you don't have the price of transportation. I have a notion to stop the train and put you off."

The lone passenger snapped back: "You have another notion that beats that one all to pieces. You know very well that you wouldn't be using good common sense to put me off and lose more time. You might just as well get used to me because I'm going to ride this train to Trinidad. SABE?"

When the train arrived at Folsom the conductor got off and wired the police department at Trinidad that he had a mysterious, hardboiled passenger on No. 7 who fitted the description of Black Bob MacManus, and asked them to meet the train at the depot.

Just before the train arrived at Trinidad, the passenger put on his coat and said to the conductor: "I thank you for the service and I want to go back with you tonight. I don't believe you have placed me yet."

He then pulled out a check for $20,000 given in payment for two years' crop of wool and a trainload of sheep he had sold, and showed it to the conductor.

"I know exactly who you are," the conductor said. "You are Black Bob and you've robbed Chris Otto and gotten this check."

"There is where you are mistaken," said the mysterious passenger. "I will make you a bet that I am Chris Otto himself."

The conductor at once saw his mistake and said: "Mr. Otto, it will be several hours before you can get into the bank. Here is $10. You might need it. You can pay me back tonight."

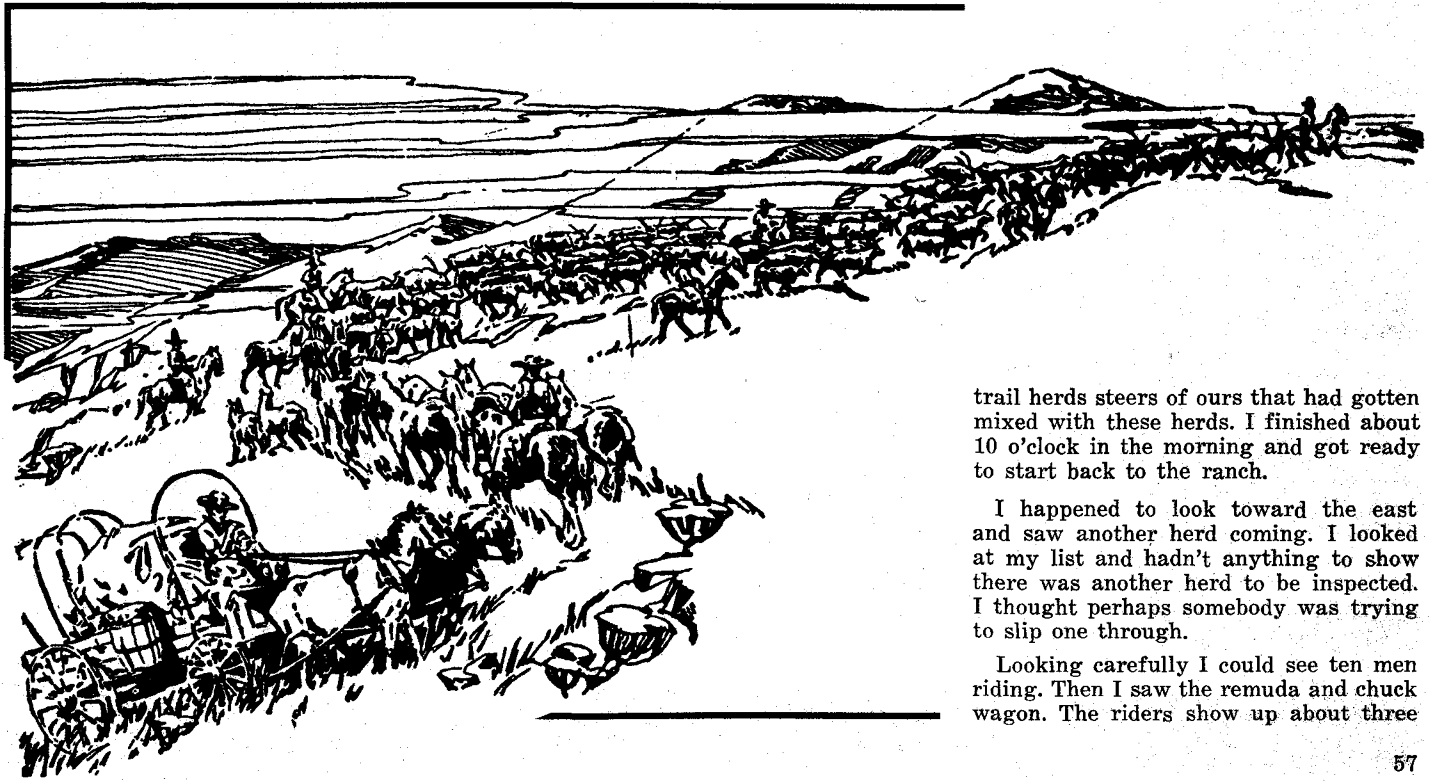
"No, no," said Otto. " Just give me 50 cents. That will get me my breakfast and a sack of Bull Durham."

The conductor and Don Chris became the best of friends and when Otto had to make a trip to Trinidad after that he waited for old No. 7.

The Phantom Herd

I HAD HEARD plenty about spirit herds and phantom herds when I was punching cows as a youngster with a Fort Sumner outfit in the early '80s. They sounded like good stories to me. I hadn't figured on seeing any myself.

One morning I was working on the plains at Agua Caballa, cutting out of trail herds steers of ours that had gotten mixed with these herds. I finished about 10 o'clock in the morning and got ready to start back to the ranch.



I happened to look toward the east and saw another herd coming. I looked at my list and hadn't anything to show there was another herd to be inspected. I thought perhaps somebody was trying to slip one through.

Looking carefully I could see ten men riding. Then I saw the remuda and chuck wagon. The riders show up about three or four feet above the saddle, and you can count them as far as you can see.

It was my job not to let a herd slip through, so I rode off at a gallop, to investigate. But I did not seem to get any nearer to the herd, and finally, after I had ridden for some time, the herd disappeared. It seemed to have gone over a hill into a valley.

I rode on for another hour, but I didn't get another glimpse of the herd.

I started cutting again, then as my horse began to tire, I headed for the Cuneva ranch, changed horses and rode again for several miles to the edge of the plains. The herd had vanished from sight. I circled south and back to the Cuneva without finding any sign of the herd.

Next day I rode into Fort Sumner and reported the herd. I advised sending word to Trinidad headquarters to head off the herd at the shipping point.

Hearing my report, an old waddie commenced telling me about the phantom herd that drifted into a big cave in the Big Bend country in the '50s. Seventy years later thousands of horns were taken out of the cave.

A little later old IXI Wilcox told about the vanishing herd that went down in a whirlpool in the Yellowstone.

That afternoon Jack Heflin, one of the regular trail cutters, came in from the east. I was re-telling the story of this hoodoo herd.

"Jack, I can explain everything," Heflin said. "The morning you saw that herd I had just got through cutting it. We were working on the head of the Alamo Mocho, fully twenty miles away from you. The herd was headed east to Endee and Channing. What you saw was the mirage of that herd."

I wasn't quite convinced.

In fact, it was three years later, when I had the same sort of experience, before I was convinced.

I was rounding up on the west side of the Pecos, working north from Seven Rivers. One morning I was about ten miles from Pecos, on the south side of the river. I looked west and saw the Hondo river for miles up and down.

I turned to the boys. "We're lost," I said. "See the Hondo yonder? Why, there's the Missouri plaza back against the hill."

We all looked again, and while we were looking the river disappeared.

Then the explantion came to me. We had seen the mirage of the Hondo, since the river runs between two ridges 200 feet deep. Some condition of the air and sun had "lifted" the Hondo high above the cliffs.

In my many years of residence in New Mexico these are the only real mirages I ever saw, other than the common kind such as dry lakes of water, and antelope as big as horses.

Frame-Up

BY DRIVING on the trail for years, I have had a chance to study the disposition of cattle and I have witnessed some fine frame-ups.

The shrewdest and most mischievious steer I ever came in contact with was, I believe, one of my lead steers, "Randao," who piloted my herd from the coast of Texas to Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Every one of the dark, stormy nights we expected a stampede, but sometimes we would go through as long as twenty days with regular routine and not a thing unusual happening.

I remember one night, however, when the lead cattle came onto the bed ground unevenly. Randao and his pals were bunched up holding a consultation and, according to my knowledge of cattle (and if I was asked to quote them in their own language), their conversation ran somewhat as follows, with Randao doing the talking:

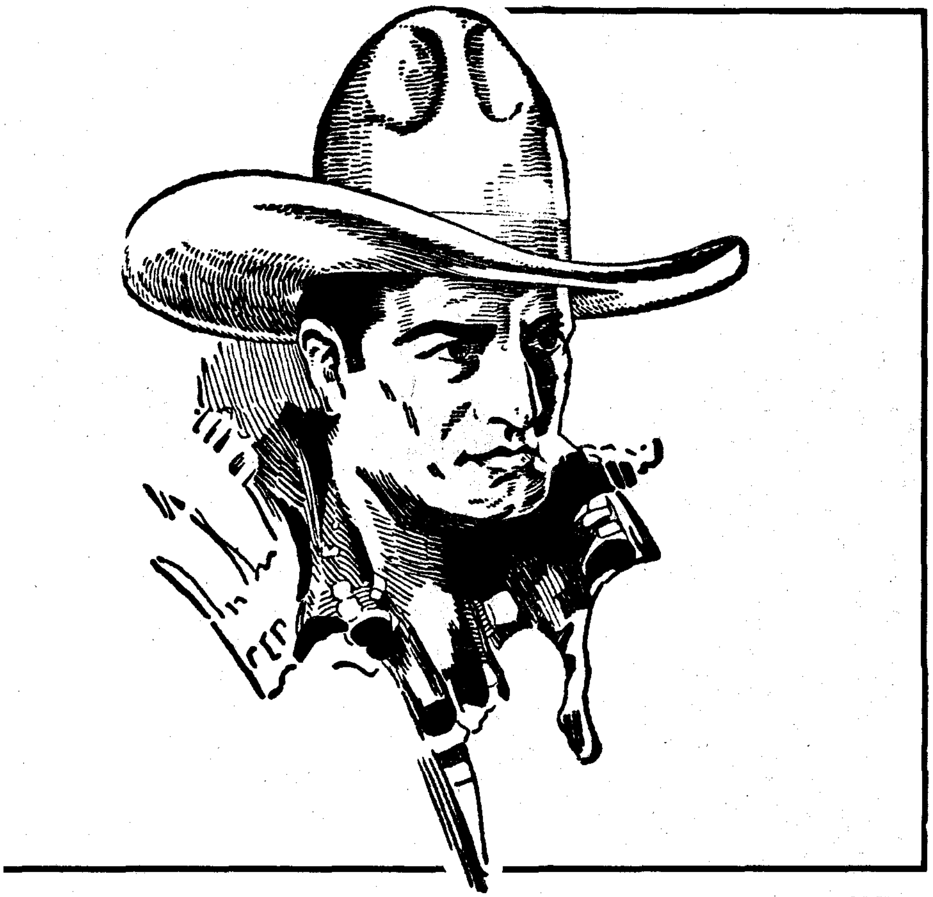
"Listen, pals, we have been traveling along without any excitement at all for many days. What's the matter of us making a little run tonight? Them cowboys think we are plumb tamed. Did you notice that the Boss has his wagon camped up on the northwest side of the bed ground? He never fails to do that. Do you know why? I'll tell you. You see the summer rains come from that direction and when us cattle drift we go with the wind, and that takes us away from the wagon. It's supposed to scare us when we drift into camp and stir things up for the cook until he gets so mad he acts like he can't stand it."

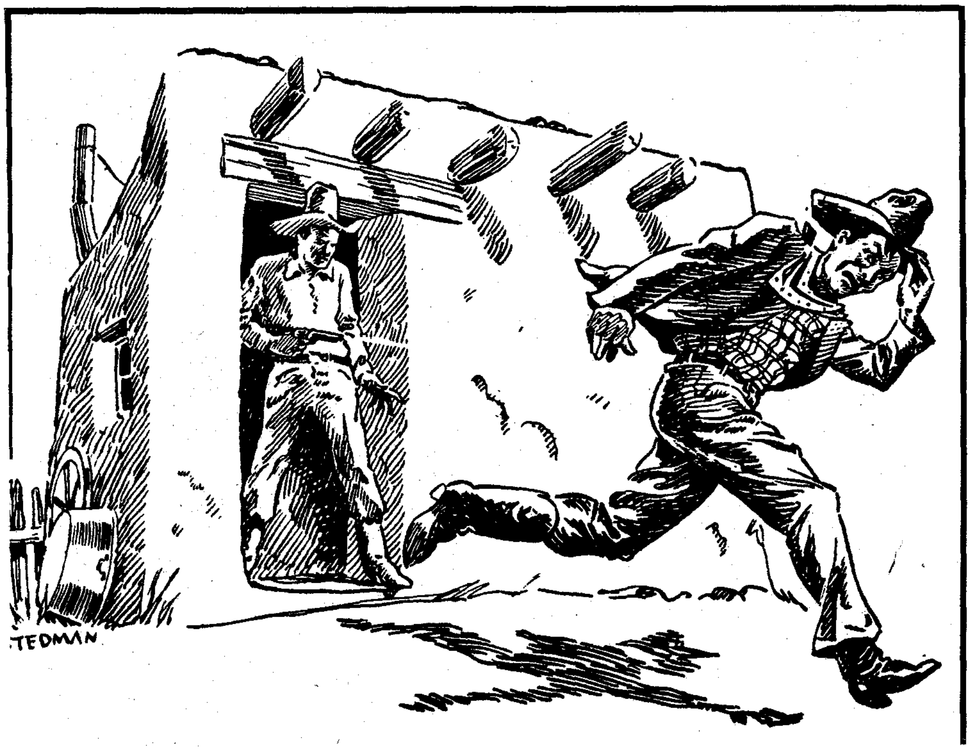
And the frame-up continues with old Randao saying: "Them cowboys must take us for a bunch of jelly beans. I have heard that tame singing, 'Bury me not on the lone prairie,' I hope for the last time. There has been no life in this drive for weeks. What do you say we head for camp tonight? It will tickle you to death to see that old cook climb a wheel in his shirt tail."

"Well," another of the conspirators said, "who is going to play the booger and give us a scare?"

"Let's get old droop horn," Randao probably replied. "He's only about half shed and he looks so ugly he could scare us in daytime if he would try. Well, everything is fixed. Tonight when the second relief is coming off, you slip out a ways and come back in a run, 'boo,' and we'll get off to a fast start and split the camp wide open."

Believe it or not, but the next morning after I had observed that little conversation, we had a sore-footed bunch of cattle and the maddest cook you ever laid eyes on.





Bob Isaacs, Pioneer Fun Maker

BACK in the early days when Clayton, New Mexico, was a small village, besides the amusement of going down to the stock yards to watch the cattle being loaded out, we had an entertainment committee, with Bob Isaacs as President.

The object of this committee was to entertain strangers who came to town, especially the tenderfeet. One of the best features was to take a tenderfoot out snipe hunting. I can remember when the Herzstein Company got in a couple of tenderfeet boy clerks fresh from Germany, named Teddy and Hugo.

Teddy and Hugo had not been here long until our committee got a crowd together and informed Teddy that they were going to take him out and catch some snipes. He was very much interested and was sent to the warehouse for a sack to catch them with. Instead of bringing back an ordinary sack in size, he brought a seven-foot wool sack, determined to catch all the snipes in the country.

After the committee had hired a couple of livery rigs they went down to the railroad lake a few miles away and stationed Teddy with his sack with a wire run through the mouth of the sack so the snipe would have no trouble in coming in in bunches.

After giving Teddy a few instructions the boys went out to round in the snipe. Then they got in the rigs and started to town. After arriving in town they stayed around the store 'till midnight expecting Teddy to come in every minute. Finally at midnight they became alarmed, thinking he might be lost out on the prairie, and sent out a rescuing party. They hurried back to the lake and to their surprise they found Teddy still holding the sack waiting for the drive.

I believe the one of Bob Isaac's promotions which the people got the most kick out of was when a real tenderfoot came to Clayton.

The boys would take him out to a party at an adobe claim shack a mile down the Kenton road. They would find no one at home and would get the tenderfoot to knock on the door and then the party on the inside would come out shooting. A timekeeper was always stationed at the Melton feed yard where the Pioneer Garage building is now who set his time watch and got the tenderfoot's time as he passed by.

Every once in a while the boys would pick up a fellow and bet that this one could beat the other fellow's time.

One day a big, tall six-footer got off the train wanting to start a ranch. Like all tenderfeet he was soon dressed up in the best cowboy paraphernalia. He was nicknamed Bill Cody or Wild Bill.

Well, the boys commenced betting on him beating the best time made yet. Nearly all the loose change in town was bet on him as the winner, according to his build, etc.

That night the boys took their tenderfoot Bill Cody to this same rendezvous and when he was shot at and made the start to town, the boys was trailing up shooting until Cody was running so fast he soon got out of hearing distance.

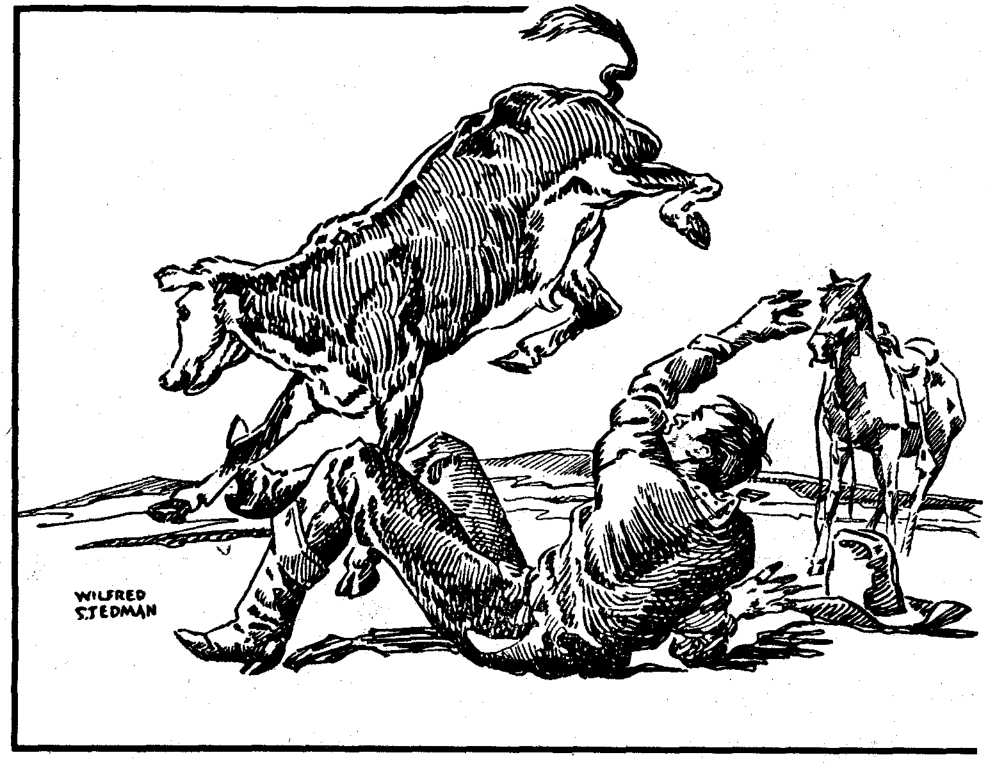
Yes sir, Cody beat the original time one minute and forty seconds and was handicapped by running through a barbed wire fence and bringing in one strand wrapped around him.

Buckshot Roberts

BUCKSHOT ROBERTS, the orneriest steer of them all, got his name from an old fellow who was killed at Blazer's mill down in Lincoln County, after matching shot for shot with a bunch of desperados. All other names suggested for the steer, such as Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett, seemed plumb mild.

I first met up with this steer in 1887 when wintering with another cowhand at a dugout camp at Mora Springs, 40 miles southwest of Fort Sumner. A bunch of mavericks got to congregating around the dugout and bellowing so loud they got to be a nuisance.

Since there was no law against branding weaned stuff, I decided then and there to start a maverick brand. After roping and tying down half a dozen, I found one more, a big yearling. He was not much trouble until I untied his legs, after having branded him. Then he just lay there with a mean look in his eyes



and made no effort whatsoever to get up.

I hit him over the back with my rope, and he came to life pronto. Showing plenty of bravado, he charged my horse, which ran off and left me afoot. Then he knocked me down.

I got up and tried to run out on him, but he beat me to the horse and knocked me down again. I reversed myself and started running. I got a start of several yards, but he gained on me and I could feel his hot breath on my neck.

He knocked me down again. I stayed there on my stomach, like I was a dead man, thinking he would leave. No such luck. He got astraddle of me and started pawing up the dirt on me. I don't know how long I lay there, but finally I peeked up and he was looking off to the west at a bunch of burros and sheep that came in to the water hole. He quit me and charged them. The sheep herder began yelling for help, but I had had enough of that fight and left pronto.

This animal, after that day when I branded him, was missed in the roundups for two years. Then at a certain roundup on the east side of El Capitan mountain at Agua Azul, an isolated place in the hills, we rounded him up. As we met each other in the roundup face-to-face, he gave me that fierce look. He was fat and sleek, but his wild gaze was the same as two years back.

"Why, you ornery devil," I remarked conversationally to him, "If it just wasn't that I have you contracted for $20, I'd shoot you between the eyes. But needing proceeds, I am willing to let bygones be bygones, and I am going to try to get along with you."

After finishing the roundup and taking the trail, who should take the lead but this ornery Buckshot. Everything went well until the trail herd got to Canyon de Augua early one morning. It was a community toll road at that time and the herd had to be stopped while the trail crew argued about the toll.

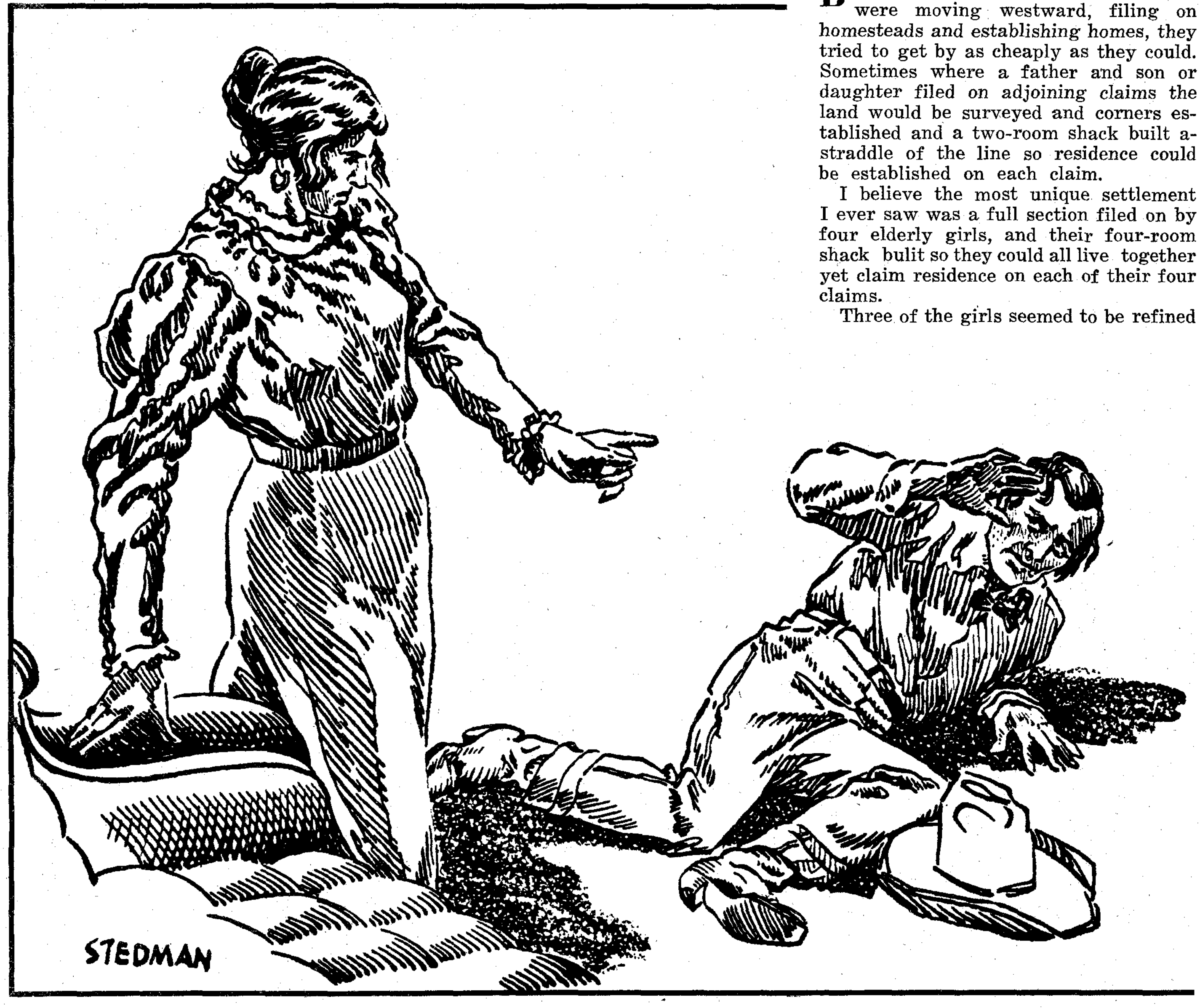
As we did not come to an agreement after some little discussion, my lead cattle started up, and finally a bunch of these hombres walked into the herd to stop them. A few of the lead cattle came back. Then Buckshot Roberts took the lead, brushing through the crowd and knocking them down; and away went the herd. Hence we compromised on the toll and went on our way.

At Las Vegas stock yards Buck ran over a brakeman and had full charge of the alley for awhile. He must have had a couple more fights on the way, because he landed at Oren Junction, Wyoming, with the seat of a pair of overalls on his horns. On the billing was a notation, "Beware! Vicious steer in the shipment."

These cattle were contracted to the Bloom Cattle Company, managed by Frank Bloom, delivered at Las Vegas, then shipped to Oren Junction, Wyoming, then trailed to the Milk River ranch at Malta, Montana, way up by the Canadian border on the Northern Railway. It was customary to hold the steers there for two years to mature.

About two years from the time of delivery I picked up a paper in which I read where a vicious steer in transit on a St. Paul siding had broken a car and was at large until a policeman shot him.

I knew it must have been old Buck, because I always figured he would wind up in tragedy and die with his boots on.



Covered Wagon Kate

BACK about 1910 when immigrants were moving westward, filing on homesteads and establishing homes, they tried to get by as cheaply as they could. Sometimes where a father and son or daughter filed on adjoining claims the land would be surveyed and corners established and a two-room shack built astraddle of the line so residence could be established on each claim.

I believe the most unique settlement I ever saw was a full section filed on by four elderly girls, and their four-room shack bulit so they could all live together yet claim residence on each of their four claims.

Three of the girls seemed to be refined

and well educated. They soon had jobs teaching or clerking in a nearby town. The fourth one, a big strong looking girl, who must have come of pioneer stock, had the pioneer spirit. The first thing she did was to plow a fire guard around the residence, and then around the entire section.

Our camp was at the L K ranch at East water-hole, and the boys were always on the alert looking for nester neighbors, and getting acquainted with them.

In passing this particular place, they could never see any men around and finally one day one of the punchers rode into camp all excited and informed us that there were a bunch of women living there. We asked what made him think so and he answered, "'I got my evidence from the clothes line. Not a man's garment was on it. These women are practicing economy, too, as some of their linen wear has flour marks on it."

Later the working girl had to pass our camp going to the cedar brakes for wood and cedar post. The boys soon had her named as she and her pals had come in a covered wagon. They named this old girl "Covered Wagon Kate."

When Kate passed our camp she sometimes came in for a drink of water and sometimes asked to use the grindstone to sharpen her ax. She was very distant and never seemed to warm up to the cowboys.

Old Rant'n Pete, a middle-aged old bachelor line-rider, was always bragging that the woman was never born who could get him. Nevertheless he seemed to have fallen for Covered Wagon Kate. He claimed she was a real pioneer and would make some cowboy a good living, and that the fellow who got her would not have to go to the expense of blowing in for a honeymoon trip.

With a little persuasion, Rant'n Pete started out to woo and win her; and many a night he would sit up and have the boys teach him a lot of stuff as to how to make love to her. He became a frequent visitor down at the covered wagon camp. Finally one day he raked up courage to propose to her. She bawled him out and asked him to leave the premises.

It wasn't long until he proposed to her again and she told him never to come rantin' around the premises again.

Well, the boys told him he didn't know how to make love. He was given ten days of instructions, and in practice he would have to get down on his knees and beg; call her pretty names and tell her that his life would be a failure without her; sing her a few verses of a love song and then weep some. Well, old Rant'n fell for this and he went down to call on Kate; and in one of his love movements she knocked him down and beat him up pretty bad. She told him he did not talk her language. When Pete came back he looked as if he had been to an Irish wake.

Did he give up? No. Our next move was to stop all that wooing and love making and talk turkey. In about three weeks old Pete went back to try her out again. He rode up to the ranch and being afraid to get off his horse called her to the door and said, "Covered Wagon Kate, I'm a man of very few words. I came down here to ask you to marry me and travel in double harness for bad or worse. Did you hear me, and what be your answer, yes or no?"

She answered, "Yes, you are talking my language now. But, I don't want to let it be known that I am marrying a cowboy. You will have to go off to town and shed that cowboy paraphernalia and get shed of that terrible name, Rant'n Pete, and after you get dressed up in nester's clothes and quit curling those hateful cigarettes, we will get married."

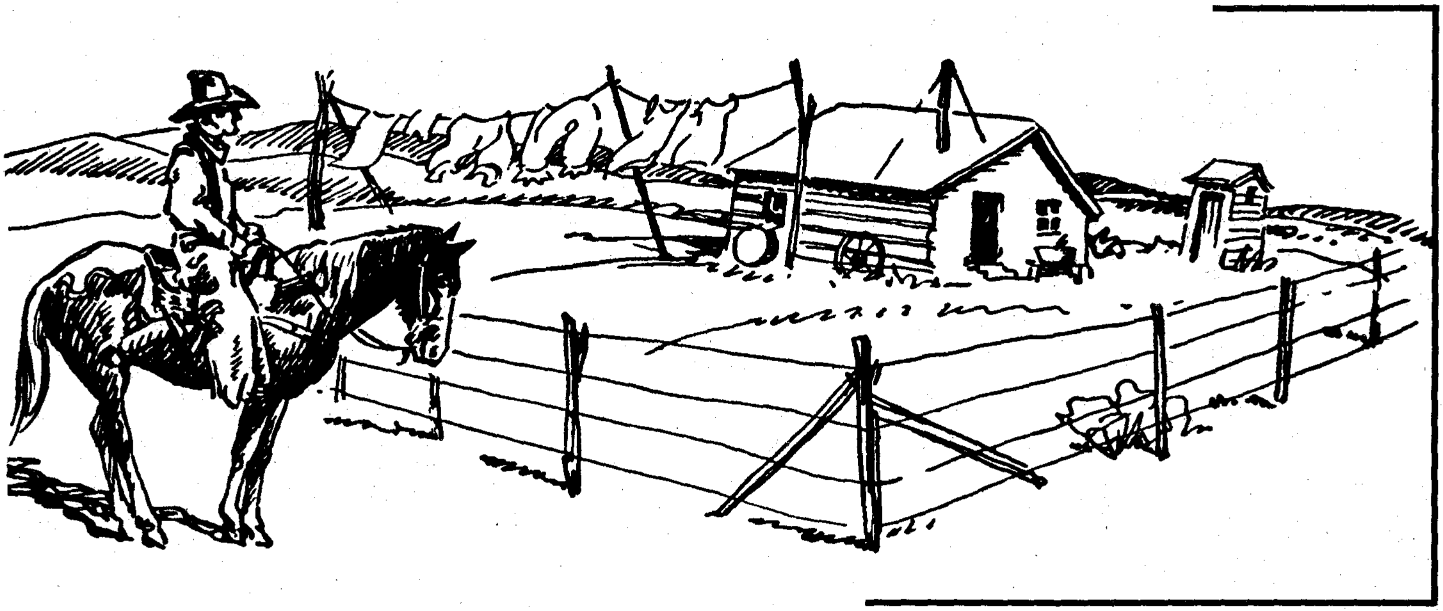
Pete said, "All hunkadora, Pet." To which she replied, "Cut out that 'pet' business."

"Well," said Pete, "when will our wedding day be?"

She answered, "Come by early Christmas morning and if the weather is pretty we can go to the brakes for a load of wood and go by Kenton and get old man Drew, who is a Justice of the Peace, to marry us. I'm going to take a chance at raising you. I'll bet you owe for those high-heeled boots and that Stetson hat you have on right now."

Late in the afternoon of Christmas day the bride and groom passed our camp riding on a big load of wood. Pete had on his common old cap, a pair of overalls and a pair of flat-heeled farmer shoes. From that time on he was known as Nester Pete.

The next fall things were real prosperous around the Covered Wagon Camp. Besides a big crop of maize corn and pumpkins they raised a large sized baby boy, who Pete swore was the image of his pioneer Kate, who had captured and made a real man out of him.



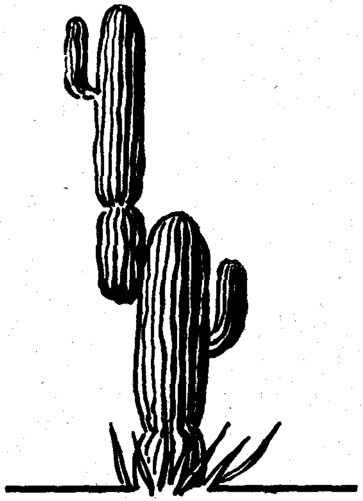
Wranglin' Pots

I HAVE BEEN interested in old-time trail and range cooks since the day old Ab Blocker's colored cook, Gordon Davis, marched into Dodge City, mounted on the back of his left wheel oxen, with fiddle in hand, playing, "Buffalo Girls, Can't You Come Out Tonight."

The responsibilities of the old-time trail cook were great. They would start from some ranch in southern Texas at the rising of the grass, with four newly broken oxen to pull their chuck wagon over the dim, narrow, rough trails, where there were sometimes swollen streams or places where the banks were perpendicular.

These cooks had not only to be good teamsters, they had to cook three meals a day, in sunshine or rain—sometimes without fuel, except half matured chips on the prairie. They had to play daddy for twelve men or boys, each one with a taste for something that could not be had. And they had to cook without butter or eggs as these items could not be had after leaving the settlements. The cook had to be an all-round fellow. When someone had the stomachache and laid the cause to the cook's bad cooking he would take it good naturedly and relieve him with a soda preparation. The cook also played barber and shingled hair. He was the doctor and the dentist, and when one of the boys was dying with fever on the staked plains he would have to listen to his last words.

If a storm came up at night and all hands would be called out to help keep the herd from drifting and the herd would stampede and head for camp, everyone would be mounted except the cook, and he would have to take a chance on those long horns running over him and the chuck wagon.



Randao

I DID NOT RIDE the cushions in a Pullman car when I landed in New Mexico, nor did I come in a covered wagon. I followed a herd of longhorns from the coast of Texas and believe me, we had plenty of room, not even a gate to pass through, on a three months' drive, and only one railroad to cross between San Antonio and Las Animas, Colorado.

My longhorn steer, Randao, was the cause of my locating in northern New Mexico. I have never regretted taking his advice.

I had better drop back to the spring of 1883, in southern Texas, and show how I made a contract with this steer. I was at the Randao ranch, receiving the last several hundred steers to complete my herd for the long drive north. In receiving the steers, I had a ten per cent cutback. Before I had finished the owner rode up to me and said: "I would like for you not to cut him out in the cutbacks. I had him sold last year and while branding him he broke out of the chute, and after killing a horse and crippling a man he made his escape. You see, this steer is like a man desperado. Should I let him remain on this range he will soon collect around him a bunch of ladinos and make what you might call 'brush outlaws,' and lead other cattle astray."

"Sure," I said. "I'll take that steer along. I like his intelligent looks and I have studied the disposition of such animals. My idea is that this steer will not stand crowding. You can't blame him. I was not raised in a wire lane, and know how he feels.

"I was over this northern trail last year and it's a cinch that you will not be crowded unless going through some gap in the mountain."

After hitting the trail north and getting our cattle trail broken I could not help but admire this fine steer. He had worked up to the lead and you might say that he was plumb proud to have the honor of escorting this herd over every kind of country imaginable. I soon named him for the ranch that raised him, Randao.

Everything worked smoothly and in about 30 days we had gotten through the settled timbered country and had crossed over the Rio San Saba, which divided the brush country from the prairie. I was congratulating myself on being out in the open, not knowing what was in store for me.

That night as the second guard was going on, those cattle stampeded and I never have witnessed anything like it since. In a split second they had risen as one steer, and were off on a fast run, knocking their long horns together, just like a cyclone twisting timbers. After running and milling them all night, next morning I was 200 cattle short, with Randao, my lead steer in the missing bunch.

After I had moved camp up the trail several miles the next morning I took a few men and was making my last hunt for the missing cattle, away out in the San Saba breaks, a rough country, and soon discovered a trail where cattle had been driven within the last few hours. Finally on coming around a bend in a rough, bushy arroyo, we saw a puncher come running down to a spring, fill up his hat with water, and start back in a trot.

We followed him up and found a man who was critically ill, just outside of a gate to a well-built corral, and a branding fire with irons being heated and about 35 head of our steers corralled, Randao being among them.

Riding up, I said, "What's happened?"

He replied, "The boss sent us out to brand some cattle he bought from a trail driver, and that darned old steer there ran him through with his horn."

"Yeah," I said, and went on without stuttering, "Now, you listen, partner; I'm handling these cattle. That big, spotted steer is my leader. Too durned bad he didn't kill both of you. You can tell your boss that I have sent for help, and we're staying right here until we get our cattle. Sabe? Now you drag that hombre out of the way, unless you want the life trampled out of him, for I'm going to turn these cattle loose in a split second. Open the gate, boys, and let's get going!" I shouted, riding ahead. The gate swung back and old Randao came out of there like a bat out of the bad place.

The way he shook his horns and looked as though defying the world to lay hands on him or his bunch, made me a hundred times prouder of him than ever. When we finished that day we had all but 40 head back in the herd.

I offered some men $1 per head to gather the missing cattle and bring them to me, which as I was driving slow, so as not to run the fat off the cattle instead of putting it on, would be easy to do. Five days later one of the boys brought 35 of the 40 head to where I was camped on the Colorado river in Coleman County. I paid him his money, thanked him, told him to let the others drift, and went ahead.

The following spring 100 Northern cattlemen came into that thieving territory and gathered 700 head of branded cattle. Then the Rangers took a hand and broke up one of the most desperate gangs of rustlers that ever infested the state.

AFTER ARRIVING at the OX ranch on the Cimarron at noon, on our long trek to the north, Randao was a busy steer sampling the several different kinds of grass and a few delicate weeds. By his actions you could see that he was well pleased.

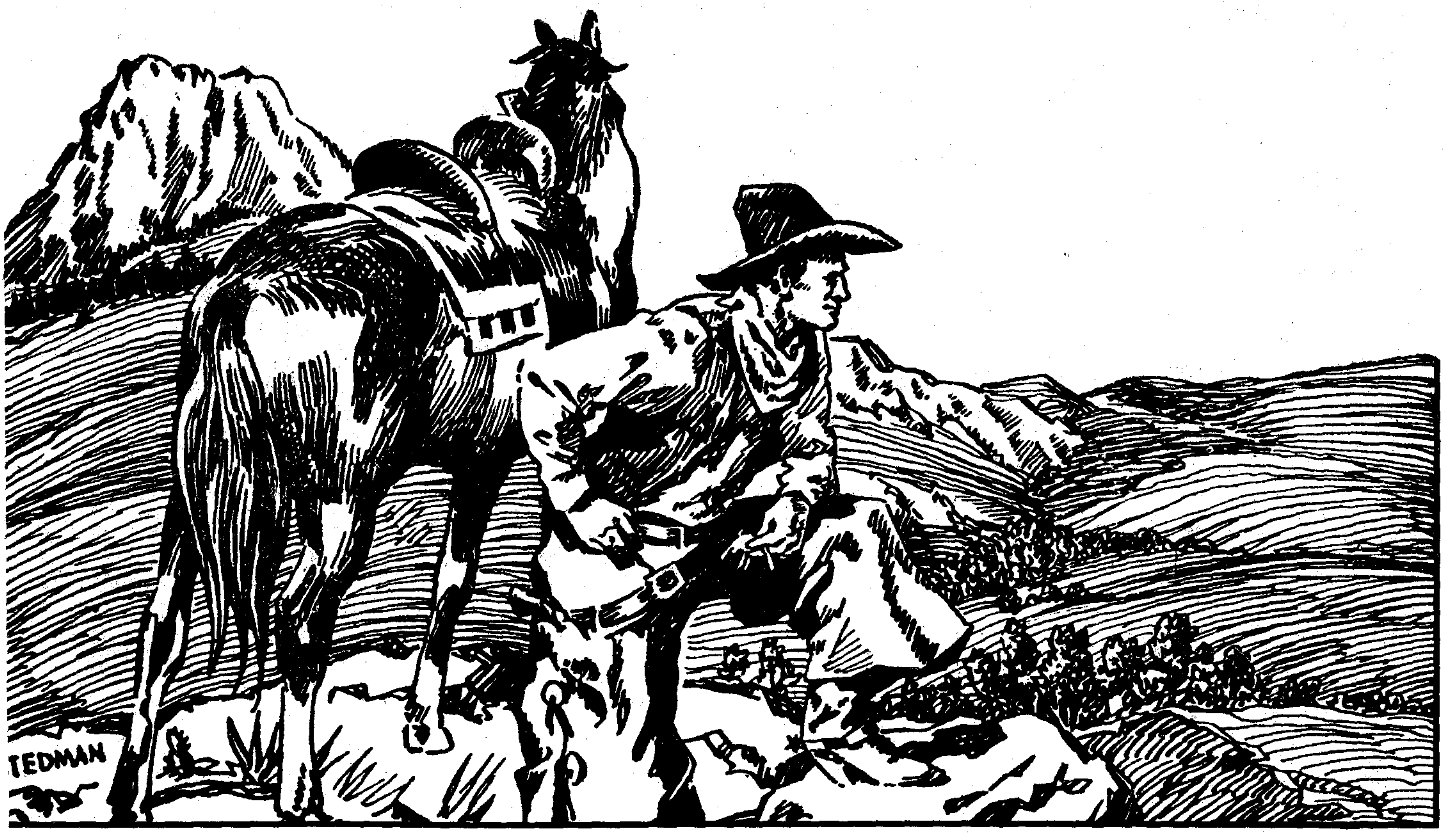
Letting the cattle work their way toward the bedding ground, I noticed a cloud gathering in the west, with an eye to its coming and making trouble. I bedded down in an opposite direction from both it and the wagon. What for? Well, you see, if you're camped east of the herd and the wind and rain blows up from the west, the cattle naturally will move ahead of it toward camp. In all my trail experience I never saw a herd fail to stampede when it drifted by the camp on a dark night. When time came to change from first to second relief, the rain, which had been bluffing with a few big drops, got down to business, and as was generally practiced on the trail in an emergency, the entire outfit was ordered on herd. It quit raining and went to pouring in torrents and when I tried to locate the wind, it seemed equally strong from every direction. It was pitch dark and I am satisfied the cattle drifted five hours before that storm. Finally it quieted down and quit raining, and I began figuring how far we were from camp, certain it was several miles. The cattle, over their fright, settled down, and confident they would make no more trouble, I called the boys and told them to go back a safe distance from the herd, spread their saddle blankets and go to sleep. I would hold a one-man watch until daylight. Too tired to argue, they rode off.

Directly, old Lee, the Negro cook, detailed for first guard, came to me and said, "Boss, I'm a-gwin to de wagon, so's I kin spread my little hot roll and sleep right, I is."

"That suits me, Lee, reckon you can find the camp?" I asked, as he mounted to ride away.

"Yessuh, I sho kin; but if I can't my hoss kin," he replied.

When day broke, sure that we had a long drive to camp, and feeling sleepy and hungry, I awakened the boys, and there, in the valley, less than a mile away, was the chuck wagon, with the cook stirring up a smoke. The cattle had drifted with the wind as it had changed many times and that was the reason we were not farther from the camp. We were all exhausted, cattle as well as men, so when the sun came up bright and warm, promising a nice day, I told the boys we would hang ourselves out to dry until 9 or 10 o'clock. "I sho is willin' to do dat, boss," said the cook. "But what I's wantin' to know is whar is dat good-for-nothin' Lee? He ain't wuth nuthin' to



nobody, but jes' de same, I'd sho lak to know whar he's hidin' out at." Now Lee was an institution in our outfit. Handy as a shirt pocket, ready to do anything, and with the "know how" for almost anything that showed up, from cooking and horse wrangling to mending saddle leathers and boots.

I stretched myself to snatch an hour's rest when the cook made that observation, but I came alive with, "I just knew he would miss camp when he told me he was heading here to spread down. Some of you take a round, and if you don't roust him, just let him be. He is likely oversleeping somewhere close by." Then I pulled my hat over my eyes and tried to relax, but it was no go, for when the boys got back with no word of Lee, I got to worrying. So at 9:30 I told them to move camp a few miles up the Gallinas and I would follow, after I had been to the OX ranch.

I wasn't long in galloping that four miles, and to the foreman's cordial, "Light and look at your saddle, partner," I said, "No, much obliged, neighbor; I am out a hand, a good one, and his horse, which is better. He got lost in that storm last night; sort of got addled, I reckon, and as I am compelled to move on, I'm asking if he shows up, you will do me a favor to feed and bed him down, and when he is rested, take his horse, it will be all stove up, give him one of your 'condemns' to ride, and fill in this draft for damages. Will you? It's on the New England Company, left blank with my signature for guarantee." He said, "Sure, pard; I'll be glad to," tried to argue me out of taking the check, but couldn't make a go of it, and I rode off, thanking him and waving adios.

It was 3 o'clock when I reached the herd and found that the boys, in throwing the herd together to hit the trail, had missed Randao. Now, losing Lee was inconveniencing, but leaving Randao, my lead steer, was a genuine calamity, and they knew it; knew, too, that my dander would rise something awful if he wasn't located right now; so they were scouting the country for him when I rode up. I told the cook not to turn a wheel of that wagon until Randao was found, and when one of the boys remarked it would be hell to go on without either Randao or Lee, I said, "We are not pulling out until that steer is found, Lee or no Lee!" Then I shut my mouth like a snapping turtle for fear of saying too much, and started a search on my own hook.

Asking where they had grazed the cattle at noon, two or three of the boys offered to show me, so we rode around until I spotted a little rincon, surrounded by a few acres of brush, with a little spring gurgling up in a grove of cedros (red cedars) near the mesa, and I said, "Boys, if I was looking for a Randao heaven, I would never pass up a place like that; and I sure guessed him right," I added, grinning a mile wide at the satisfaction and relief I felt at seeing that big old slab-sided, rangy-looking longhorn, who knew more about the range, cattle and cowboys than I would ever know, grazing back of the trees.

When I rode up and said, "Come on, old boy, let's get to camp," he gave me a sort of "Well-you-had-to-come-after-me" look, raised his head and hurried to lead his herd from the canyon to the prairie above. That night the campfire discussion centered on Randao, and I started it by saying, "So that old scoundrel's gone plum loco, has he?" Then, kinder warming to the subject, "Some of you boys can work around cattle all your lives and know less about 'em all the time. Now me, I understand every move Randao makes. You ought to know by his actions, throwing out hints like he does, that he recognized this as a real cow country, and he can't see why we don't turn the herd loose here for the winter. Poor old fellow! He is sure gonna take it hard when he finds we have got both the Arkansas and the South Platte to cross yet. But I am taking his judgment for one thing, and that is locating me a cow ranch in the Cimarron valley sometime in the future."

AT THE END of the drive Randao and I made together I told the cowboys to turn the cattle loose and let them graze. I looked up ahead and there, like a buck deer looking out from the top of a high place, while the herd watered, stood old Randao. Said I: "Listen, boys, there is no call for you to do anything now but ride to the ranch as soon as you want to, but I am not going without a farewell word to Randao. So you go ahead, I'll be along directly." But they, thinking I was plumb loco, didn't move out of their tracks—though I didn't know that until I had rode up to where that old spotted steer—seein' the herd's condition couldn't be improved on—had settled to his favorite pastime, sampling grass.

When I got close enough to touch him, I said, in good cowboy lingo, same as if he had been a man, with sense, which he had a blamed sight more of than many a two-legged animal that wears britches, said I: "Randao, I think that fellow was right who said parting was such a sweet sorrow, or something like that. Anyhow, I am sure hatin' to tell you goodbye. You have done me a great service, old boy, piloting these wild cattle through from Texas and I am wanting you to know I appreciate it. We worked together up in the lead, sometimes hungry, most of the time thirsty, with long, weary miles ahead. But you never did lay down on me. I'm glad, since we are coming to the parting of the ways, that I can leave you in such a fine grazing place with plenty of cold, clear water, and nothing or nobody to issue orders contrary to yours, where your herd's concerned. Now me, I'm headin' back to Texas pronto. But I will never forget that you're head and shoulders ahead of any other lead steer on record, or in the brush. Adios, old boy, be good."

Now, I am not asking you to believe this, but when I got back to where the boys had seen fit, of their own accord, to wait for me, that steer bore out my good opinion of him by putting on a star performance for my benefit. Telling the boys how down-in-the-mouth Randao seemed while I was speaking my speech to him, I heard a terrible noise on the side of that hill. Cattle bellowed and ran toward Randao, who was standing on top, looking down the valley, pawing and bellowing like cattle do when they smell blood. He kept that up until all the lead cattle, two or three hundred head, had bunched up around him. Then with his head high, he marched out in front and signaled for a loud bellow of farewell.

"What the Sam Hill's the matter with that old fighting cuss," said one of the outfit, seconded by another's, "Sing it yourself. That old high-stepper always did act plumb looney but I'm hanged if he ain't gone hog wild now."

"Boys," I said, speaking with pity for such little understanding of as fine an animal as Randao, "boys, I have told you before and I am telling you again, you can work forever with cattle and have no real conception of them. Now that old general, he issued orders for his pals to see that these 3,000 longhorns bellowed us an honest-to-God farewell and you think he has gone loco.

"He was the 'follow me or get out of my way kind,' and he has proved that I figured him right as a leader. Think of the miles we have put in together. Most of the time the best of friends and again, when we split opinions, enemies of the first water. Sometimes too happy to eat, again suffering so with throats burning with alkali dust and parched for water that I would have felt like a traitor to have gulped out of my canteen in front of a leader like him, with tongue swollen so he couldn't bellow. You all know that's so. Now we will sing one verse of La Paloma. Turn your horse at the last line and wave the cowboy's 'so long' to the most loyal and capable lead steer I ever saw—Randao."

It was ten years before I got around to locating what I called the Rancho Escondido, a nice place all right, but somehow I never did think it would have been Randao's pick, and never did doubt the good judgment of Randao. Later I selected what I was sure would have been his choice; in fact that I knew would have suited him exactly. It was the Valle Escondido, in the Road Canyon, the most artistic scenery in the whole country. To me, Turkeyhead Canyon cannot be beat for picturesque beauty. It comes so near being my notion of perfection in natural art that I worked overtime trying to change Turkeyhead to Randao, but I got at it too late to swing public opinion that way. As a consequence, Randao, that high-headed, high-spirited old lead steer, goes unsung, except when I shout his praises. And that same Turkeyhead Canyon is short the big, imposing granite marker I had planned as a tribute to Randao, Texas' best lead steer.

The reason I did not come back immediately and locate at what I thought the best cow country in the West, selected by Randao's fine judgment, was that I held a job down with the New England Cattle Company for eleven years. I never did give up the idea of securing a ranch in this location and when our company closed out their holdings at Fort Sumner and when my services were no longer needed, I lost no time in reaching the Cimarron and locating permanently, and I still believe that my old lead steer, Randao, was right in his selection.

End of the Trail

ONE DAY, back in the middle eighties, one of the cowboys rode into a roundup camp, near the Rabbit Ear mountains. He was in an ugly mood.

The boys asked him what was on his mind. He said, "Plenty."

"Well," said one of the punchers, "bleat out and get it off your chest."

Then old Jack commenced. He said, "Boys, we are a blowed up bunch. I have heard that two prominent railroads are starting construction work building right into the heart of the cattle country. The Ft. Worth and Denver is building this way from Wichita Falls, Texas, and the Santa Fe is going to demand its part of the cattle trade, so they are building west out of Woodward, Oklahoma, in order to penetrate the cattle country, south of the Canadian.

"Railroads mean you have to turn the great droves of cattle over to a horseless bunch of railroad brakies for transportation.

"I know what railroads will do for the country. They will locate a nester on every 160 acres of prairie land, build towns, churches and schools all over this cow land. This is the third time I have been chased out of my own home range. It looks to me like they were going to run me off into the Pacific Ocean."

Old Jack meant what he said, but the other boys looked at it in a different way. And I say, long live Santa Fe, which is noted for its cattle runs, west to east, and the Burlington (Colorado and Southern) which put the trail driver out of business by offering service and bringing up cattle from the south to the north, through one of the biggest cattle ranges in the world.

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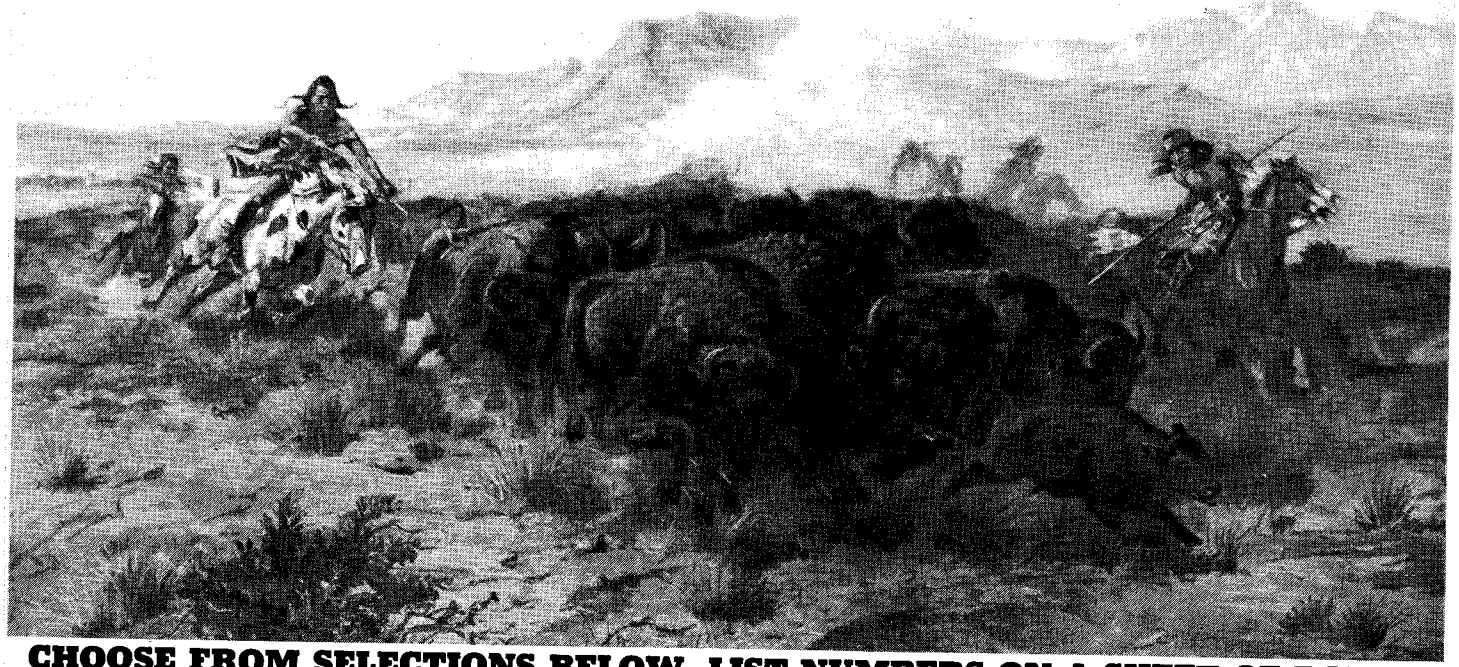
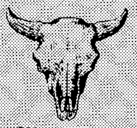
This is #101, "The Buffalo Hunt."



CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½



77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½

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